In this issue:—The Baptists

Vol · VII FEBRUARY 1926 No · 26

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

A MONTHLY REVIEW

EDITED BY H · L · MENCKEN

50¢ FOR ONE COPY

$5.00 BY THE YEAR

ALFRED · A · KNOPF · PUBLISHER

Nature's Tints and Tones in

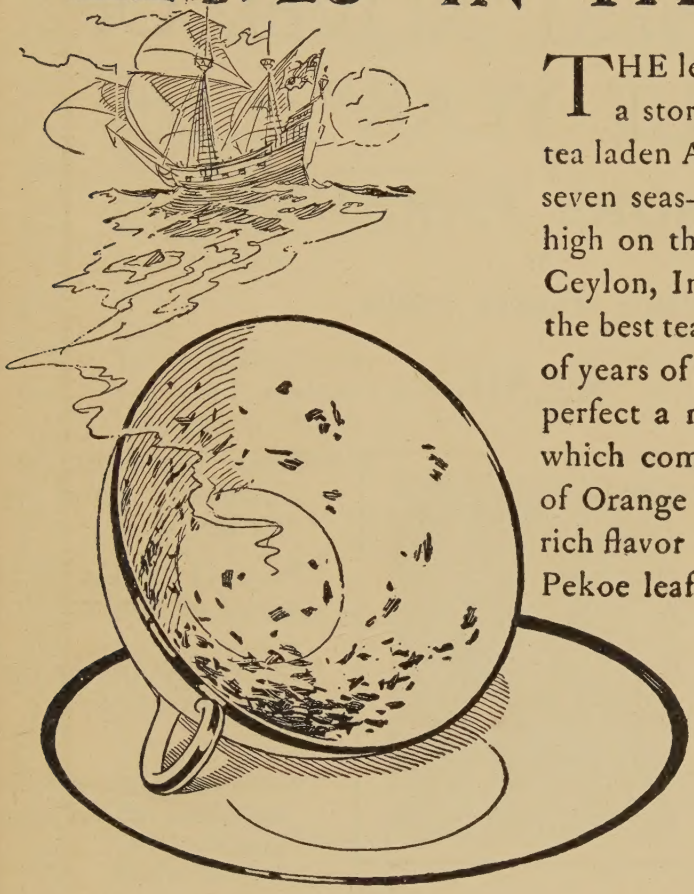
Woodland Browns

The color of an American forest, the style of the American figure, the tailoring of America's foremost makers of fine clothes — a perfect combination provided in

KUPPENHEIMER
GOOD CLOTHES

Suits that retain their first fine appearance through months of wear, suits that fit comfortably, in styles of a distinction that can be seen at a single glance. Many are only at $50.

LEAVES IN THE CUP



THE leaves in the cup have a story to tell—a story of tea laden Argosies coursing the seven seas—of crystal sunshine high on the mountain-sides of Ceylon, India and Java, where the best teas are grown—a story of years of painstaking study to perfect a most superior blend, which combines the fragrance of Orange Pekoe with the full, rich flavor of the fully matured Pekoe leaf. They are leaves of

Ridgways

ORANGE LABEL

Tea

UNANIMOUS VERDICT

"THE FINEST NOVEL OF THE YEAR"

NO MORE PARADES

By

FORD MADOX FORD

$2.50

MARK VAN DOREN: "Easily the most distinguished novel of the period."

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE: (*Isabel Paterson*) "Far and away the finest novel of the year."

NEW YORK EVENING POST: (*Herschell Brickell*) "On our list of the ten best novels of 1925."

NEW YORK WORLD: "Shows vitality and dimensions of an epic tale."

NEW YORK SUN: "A remarkable novel."

THE NEW YORKER: "A novel by Ford would be hard to beat."

PHILADELPHIA PUBLIC LEDGER: "Vigorous and pungent with life."

LOUIS BROMFIELD: (*Author of Possession*) "As great as anything produced in English during the past twenty-five years."

ALBERT & CHARLES BONI Publishers 39 West 8th St NEW YORK

The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME VII — February 1926 — NUMBER 26

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Jefferson's Stepchildren	Arthur Krock	129
The Baptists	James D. Bernard	136
The Bret Harte Country	Idwal Jones	147
Two Sonnets of Discontent	Virginia Moore	154
The Paralysis of the Press	Gaylord M. Fuller	155
The Cult of Beauty	Morris Fishbein	161
Americana		169
Ohio	Don Knowlton	175
The Inaugural of 1933	Oswald Garrison Villard	182
The New Englander (*A Story*)	Harvey Fergusson	187
Aframerican, North and South	L. M. Hussey	196
The Arts and Sciences:		
Pot au Feu	William Wallace Irwin	201
The Defense in Modern War	E. L. M. Burns	202
Yiddish in American Fiction	Alter Brody	206
Guam	M. S. Lea	208
Portrait of a Pirate	Walter B. Lister	214
Joaquin Miller	George Sterling	220
Goudy	Robert O. Ballou	230
Clinical Notes	George Jean Nathan	235
Notes and Queries		239
The Theatre	George Jean Nathan	245
The Library	H. L. Mencken	251
The American Mercury Authors		256
Editorial Notes		xviii
Check List of New Books		xxiv

Unsolicited manuscripts not accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes will not be returned and the Editors will not enter into correspondence about them. Manuscripts should be addressed to The Editors and not to individuals. All accepted contributions are paid for on acceptance, without reference to the date of publication. The whole contents of this magazine are protected by copyright and must not be reprinted without permission.

Published monthly at 50 cents a copy. Annual subscription, $5.00; Canadian subscription, $5.50; foreign subscription, $6.00. . . . The American Mercury, Inc., publishers. Publication office, Federal and 19th streets, Camden, N. J. Editorial and general offices, 730 Fifth avenue, New York. . . . Printed in the United States.

Copyright, 1926, by The American Mercury, Inc. . . .

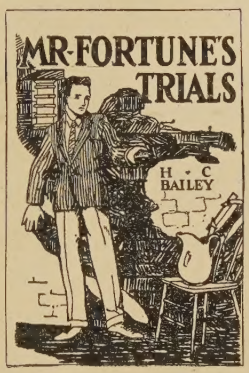
Entered as second class matter January 4, 1924, at the post office at Camden, N. J., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Published monthly on the 25th. Five weeks' advance notice required for change of subscribers' addresses.

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*
H. L. Mencken, *Editor*
George Jean Nathan, *Contributing Editor*

NEW FICTION

Dutton's

January and February



MR. FORTUNE'S TRIALS

H. C. BAILEY'S "Call Mr. Fortune" and "Mr. Fortune's Practice" have introduced to the goodly company of skilled detectives one quite able to hold his own with Sherlock Holmes, Cleek and Secret Service Smith. He is as keen-witted as any of them and extremely amusing. As a medical expert he is often consulted by Scotland Yard and his humorous sparring with Superintendent Lomas lends their adventures together just the right pinch of new flavor which differentiates this debonair young doctor from any other detective you have known and liked. $2.00

WHITE FIRE

By **LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE,** author of "The Road to En-Dor," "Mrs. Paramour," etc.

A sparkling, vivid, sophisticated web, woven of the entangling threads of four lives: Tabor Wynne, a rich Philadelphia lawyer of fine old family connections; June, who marries him for his wealth and social standing but is personally more attracted by subtle, polished Lance Fairless, a society ne'er-do-well. The fourth thread is spun by Jennie Challis at first more or less involved with Lance, but later finding that Tabor Wynne stirs the better depths of her nature. How the meshes of Fate are untangled is told with Mr. Vance's great dramatic skill and power of sustaining suspense. $2.00

STARBRACE

By **SHEILA KAYE-SMITH**

The second novel which this author wrote but practically new to her American readers. Clear-cut and dramatic, it tells the story of an untamable youth who galloped through life defying all restraints of order, convention and law. There is a freshness of youth in it and the scent of gorse from the Sussex downs.

To be published about Feb. 1. $2.00

FIREFLY

By **DIANA PATRICK**

"Dusk of Moonrise," "The Manuscript of Youth," etc. have given evidence of the author's unusual gift for comprehending the inner turmoil of the springtime of life. Its curious blend of wild enthusiasm, shy reticenses, burning passions, and feverish ambitions, she pictures with an understanding that is very rare, and with a delicacy even rarer. Her story is full of the freshness and charm of that period in life when Youth is still groping after that most elusive of fireflies—Romance. $2.00

These books can be bought through any book store; if not, order direct from

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY 681 Fifth Ave., New York

NEW BOOKS FROM **Dutton's** *January and February Lists*

UNDERSTANDING OUR CHILDREN

By **FREDERICK PIERCE,** whose "Our Unconscious Mind and How to Use It" and "Mobilizing the Mid-Brain" have been found so useful to teachers and parents. So many inquiries reached him as to the precise application of the stimulating principles laid down in them, that this book is an effort to show how they can be used in preparing children for a normal, intelligent life. $2.00

FRESH AIR AND VENTILATION

By **C. E. A. WINLSOW,** Professor of Public Health, Yale School of Medicine, chairman New York State Commission of Ventilation. He points out that in the past twenty years, our knowledge as to the best methods of securing satisfactory ventilation in the home, school, office or factory has radically changed as the result of important experiments conducted in Germany, England and the United States. He presents in broad outline the modern conception of what good ventilation is, and shows how the average man or woman can secure it under varying conditions. It is safe to add that most such readers, especially those who have given some attention to the subject, will be intensely surprised by some of the conclusions he has reached. $2.50

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD BAXTER

With Introduction and notes by J. M. Lloyd Thomas

Comparatively few have any association with Baxter except that of long-ago Sunday afternoons spent usually under duress in reading *The Saints' Rest.* It will be a surprise therefore to discover its author taking lessons from a famous gamester, following with a young man's keen interest every incident of the Civil War, or serving as an army chaplain coldly received by Cromwell. He seems to have been something of a firebrand, quarreling with Cromwell, "silenced" by Charles II, a storm centre, and through it all a keen observer of his times, with a grim, ironic sense of humor. He is worth knowing. $3.00

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF GUIBERT DE NOGENT (Broadway Translations)

The Abbott of Notre Dame de Nogent is another whose story contains some very picturesque glimpses of his time (1053–1124) and of the customs of the country. $3.00

If you are not familiar with these re-issues of "the more robust and human examples of classical and mediaeval literature," send for a complete list of what *The Literary Review* calls "that fascinating series of books which arouse in us our intensest desire to beg, borrow or steal"

THE BROADWAY TRANSLATIONS

New volumes of the

TODAY AND TOMORROW

Series

LYCURGUS
By E. S. P. HAYNES
On the Future of Law. $1

PYGMALION
By R. McN. WILSON
On the Doctor of the Future. $1

THRASYMACHUS
By C. E. M. JOAD
On the Future of Morals. $1

OUROBOROS
By GARET GARRETT
On the Mechanical Extension of Mankind. $1

Acute monographs expressing the forecasts of men who face and discuss the big question of human progress.

Among them are:

Haldane's Daedalus
Russell's Icarus
Jennings' Prometheus
Russell's What I Believe
Schiller's Tantalus
Vernon Lee's Proteus
Stokes's Perseus
Patten's The Passing of the Phantoms
Crookshank's The Mongol in Our Midst
Ludovici's Lysistrata
Dora Russell's Hypatia
Capt. Hart's Paris
D'Albe's Quo Vadimus?
Low's Wireless Possibilities
Trevelyan's Thamyris
Wright's Conquest of Cancer
D'Albe's Hephaestus
Dobree's Timotheus

The Evening Post has called these books "small in size, but tremendous in importance," and again, "we know nowhere else today where so much solid thought may be got at for so small an amount."

Each volume, $1
Send for a fuller description

These books can be bought through any bookstore; or if not, from

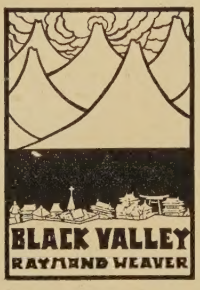
E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY **681 Fifth Ave., New York**

FEBRUARY

The Viking Galley

No. 4

A Passage to Japan—



BLACK VALLEY

Raymond Weaver

A town in the heart of Japan, a group of American missionaries striving to save the souls of the heathen, a white boy more interested in winning the love than saving the soul of a Japanese girl, a middle-aged woman finding romance and discarding it—these are a few of the themes in a novel that will inevitably suggest the power and insight of "A Passage to India."

Author of a successful biography of Melville, Mr. Weaver has lived among the Japanese in just such a settlement as he describes in this novel. "Black Valley" is romance, realism, comedy, tragedy, fiction and truth strangely compounded — but most of all it is art. American readers will welcome the advent of a new novelist of whom they will hear more.

$2.00

A Mid-Victorian Lady sells her soul to the Devil

LOLLY WILLOWES

or THE LOVING HUNTSMAN

By Sylvia Townsend Warner

Poor Lolly Willowes! At least poor until she had the good sense to sell her soul to the Loving Huntsman, otherwise known as His Satanic Majesty. Lolly took to him immediately and it was such a rare compliment to know that he wanted her most coveted possession: her soul, when nobody else wanted anything of her at all.

Lolly's adventures in witchcraft place this book in the field of fantasy with such gems as "Lady Into Fox" and "Serena Blandish."

DAVID GARNETT, author of the former book writes "It is extremely well written, absorbingly interesting and the wittiest book I have read for a very long time."

CARL VAN VECHTEN says: "An enchanting book. What havoc this romance will create in the hearts of spinsters."

$2.00

A Masterpiece Reprinted

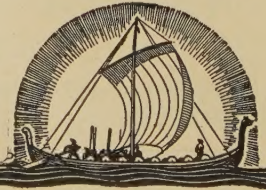
SANINE

By Michael Artzibashev

With a preface by Ernest Boyd

A classic in every European country and a popular success in America, this masterpiece is now reprinted in a handsome format uniform in style with "Five Oriental Tales" and "The Confession of a Fool." $2.50

THE VIKING PRESS
PUBLISHERS



30 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK

Before the Revolution

FOUR NOVELISTS OF THE OLD REGIME

by John Garber Palache

An American critic and biographer, with fresh and individual talents, here makes his bow to the discerning public. Mr. Palache takes as his novelists Laclos, Crebillon fils, Restif de la Bretonne, and Diderot, men whose lives were closely knit with the historical events of their period and whose works have never been adequately treated in English belles lettres. The stories of their various books, with the racy narratives and polished libertinage, and of their lives are fascinatingly told in a manner that is anecdotal as well as critical. With eight illustrations. $3.00

One of the many fine poems in

FIRE-HEAD

by Lola Ridge

Author of "The Ghetto"

SAINT'S BRIDGE

Light across the courtyard
intercepts the snow . . .
swarming particles of light
follow each other in shimmering confusion,
as though the moon were snowing out of her mountains,
Emptying her craters of their silvery ash . . .
spinning a gossamer trestle
Light
swung from the flame of windows,
reaching a broad and shining arm
on which saints might hang their garments.

$1.50

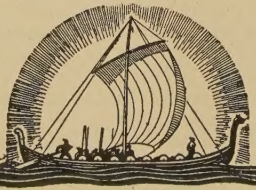
A French Prize Novel

ARICIE BRUN

By Emile Henriot

With the human charm of a *Maria Chapdelaine* thrown on a larger canvas this novel received last year's highest literary honor in France, the award of the Académie Française. From the background of Nineteenth Century France emerges the lovely figure of Aricie, a character whom Dickens or Thackeray might have chosen to depict. Around her group the members of her family, portraits painted with the fidelity of a Rembrandt. The action starting directly after the fall of Napoleon and moving up to the beginning of the World War, takes place in Bordeaux where the Bruns live in successive stages of prosperity and depression. The narrative suggests a French miniature Forsyte Saga. Translated by Henry Longan Stuart. $2.00

THE VIKING PRESS
PUBLISHERS



30 IRVING PLACE
NEW YORK

Distinctive Publications from Beacon Hill

THE MELTING-POT MISTAKE
By Henry Pratt Fairchild

A stimulating study, emphasizing nationality rather than race, of the effect immigration has had and will produce on the American Nation—by the Professor of Social Economy at New York University. $2.50

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC REVOLUTION IN THE UNITED STATES
By Thomas Nixon Carver

"Far more fascinating than the visions of romantic commonwealths depicted by William Morris, Samuel Butler, Edward Bellamy and H. G. Wells... is this forecast by one of our most scholarly and conservative economists of what these United States may become."—*The New York Times.* $2.50

THE PIONEERS OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION
By M. Roustan

A brilliant treatise explaining the French Revolution and its inevitability, and showing the influence of such men as Voltaire and Rousseau in persuading their generation that free inquiry was a virtue. $4.00

CONGRESS, THE CONSTITUTION AND THE SUPREME COURT
By Charles Warren

A timely book by the author of "The Supreme Court in United States History" (awarded the Pulitzer Prize for the best history of 1922) that explains the relation of the Supreme Court to Acts of Congress, and discusses recent proposals to impair the Court's power. $3.50

THE ADVENTURES OF AN ILLUSTRATOR
By JOSEPH PENNELL

Frank Weitenkampf, in The Saturday Review of Literature, says:

"Jo Pennell's antipathies are aired: G. B. Shaw, the Anglo-Saxon race ('which loves banalities, boorishness and buncombe') Philadelphia, 'the encouragement of art as now practised,' daylight saving, Mrs. Humphrey Ward ('Paragon of dreariness'), the comic strip, prohibition, tourists in the devastated regions of France, art editors of to-day, after-dinner speeches, standardizing, boy scouts, ladies' magazines, architectural restorations, the United States (land of humbug, 'a race of cocksure imbeciles'), and war, especially the Great War. Few of these dislikes would not be shared by one or the other—often many others—of his readers. He has likes, too: Beardsley, the 'near-to-Godness' of the Friends' meeting house, John Van Dyke ('the only authoritative critic'), Thomas Nast, E. J. Sullivan (to-day 'no one capable save us'), and, of course, Whistler, whose weaknesses are delicately hinted at. Exhilarating it all is. You may be amused, annoyed, enraged, but you are made to think—if you care to."

With 220 illustrations, including drawings, etchings and lithographs by Mr. Pennell and other famous artists. Quarto. 8¾ x 12¼ inches. $12.50.

THE OLDEST GOD
By Stephen McKenna

In this, the strangest and perhaps the most fascinating of Mr. McKenna's novels since "Sonia", the members of an English house party vote for a return to Arcady and the rule of Pan—with dire and almost incredible results. $2.50

LODGERS IN LONDON
By Adelaide Eden Phillpotts

A dancer, a priest, a poor artist, a lover and a sweetheart, a child of strange and violent nature are the lodgers, whose lives become suddenly dramatic at the touch of love and romance. $2.00

CRAIG'S WIFE
By George Kelly

A startling dramatic portrait of a selfish woman, who is "house-crazy", and whom every reader and play-goer will recognize. The response of audiences and critics in New York, where it is now playing to crowded houses, testify as to its sincerity and truthfulness, as well as to its qualities as entertainment.

George Jean Nathan, famous dramatic critic, says: "'Craig's Wife' is a play I commend to your attention." $1.50

To be published on February 16

THE HOUNDS OF SPRING
By Sylvia Thompson

Against a background of pre-War and post-War Vienna and England, the author has written a moving story of the human desires and defeats and victories that color the lives of an utterly charming Austro-English family. $2.00

These Books are For Sale at All Booksellers

Boston **LITTLE, BROWN & COMPANY** *Publishers*

There is no one like him; there is no one remotely like him. He sees and describes not merely this man's love or that woman's inspiration, but the blind sweep and devastation of universal forces.
H. L. Mencken.

To stand in a Summer stifled, man-smelling city street and to feel suddenly a fresh salt wind from the far-off pastures of the sea—this is the sensation when one comes upon a book by Joseph Conrad.
Mary Austin.

The only writing of the last twelve years that will enrich the English language to any extent.
John Galsworthy.

Some Remarkable Facts About Conrad

AT AN auction before Conrad's death, his original manuscripts sold for $110,998. Before his death also, a numbered autographed de Luxe edition of his books was published, the Sun Dial Edition, limited to 735 sets. That number of people promptly came forward and paid, each, $175.75 for one of these sets (a total of $129,176.25). Now, for the most modest book budget comes the Kent Edition of his *complete works containing everything in the Sun Dial Edition including special prefaces written by Conrad for each book and two additional volumes besides.* It will be sold for only $35.00, payable in small amounts, instead of $175.75 cash.

One of my chief claims to distinction in the world is that I wrote the first long appreciative review of Joseph Conrad's work.
H. G. Wells.

Those who haven't read Conrad are not well read. Those who don't intend to read him are of a foolish and slovenly mental habit. As for those who are engaged in reading him—for the first time—how I envy them!
Gouverneur Morris.

One comes to Conrad with unspeakable relief—with the feeling that here, at last, is a novelist who understands as the poets do.
Christopher Morley.

THE NEW KENT EDITION OF
JOSEPH CONRAD

—at a saving of $140.75 over the limited autographed Sun Dial Edition

"I AM not a literary man," Conrad once modestly said. But what did the world think of him? It was shown strikingly, before he died, by the payment of over $110,000 for his original manuscripts, and by the outlay of over $129,000 for a few autographed editions of his complete works. Probably no such tribute was ever paid, in all history, to an author while he was still alive.

"I feel that Romance is dead now, not Conrad," an American woman in England wrote home to a friend. That was the feeling of unnumbered thousands when this great Master passed away.

The Secret of Conrad

What is the secret that lifted this former Polish cabin-boy to the foremost place in contemporary English literature? Perhaps most of all, it is the exciting narratives he told and the rare glamour of the life he wrote about—the life of outcasts, wanderers and adventurers in the farthermost places of the earth.

What an array of them there is: rough traders, thieves, murderers, adventurers—the riff-raff of the world thrown up in the mysterious East, and there battling out their destiny! And what women move through his stories: the bewitching plotter, Dona Rita; the mysterious Flora de Barral; the brave little outcast, Lena; the elusive and pathetic Nina of Almayer, the unfathomable and seductive Malay princess for whom Willems sold his soul—to mention but a few.

"Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

Conrad had met these men, he had known these rare, strange women he wrote about, and what tales he spins of them! Tales of the devoted love of men and women, in remote seclusion, far from civilization, possibly deserted on some lonely isle, surrounded by chattering people of other races; tales of blood and adventure in the mysterious China Sea, where typhoons spring out of a cloudless sky; tales of breathless romance covering the far-flung world—of friendships and conflicts of men and women caught in swirling eddies of life.

"Such tales they are as men tell under the haunting stars,"—that, in one phrase, typifies them. No wonder Hugh Walpole burst out, after reading one of Conrad's books, "Here, surely, if ever, is genius!"

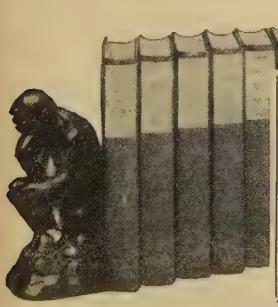
An Exceptional Opportunity

Gouverneur Morris once said of Conrad: "Those who have not read him are simply not well-read." If that was true before Conrad's death, how much truer it is today! You will never be satisfied with yourself until you own and have read all of Conrad's books.

And instead of $175.75—the price of the Sun Dial Edition—the cost of this New Kent Edition, containing everything in the de Luxe set and two extra volumes in addition (Tales of Hearsay and Suspense), is only $35.00, and may be paid in convenient small amounts. This is a saving of $140.75 over the Sun Dial Edition.

The publishers respectfully advise prospective purchasers not to delay, as these sets at this extraordinary price are disappearing fast. Use the coupon below, or write a letter.

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.
Dept. C-972 Garden City, N. Y.



DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO., Dept. C-972
Garden City, New York

Please send for my inspection the new Kent Edition of Joseph Conrad in 26 volumes that include the complete works and also the author's specially written prefaces. Within a week I agree to return the set or else to send you $2.00 first payment and ONLY $3.00 a MONTH until the special price of $35.00 is paid. Cash discount 5 per cent.

Name.....
Address.....
References (or occupation).....

☐ Check here if you want to inspect the rich ½ leather binding and change terms to $60.00, payable $5.00 a month.

69 Special Books to

THE NORTH WIND drives against your windows . . . the snow sifts about your home . . . you draw your chair closer to the fire for the longest evenings of the year. But these evenings need not be lonely, for with any of the 69 carefully selected books listed on these two pages you may bring to your fireside the rarest company the world affords. Check this list carefully, *now*, and take it to your bookseller's . . . and you'll find your winter evenings are hours all too short.

Fiction

JOSEPH CONRAD

Almayer's Folly
The Nigger of the "Narcissus"
The Rover
Typhoon
Victory
Youth

($2.00 *Each*)

ELLEN GLASGOW

Barren Ground ($2.50)

O. HENRY

The Four Million
The Gentle Grafter
Roads of Destiny
Rolling Stones

($2.00 *Each*)

MARGARET KENNEDY

The Constant Nymph
The Ladies of Lyndon

($2.00 *Each*)

RUDYARD KIPLING

The Jungle Books ($3.50)
Captains Courageous
Just So Stories
Kim
The Light That Failed
Plain Tales from the Hills
Soldier Stories

($1.90 *Each*)

WILLIAM McFEE

Aliens
Command

($2.00 *Each*)

C. E. MONTAGUE

Fiery Particles ($2.00)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Thunder on the Left ($2.00)
Where the Blue Begins ($1.75)

KATHLEEN NORRIS

Little Ships ($2.00)

BOOTH TARKINGTON

Women ($2.00)

The Lambskin Library

($1.10 *Each*)

Bob, Son of Battle—OLLIVANT
Casuals of the Sea—McFEE
Dracula—STOKER
Lord Jim—JOSEPH CONRAD
The Story of Gösta Berling—SELMA LAGERLÖF
Trimmed Lamp—O. HENRY
Bunker Bean—WILSON
Haunted Bookshop—MORLEY
Christopher and Columbus—"ELIZABETH"

Biography

LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

The Letters of Archie Butt ($2.50)

DR. E. A. ALDERMAN

Woodrow Wilson Memorial Address ($1.00)

RAY STANNARD BAKER

Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement ($10.00)

JOSEPH CONRAD

A Personal Record ($2.00)

HENRY FORD

My Life and Work ($2.00)
(In collaboration with Samuel Crowther)

BURTON J. HENDRICK

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page (1 vol.) ($5.00)
The Letters of Walter H. Page to Woodrow Wilson ($5.00)

SELMA LAGERLÖF

Mårbacka ($2.50)

WILLIAM McFEE

An Ocean Tramp ($2.00)

W. S. RAINSFORD

Story of a Varied Life ($2.50)

STEWART EDWARD WHITE

Daniel Boone: Wilderness Scout ($1.75)

Banish Loneliness!

PAUL WILSTACH
Jefferson and Monticello ($5.00)

Poetry

FRANKLIN P. ADAMS
So Much Velvet ($2.00)

RUDYARD KIPLING
Rudyard Kipling's Inclusive Verse: 1885–1918 ($5.00)

DON MARQUIS
The Awakening and Other Poems ($2.00)

WALT WHITMAN
Leaves of Grass: Authorized Edition ($3.00)

Essays and Philosophy

G. LOWES DICKINSON
A Modern Symposium ($1.50)

DAVID GRAYSON
Adventures of David Grayson ($2.50)
Adventures in Understanding ($2.50)

BASIL KING
The Conquest of Fear ($2.00)
Faith and Success ($2.00)

C. E. MONTAGUE
The Right Place ($2.50)

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY
Shandygaff ($2.00)
Inward Ho! ($2.00)

LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH
Trivia ($2.00)

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
Credo ($2.00)

Travel

WILLIAM McFEE
Sunlight in New Granada ($3.50)

CARVETH WELLS
Six Years in the Malay Jungle ($3.00)

Drama

SIDNEY HOWARD
They Knew What They Wanted ($2.00)

DON MARQUIS
The Dark Hours ($2.00)

Illustrated Books

ARTHUR RACKHAM
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland ($2.50)

E. A. WILSON
Iron Men & Wooden Ships ($7.50)
Full & By ($7.50)

A THOUSAND BOOKS IN ONE!

If there are not enough books on these two pages to suit you . . . get Asa Don Dickinson's *1000 Best Books* ($5.00). . . in which he has ingeniously compiled the list of best books that famous readers of all time have made. There is a liberal education in its contents.

GOOD BUYS at BOOKSTORES

A few booksellers still have copies of the imported William Heineman edition of Max Beerbohm's *Observations*. . . a big book of caricatures, containing the famous cartoon of the Prince of Wales that caused such a stir in London. ($7.50)

Another excellent bargain is a new pocket sized edition of *O. Henry's* works complete in 18 volumes selling for 90c each.

WHO WILL WIN?

Next to the Pulitzer Prize Awards the most important literary prize in America—in which all authors take part—is the O. Henry Memorial Award for the best short story of the year. The O. HENRY MEMORIAL AWARD PRIZE STORIES—containing the prize winner and the best stories of the year will be issued on Feb. 19th. Order this book from your bookseller now. ($2.00)

Spend a half hour with the most interesting authors of our times. Send for our little biographical booklets and reading guides (from 20 to 90 pages, each illustrated). These are now ready:

RUDYARD KIPLING
JOSEPH CONRAD
DAVID GRAYSON
WILLIAM McFEE
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

DOUBLEDAY, PAGE & CO.,
GARDEN CITY, N. Y.
Please send me your biographical booklet and reading guide to

.....

.....

I enclose 10 cents each to cover handling and postage.

Name .....

Address .....

City.....*State*.....

The New Negro

Any reader who is interested in the awakening and self-expression of the New Negro will find in these Borzoi books interesting material on every phase of the movement—from the lilting lyrics of Langston Hughes to that scholarly study by Professor Benjamin Brawley—A NEW SURVEY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

THE WEARY BLUES

By LANGSTON HUGHES

With an Introduction by CARL VAN VECHTEN

This is the genuine voice of the New Negro—bold, keen, joyful and amusing, retaining nevertheless these minor melodies of his race, both spirituals and blues—one of the most important contributions to American poetry. $2.00

THE FIRE IN THE FLINT

By WALTER F. WHITE

"Mr. White has with this one novel struck deep into the problem of the colored race. As a storyteller he leaves little to be desired. The result is a stirring novel, beautifully and passionately written."—*The Nation.* ("Flight," a new novel by Mr. White, will be published on May 16th.) $2.50

THE SAILOR'S RETURN

By DAVID GARNETT

"This is an action story which dramatically expounds the fatuity and underlying jealousy of race prejudice. . . . It is a little masterpiece in contemporary letters."—*Argonaut.* $2.00

THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER

By HALDANE MACFALL

"There is nothing like *The Wooing of Jezebel Pettyfer.* To call it the greatest novel about the Negro is to damn it with misdirected praise. It is one of the most joyous and joyful books about any group of persons."—*Harry Salpeter* in the *New York World.* $3.00

GREEN THURSDAY

By JULIA PETERKIN

"Her sketches are of the black man in the extreme southeastern part of the United States . . . finely wrought stuff . . . I think it is great American work."—*Laurence Stallings.* $2.50

P. S.—In preparation, "Nigger Heaven," by Carl Van Vechten. A novel of contemporary Harlem life by one who has been most instrumental in helping the New Negro find himself, will be published August fifteenth.

ALFRED A. KNOPF · *730 Fifth Avenue* · NEW YORK

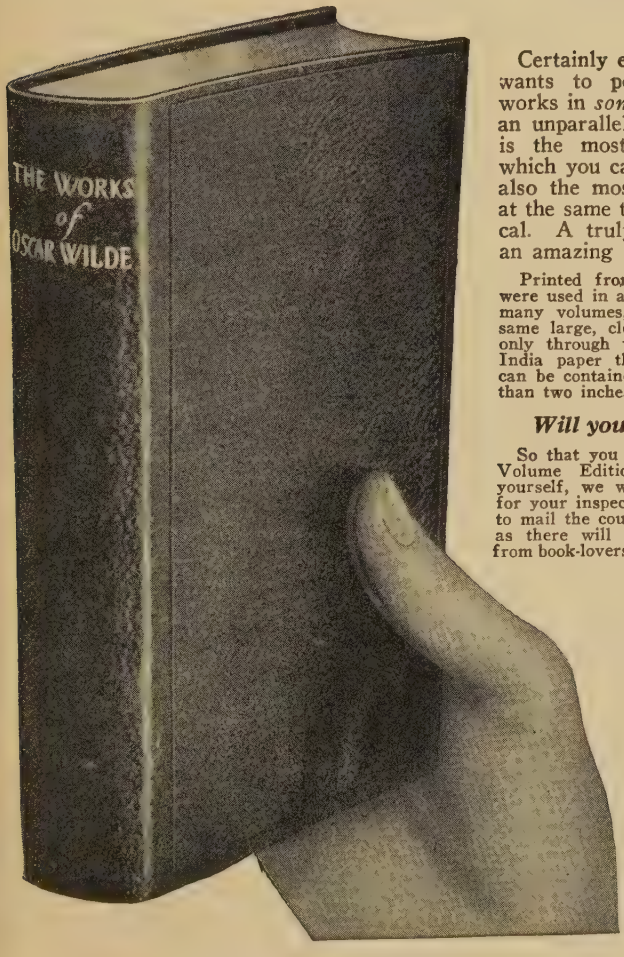
"He never made a commonplace remark in his life"

SO SAID a famous writer of Oscar Wilde. His words were like jewels. His brilliant conversation was the sensation of Britain's most distinguished dinner tables; his sparkling epigrams were on everyone's tongue; his piercing wit, his daring philosophy, his incredible versatility made him the literary sensation of his day.

What an amazing figure he was! The most striking personality of his time—perhaps the most dramatic character in literature. Think of a writer who could at once convulse smart society with his sophisticated plays and delight the hearts of children with some of the most beautiful fairy tales ever written—who could write fiction of enthralling interest, poetry of unforgettable beauty, essays of penetrating insight!

Today there is an ever-growing demand for Wilde's works. More and more people are discovering with boundless delight the charm and brilliancy of his art. In recognition of this widespread interest a remarkable new edition of his works has just been published—

The new India paper Edition of OSCAR WILDE in One Volume



Certainly every cultivated person wants to possess Oscar Wilde's works in *some* form. Here, then, is an unparalleled opportunity. Here is the most convenient form in which you can own Wilde, perhaps also the most beautiful form, and at the same time the most economical. A truly de luxe volume and an amazing bargain, all in one!

Printed from the self-same plates as were used in a famous de luxe edition of many volumes, this book gives you the same large, clear, beautiful type. It is only through the use of exquisitely fine India paper that fifteen hundred pages can be contained in the thickness of less than two inches.

Will you examine it free?

So that you may judge this new One-Volume Edition of Oscar Wilde for yourself, we will gladly send it to you for your inspection. It is only necessary to mail the coupon. But do this promptly as there will be a tremendous demand from book-lovers, and the edition is limited.

Famous Wilde titles included in this edition:

The Ballad of Reading Gaol
Ravenna
The Harlot's House
The Happy Prince
The Nightingale and the Rose
The Decay of Lying
Pen, Pencil and Poison
Lotus Leaves
A Woman of No Importance
Salome
Louis Napoleon
The Importance of Being Earnest
Panthea
An Ideal Husband
and many other tales, poems, and essays

1500 pages

WALTER J. BLACK CO.
7 West 42 Street
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Walter J. Black Co.,
Dept. 402
7 West 42nd Street
New York City

Gentlemen: You may send me for free examination, the new India paper Edition of Oscar Wilde, 1500 pages in one volume, flexible, grained Keratol binding. Within a week I will either return the book or send only $5.45 in full payment.

Name .....

Address.....

City .....State .....

THE EDITOR OF THE AMERICAN MERCURY

"Head and shoulders above all our publicists and critics, the editor of The American Mercury looms up as the castigator of anemia and flatulence and superficiality in American life and letters."—Simeon Strunsky, The N. Y. *Times*.

"This arrogant, opinionated, ruthless, delightful literary snob has made a place for himself in American life similar to that occupied by calomel in *materia medica*."—The Hartford, Conn., *Times*.

"Mencken insists on brightness and smartness. No old stuff! Intelligence, keenness, wit. No bunk."—George M. Payne, The Cincinnati *Star*.

"This extraordinary journalist, critic, essayist and philologian is by all odds the most striking figure in America today."—The Waterloo, Iowa, *Courier*.

"His position is unique; he has made of writing and living a vital concern, relevant to everyday life."—Isaac Goldberg, in his book, *The Man Mencken*.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
730 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me The American Mercury for one year, beginning with the..... issue. I enclose check or money order for $5.

NAME.....
(Please print name and address plainly)

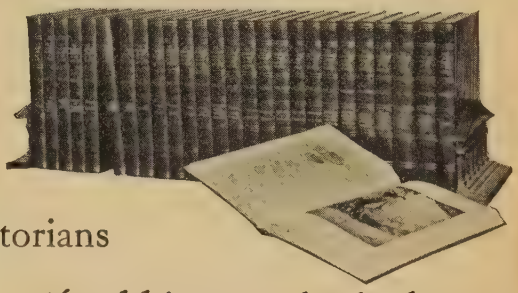
ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....
Canadian postage, 50c; Foreign, $1 additional.

A. M. 2-26

The Big Thing Has Been Done!

A NEW KIND OF HISTORY



written by 2000 great historians

Living flesh-and-blood history, throbbing, real, vital, true

The *New* Historians' History of the World

A NEW and brilliant conception of true world history—a unified, continuous narrative, interesting, authentic, written by 2000 of the world's greatest men of genius—this in a few words is the *new* Historians' History of the World.

Here, for the first time, is a *complete* world history vividly, colorfully written.

The *new* Historians' History has no exact counterpart in all literature. It is one of the great books of all time . . . a new kind of history containing the actual writings of the world's greatest historians. **This great work is now ready for you and at a price that is surprisingly low.**

Famous living contributors

The Historians' History therefore answers a definite need of the time. It is the whole story and the true story of man's life. The story of our own age, for example, the amazing times in which we ourselves are now living, is related by nearly a hundred contemporary leaders, such men and women as: John H. Latane, H. G. Wells, James Henry Breasted, Charles Seymour . . . Col. Edward M. House, Charles M. Schwab, Brand Whitlock, James Brown Scott. . Sir Oliver Lodge, J. Arthur Thompson, Sigmund Freud, Madame Curie . . . . Generals Mangin, Ludendorff, Maurice; Admirals Jellicoe, Sims, von Tirpitz . Sir John Marriott, Lady Rhondda, Sir Horace Plunkett and many, many others of equal fame

A special section is devoted to the Great War and the gigantic upheavals that followed; another section, to the marvelous scientific and industrial progress of the last twenty years. The glorious rise of our own country to its present position of world leadership is told dramatically and completely.

Produced by the Encyclopaedia Britannica Company

Such a work could come from but one source—an organization experienced in editing and publishing truly great works, The Encyclopædia Britannica Company, Inc. Yet the Historians' History is not an encyclopædia, nor does it in any way resemble one.

At an amazingly low price

Nearly $500,000 was spent on the editorial preparation of this work, yet it is available to you at a price that in itself is an amazing feature of this offer. Small monthly payments, over a short period of time, if you desire.

The first sets of this new history are just coming from the presses. You owe it to yourself to know more about this wonderful work, while it is new while everyone is talking about it.

Send for booklet

The coupon below will bring you (without cost or obligation) our interesting booklet—which describes in detail the character and scope of this remarkable history. It contains much valuable information — many sparkling passages from the romance of history—with actual specimen pages and reproductions of illustrations in color from the history itself. Send the coupon today—be one of the first to get the full story of this remarkable achievement.

Mail Coupon Today

The Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc. AMYH-IS
***Publishers of fine books since* 1768**
342 Madison Avenue, New York

Please send me, by return mail, without any obligation on my part, your free 64-page "Book of the New Historians' History of the World." Also full details of your low price offer and easy plan of payment.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

Harcourt, Brace
& Company
383 Madison Avenue — New York

Etching by Schneider

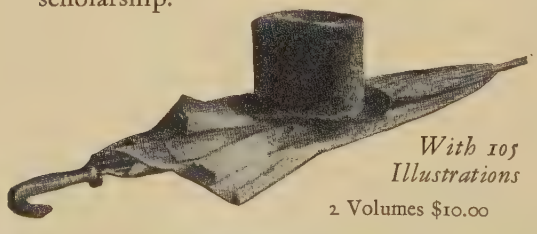
Published
February 4

Carl Sandburg's

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

The Prairie Years

THE very first chapter of Carl Sandburg's story will convince you that it is not "just another life of Lincoln." It is the man himself! The book has been in Carl Sandburg's mind for years —a rich portrait in plain homely language fortified at every point by sound scholarship.



With 105 Illustrations

2 Volumes $10.00

Jacob Wassermann
FABER
$2.50

Count Keyserling
THE TRAVEL DIARY of a Philosopher
2 Vols., $10.00

Virginia Woolf
MRS. DALLOWAY
$2.50

Naomi Mitchison
CLOUD CUCKOO LAND
An historical novel of Athens and Sparta in the 5th Century, B. C.
$2.50

Leonard Woolf
THE VILLAGE IN THE JUNGLE
$2.50

Edith O'Shaughnessy
VIENNESE MEDLEY
$2.00

Lascelles Abercrombie
THE THEORY OF POETRY
$2.50

VOLUME VII NUMBER 26

The American MERCURY

February 1926

JEFFERSON'S STEPCHILDREN[1]

BY ARTHUR KROCK

It is one hundred years since Thomas Jefferson died. The Democrats are celebrating the centennial. There is nothing intentionally ironical in the festivities they have arranged. Yet it is the Republicans who should be commemorating the death of the mass-minded Virginian. For the motives and principles in the name of which he called the Democratic party into being have been largely deserted by those two warring, bitter factions which now, for lack of a better banner, contend for the lint that is left of his mantle. In its pursuit of Prohibition votes in the South, and liberal votes in the North and East, and agrarian votes in the West, the Democratic party has burst like the chameleon which, placed on a square of Scottish plaid, took its mission in life too literally.

Jefferson, I conclude, had the viewpoint of the politician as plainly as any of his contemporaries, even Burr. Having undertaken the task of forming a national party dedicated to the preservation of democracy against the aristocratic and capitalistic ideas of Hamilton, Washington and Ames, he employed all the usual tricks. If the chicanery which the American public cannot live without in its politics can keep a Signer out of heaven, then I am confident Jefferson is not there. But whatever the stratagems he employed against the speculators, the bankers and the pinchbeck aristocrats of his day, his purpose was always definite and the programme of his immediate followers was always fixed. The Jeffersonian leaders in Georgia and South Carolina had the same objectives as those in Massachusetts and Vermont. They were out to protect the rights of the voting minority, and if they sought to make a majority out of that minority they at least always had common justice on their side. They were opposed to an alliance with England under the younger Pitt against France under Tallyrand. They fought legal and social oppression based on foreign birth. And they insisted that the community, and not the Nation, should deal with strictly communal problems.

The War of the Sections put the first stout wedge between them. Jeffersonian Democrats shot painstakingly at one another over the issue of Union. Half a century later the money question divided them even further, and Bryan was able to induce a majority of them to attempt against McKinley what Jefferson never

[1] With the deepest respect for the lore that is represented by footnotes and the intellectual atmosphere they create, I shall put all my authorities into this single paragraph. To support my statements about Jefferson and his principles, readers are generally referred to "Jefferson and Hamilton," by Claude G. Bowers, published by the Houghton Mifflin Company. To support my statements about events since 1808, where Mr. Bowers left off, I refer them to the columns of any American newspaper of general circulation.

attempted against Hamilton—change the fundamental theory of the American currency. The Union issue was settled by force, and the ranks reunited under Tilden and Cleveland. The money issue disappeared, and the only permanent losses the Jeffersonians suffered from the division over it were among those who, once having been Republicans, realized that the materialistic political philosophy of that party at least insured its unity and often made $2 to appear in pockets where only $1 had been before. The tariff, until the World War up-ended it, remained to provide a recurring shibboleth. The Irish still were faithful.

But then came Prohibition and the Ku Klux Klan.

II

It can be disputed, but not, I think, successfully, that the liquor interests of America insured the adoption of the Prohibition law. From the moment they entered politics, they wrought their own ruin. Treacherous, stupid, sordid, seeking always to nominate both candidates for an office and then to support the more venal or more popular, they disgusted the inland American with their presence in public affairs.

The Republican party, being dedicated to victory, simply went along with the Prohibition tide. It initiated nothing; its resistance was cautious; when resistance became dangerous, it yielded. The Federalist inheritance, under which Hamilton sent troops to Western Pennsylvania against the Whiskey Boys, made it no violation of party principle for the modern Republicans to set up a Federal Fascisti to extirpate rum in States that wanted it extirpated. The live-and-let-live Republican policy made it possible for that party, in congressional caucus assembled, to marshal wet and dry statesmen in the same room without riot or bloodshed. There is no tradition in the Republican party to preserve the rights of minorities, except that very potent minority which makes headquarters from Canal street southward in the city of New York and has its members everywhere.

The Ku Klux Klan is the direct product of Republican policy from the time of the Alien and Sedition Acts. Hamilton and his followers openly persecuted the Irish and German immigrants of their period. Thus it was in direct line of party descent that the Republican policy against Woodrow Wilson was fixed in 1918. After the Democratic congressional overturn in that year, disciples sought Senator Boies Penrose, proposing in their zeal that the war taxes be immediately scaled.

"Not at all," said the sage. "While Wilson is in the White House, let the Democrats stagger under that burden. Next year we'll go to the country with our own programme of reduced taxes and Americanism —America first."

"What does 'America first' mean?" they asked him.

"I am damned if I know," replied the Father of Prosperity, "but that's going to be our platform."

And so the Republican Committee, with sagacity rarely equaled in these times, invented the 100% American and the Nordic Blond. The reason why it was safe policy was simple. The Democratic Irish were alienated from their own ranks by the League of Nations and its supposed insult to their mother island's hegemony. The Germans, with the Fatherland promised a peace separate from that of Versailles, preferred to see the land all strung with banners heralding "America First" than to vote with the party that had conducted the government during the war. In the course of the two-year campaign then begun, American institutions were so confidently reported—by Republican orators—to be threatened by the internationalism of the Democrats that the Ku Klux Klan arose to preserve the land from the wets and the Catholics. (For the Jews were merely thrown in for symmetry, and the Negroes were made an objective only because the South, where the Klan started, felt more at home with them included.)

Prohibition began the ruin of the Democratic party. First, it is wholly opposed to all of the founding principles. Second, the chief dissenters from it are found in the cities, where the nominal Democratic party has its only strongholds outside the South. Third, the West, where its appeal is second only to its appeal in the South, deserts the Republican party only when God's economics go wrong and the crops fail, or when the Eastern Republican manufacturers take too much of the plunder of the tariff.

So havoc was wrought among the Democrats. The conventions of the party became shambles. Meanwhile, the Republicans, more centrally directed, watched the signs and saw what the Democrats were doing to one another. They avoided the issue as a party measure; they voted in Congress as individuals according to the political necessities of each State or district; they had no solid Southern sentiment to deal with; they had no party principle which the act essentially violated. They sat pretty. There they still sit. For in an administration which is generally as repugnant to Prohibition as Tammany is, they have managed to place at the head of the government Mr. Coolidge, known always to have preferred ice-water to the smoothest product of the still and dedicated to the enforcement of law, from whose guiltless White House cellars the aroma of legal sanctity arises as unmistakably as from the assembly-rooms of the Christian Endeavor Society.

The Democrats did not avoid the issue, because they could not. Their irreconcilable racial, political and geographical entities forbade. Tammany could not sit in a dry national convention and come back to the sidewalks of New York. The South would not sit in a wet one. The Jeffersonian rescript that such questions were matters for State and local decision could not be applied because such Democratic leaders as Bryan and McAdoo had abandoned it. At the moment when the traditional party issue of State's rights was coming back into favor, the Democrats surrendered it.

But even Democrats, under the influence of a materialistic philosophy, have been known to compromise. At San Francisco in 1920 Mr. Wilson's influence, expressed through Bainbridge Colby, was sufficient to prevent the inclusion in the platform of a dry plank proffered by Mr. Bryan. On a silent platform, James M. Cox, a non-sympathizer with Prohibition, was nominated. The compromise suffered the fate of all Democratic compromises. Mr. Bryan by silence supported Senator Harding. The Northern wets feared to continue in power the dry Southern Democracy that had put through the Webb Act and the Volstead Act. The Western dry Democrats became devoted to Mr. Penrose's "America First." The rising Klan voted with Mr. Harding against the Northern Democracy. The Northern Democracy voted with Mr. Harding against the League of Nations. Mr. Cox went down under a confused vote drift only less mountainous than that which four years later buried John W. Davis. The Republicans, just as silent on Prohibition, but avoiding an open fight about it, easily evaded the issue and elected a thoroughly wet administration to execute the dry law. And that they are still doing.

The Ku Klux Klan, although the spawn of Republican policy, presented more points of danger to that party. For, beginning in the South, it attracted the imagination of the West; it spread to the Middle West and the North; and even around New York harbor, where the Irish and Jews command public affairs, it flung its line of trenches. Indiana Republicanism went wholly over to it. New Jersey was not without the signs of the Nordic holy war. There were skirmishes in Pennsylvania, in New England, in Missouri and in Illinois. Soon the Democratic South could not longer be considered Klan headquarters. Thus the year 1924 advanced into its Summer solstice.

What happened then? The political ill-fortune which has pursued the Democratic party ever since it followed Bryan into the desert struck again. The evil fairy threw

over the party fence an apple of discord larger than the paramount pippin of Oregon. For the ablest, most representative Democratic leader in the United States had been developed, and he was both a wet and a Catholic! His two-fisted ability; his series of amazing victories in a Republican State; his knowledge of government; his shirt-sleeve personality;—all these called for his proposal as a candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination. He is a later product of the same Irish immigrant stock which Jefferson had defended, and which, save for its disaffection on the League, has supplied the Northern Democracy with the sinews of its victories. He is an able administrator; he could, and did, meet Charles E. Hughes and Elihu Root in economic debate and bear himself as well as they. And he had shown greater courage than Woodrow Wilson himself, for he had made and won a war against William Randolph Hearst in the very arsenal of the Hearst stronghold. So in 1924 Alfred E. Smith was proposed by the Democracy of the East and the North for President.

But despite his qualifications he could not be nominated. In his own person he represented all the unnatural and un-Democratic conflicts which had divided his own party into two unrelated factions: dry against wet; Protestant against Catholic; rustic against townsman; and the Coolidge dynasty was installed for four years more.

III

The feast of Atlanta was the lull between the two battles of Bull Run.

When James J. Walker, then mayor-elect of New York through the sponsorship of Governor Smith, sat down to table with the Democrats of Georgia, he was fraternizing across the lines. It is true that his host welcomed him as a brother and said that the din of Krausemeyer's Alley —otherwise known as the Democratic National Convention of 1924—was forever stilled. It is true that rugged relics of the Cleveland Cabinet welcomed him. It is true that proud descendants of the companions of Oglethorpe gazed with approval on his cabaret figure, admired his Times Square clothes, and concluded regretfully that thirsty Prohibitionists on leave in New York could never discover the whereabouts of public barrooms from such as he. It is also true that these freemen cheered his eulogy of the New Tammany, the Tammany that has grown too respectable—and too intelligent—to countenance the cruder forms of civic graft; and admitted that the big cigar, the hoarse oath and the Bowery walk no longer are typical of the leaders in the organization which, for the jobs and a remarkably small kitty, wisely administers the affairs of the nation's largest city.

The bugles sang truce, for the war clouds had lowered. But there is a difference between a truce and a peace. Mr. Walker, with the aid of Governor Smith, had just overthrown Mr. Hearst and Mr. Hylan. The Madison Square imitation of the Battle of the Boyne was over a year past—and the national convention of 1928 was three years distant. So the donor of the feast, Major John S. Cohen, editor of the Atlanta *Journal*, felt very reasonably that nothing could be lost and something might be gained by fellowship. Georgia is the asparagus-bed of Southern courtesy. It was a time and place for harmony, for there was nothing to quarrel about.

Yet—no sooner had the press festooned the dining-hall with smiling headlines than on the winds that blow from the West came sounds of hoofbeats. And it wasn't a week before certain persons in Washington and New York had it in deepest confidence from certain persons in California that William Gibbs McAdoo had made just one remark about the commingling of Broadway and Main Street. "I won't have enough votes to be nominated in 1928, maybe," was the quotation. "But I rather expect to have the veto power."

Probably Mr. McAdoo did not say that.

But whether he did or not, the fact that he was credited with it is more important politically than his actual utterance. For sufficient members of the Democratic party believe he thinks and know he hopes it. And that is why Mr. Walker, clasping hands over the possum and the cornbread with Major Cohen and Hoke Smith, was fraternizing across the lines. It was not an armistice of weariness between two armies; it was a truce of hope between two regiments. For while the rosy spirit of Al Smith hovered over the feast, the long shadow of Mr. McAdoo fell athwart the table.

Not that Mr. McAdoo himself could cast a shadow long enough to reach from the prune belt to the soft drink capital. I am one of those who believe that he has drawn so heavily from the strength of his supporters that his rallying-cry will never resound alarmingly in his own name again. But in the name of others it will be wound on the battle-horns, and against one particular other I look for it to reassemble a considerable faction. That other, naturally, is Mr. Walker's political creator; the palpable spirit of the Atlanta barbecue; the pride of the cities; the hope of the anti-Volsteaders; the three-time conqueror of the New York Republicans—Al Smith.

It is expecting too much of Democrats trained to Prohibition, Ku Klux and anti-Tammany frenzies to ask them to abandon their warfare against Governor Smith. What more natural than that they should, during the next three years, scan the heavens for the star of a dry, Protestant messiah? Mr. Jefferson was generally accused of atheism—a charge which bounded off his back in the Age of Revolution—but he was of the Scotch-Irish stock which the United States delights to lodge in the White House. Mr. Cleveland fought Tammany; there was no Prohibition amendment to embitter his toddy; and he was the son of a Presbyterian clergyman. Mr. Wilson, in 1912, answered these same three qualifications, and although Prohibition was even then pulverizing the backbone of his party, he was strong enough in 1918 to veto the Volstead Act and in 1923 to die canonized. The unfortunate Southern Democrats could have endured the development of a wet, Tammany politician into their ablest leader, but for him to be a Catholic, too—that is tribulation, indeed. They have been furnishing for years the only dependable party electoral bloc and have cheerfully subscribed to the mathematical axiom that "a Southern Democrat can never be elected." One popular prejudice, one moralistic madness may be met, but how about two? It is the only reflection which arrests the growing thought that the Democratic party, as at present constituted, is a wired skeleton, and must, if 1928 shall again deliver a blow of defeat, fly into its inarticulated parts again.

For, if the nation could not endure half slave and half free, how can a party endure half dry and half wet, half fanatical and half materialistic, half rural and half urban, undedicated to a single principle save congressional opposition, beset with ill-fortune and selfish, personal leadership? The better situation in which the Republican party finds itself is due largely to its consolidated direction. It is a fact that Roosevelt smashed that apart from the outside in 1912, and that Borah from the inside refuses to be assimilated. But, except for the revolted principality of Wisconsin, the Republican empire is united in the name of prosperity; and oil-scandals, oafish Cabinet ministers and Vice-Presidents tilting awkwardly at senatorial wind mills[2] do not even call for the services of the fat party constabulary.

The perplexity of the Democrats, as represented by Smith, may have been removed, of course, by the end of 1926. There are several channels of escape. 1. Smith may run again for Governor of New York and—this is unlikely—be defeated. In this event, his preponderant availability will have been affected and he can be openly denied the nomination on that ground without the necessity of admitting an-

[2] This word is to be taken literally, not quixotically.

other cause. 2. A moist Protestant messiah may arise. Even now glances of hope are being cast in the direction of Owen D. Young, but he will have to be mightily press-agented in the next two years to appease the Northern Democracy for the loss of the governor of New York. To dramatize Young to this extent Smith himself will have to elect the author of the Dawes Plan governor or senator in New York. 3. The small group of Republican insurgents in the Northwest may grow to the proportions they assumed in 1910, and Borah or LaFollette *Minimus* may attain a size sufficient to do to Coolidge what Roosevelt did to Taft and thus permit a compromise Democrat to win the elections of 1928.

But all these possibilities seem remote, for the fact remains that the deaths of Roosevelt, Wilson, LaFollette and Bryan have left Smith the only strong personal leader in the United States.

In Washington, the Democrats scurry frantically about, looking for the opposition to which their destiny commits them. But what is there to oppose that this prosperous people is interested in? The Mellon tax bill relieves the million-dollar and the thousand-dollar income and reserves a surplus for further shrinkage of taxation after the congressional contests of 1926. As many Democratic Senators as Republican are opposed to the World Court. The edge is taken off the criticisms of aviation policy by the ignorance and arrogance of the leader, Colonel Mitchell. And the average citizen is so sweetly lulled to repose by the clink of dollars falling into the bank account that Mr. Coolidge can openly look for leadership to Mr. Mellon, of the Gulf Refining Company, and Mr. Morrow, of J. P. Morgan and Company, while the nation rings with huzzahs for these friends of the people.

There must, and always will be, a party of opposition. To some rallying-point the disaffected in local and national matters will always turn to express themselves against the government. The Democrats will continue to carry district and senatorial elections; to install governors; they may even carry the Senate in 1926, and harry the lean flank of the Man of Character for two profitless years. But if, at the end of those years, they meet in convention again with Governor Smith still alive—and still commanding the scene by his talent and personality—where will they be then? What miracle will have laid the irrepressible conflict? What cure will have been devised for the party which, for abandoning the principles of its foundation, and because of the operations of ill-fortune, has made itself the sick man of politics?

The first Prohibitionist to attain a great place in politics was a Republican, Rutherford B. Hayes. But it is Democratic leaders who fight for Prohibition now. The first notable use of the slogan against Romanism was a Republican use, and it aided in a Republican defeat. But it is the Democrats who are bearing the burden now. Throughout the political cycles, from the time of Hamilton forward, one star has shone steadily on the Republican banners—Prosperity—and the party leaders have taken care that no moral or religious issue should provoke an intra-party battle hot enough to dim its light. "Hard times in 1928 will elect anybody we nominate," is the opinion of many Democrats. But suppose the forces which Mr. McAdoo led in 1924 come with the veto power, to exercise it on the same bases again? And what is there in the party horoscope, with Prohibition clouding its principles and the Ku Klux Klan proscribing its candidates, to lend hope to any other prospect?

IV

When a human being is mortally sick, he dies. When a political party is mortally sick, it need not die. It may divide—and reunite again. The Democratic party has split twice and twice successfully reunited. Its first split was over the Union. Twelve years later it elected Samuel J. Tilden President because its disunion over principle had cleft the confident opposition.

Its second split was over sound money. Sixteen years later it elected Woodrow Wilson President because its disunion over principle had cleft the confident opposition. Perhaps the only remedy for the present situation is a third disunion, a dry and federalistic Democracy with its own set of principles and candidate in one convention, and an urban and Jeffersonian Democracy in another. Unless the mood of the nation decidedly changes, and Mr. Coolidge's shrewdness and luck fail him, or another war defaces the political plain, his party will have all the best of it in 1928. Perhaps there will be no better time to purge Democracy and to test the validity of the belief, among politicians, and the prejudice, among bigots, against nominating for President an eminent public servant because he is a Catholic.

If this should happen, the split wings of the Democratic party will not die. History indicates that. Local elections will continue to be won. The theory that the government must have opposition will not be abandoned. And the lessons of the division may restore a clearer view of the original party principles and promote a determination, lately absent, to pay more attention to tradition than to oratory, to availability than to volubility. Compromise has never accomplished anything among Democrats. The racial components of the party strength make that impossible. Democrats reject alike the muzzle and the liver-pill. From the ground, with a broken head, a true Democrat always aims, with greater accuracy than when unwounded, at his successful party brother.

That the Northern and Eastern Democracy happen at this time to be the only Jeffersonian elements of the party is not a conscious achievement. It is, by contrast, accidental, and, from policy, necessitous. The rural South and West abandoned Jefferson chiefly for Prohibition. The city masses are opposed to Prohibition because it prevents the neighborly quaffing of beer and not because it establishes a Federal tyranny over the exercise of personal liberty. Mr. Guffey, of Pennsylvania, remembers occasionally that his Scotch-Irish, Princeton-attending Pennsylvania ancestors were for Jefferson because they opposed an aristocratic and capitalistic government. But Mr. Olvany, of Tammany; Mr. Hague, of the New Jersey Democracy; and Mr. Brennan, of the Illinois Democracy, are no more interested in Jefferson's principles than they are in the Malthusian theory. Some of them, and most of their retainers, have, under a banner of another color, resorted to Ku Kluxing themselves. Mr. Brennan provoked the fight over "naming the Klan" at Madison Square for what, I shall always believe, were purely selfish political reasons, related more to the fate of his county ticket than to the crowning of Al Smith. But the effect is the same—these gentlemen and their feudal dependents are the only Democratic leaders in the nation whose candidates oppose both Prohibition and the Klan, and that they do this largely because it is popular in their vicinities does not deplete their left-handed heritage rights in the political estate of Jefferson.

If Al Smith lives and maintains his supremacy as a party leader, the issues he, more than any other, personifies, must be met, or the Democratic party will have no fighting vitality in a national contest. It is a hard destiny, but it is destiny none the less. Smith arises from the class which for many years, and without shining reward, has fought the party battles in the East and North and has done the odd jobs of society. It would be less than human if this class did not demand the banner when it has raised up a leader strong enough to deal with statecraft, yet familiar by the common lot with the aspirations of the lowly.

THE BAPTISTS

BY JAMES D. BERNARD

The Baptists in the United States have a few notable communicants—for example, the Hon. Charles Evans Hughes and the John D. Rockefellers, *père et fils*. They claimed the late Mr. Harding, and in England their glory is the Hon. David Lloyd George. But in the main they are poor people, and those among them who acquire property tend, like the rich Methodists, to ooze into the Protestant Episcopal Church, which is fashionable everywhere in the Republic save in rural New England. The denominational papers are full of sad homilies upon the church's difficulties in raising the wind. Getting it from the faithful for missions, education and other such purposes seems to be a hard job, and the Baptist pastors, taking one with another, are very badly paid.

I turn briefly to some statistics in point. The *Watchman-Examiner*, the principal Baptist organ, reports that there are 400 Baptist churches in Maine, with a membership of 34,324, but that the pastors' salaries for the last fiscal year came to but $255,197, an average of but $638 per annum per church. Obviously a divine so badly kept must serve more than one church, or starve to death. In the Bartholomew Association of Arkansas, according to the *Baptist Advance* of Little Rock, there are "about seventy" churches, and they paid their pastors $18,544.37 last year, or $265 per annum per church. Here he must serve four or five. So in "benevolences." The Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptists now has a debt of $1,400,000, and collections for it seem to be decreasing every year. The Arkansas Baptists, planning to raise $400,000 for missions and educational work in 1926, are stuck with less than $100,000 in hand. According to a writer in the *Christian Index*, a superannuated pastor, in the Northern Baptist church, is paid about $450 a year, in the Southern Baptist church about $150. No wonder the poor pastors, writing to their papers, report every chicken dinner with loud hosannas!

Roger Williams, chased out of Massachusetts by the Puritans, founded the first Baptist congregation in America at Providence, R. I., in 1639. There were Baptists in England before that, but probably not many. A belief in adult baptism and in total immersion had persisted on the Continent, indeed, since Apostolic times, and various sectaries preached it in the Sixteenth Century. But it did not reach England and America until a century later. Then it met with opposition—and began to make converts. Roger Williams, exiled from Massachusetts, retaliated by sending Baptist missionaries back to tackle the Puritans. When they were thrown out, many of them went into the South, and the first Baptist church there was set up at Charleston in 1684. The Negro slaves quickly embraced the new faith, and in large numbers. Their masters wanted them to be Christians, but hesitated somewhat about taking them into the Church of England. So they fell to the Methodist circuit riders and to the Baptist missionaries. The poor whites went with them. All over the South today the lower classes, white and black, belong to the evangelical churches. Very few of them are in the Church of England, which is the church of the aristocracy, and still fewer, save in Louisiana, are Catholics.

The Baptists founded their first college at Providence in 1770; it is now Brown University. Ever since they have been eager supporters of what they call education, and their seminaries, colleges and academies number nearly 300 today. Many of these institutions bear high-sounding names, but most of them are simply country high-schools. Probably a majority of their professors, at least of the male sex, are or have been Baptist preachers. They are thus citadels of orthodoxy, and heresy is rare in them. Their closest approach to a heretic is Dr. William Louis Poteat, president of Wake Forest College, at Wake Forest, N. C. Dr. Poteat, who was educated in Germany, is against Fundamentalism and has written a book denouncing it. But even he, judged by the standards prevailing in the big cities, seems very orthodox. Some time ago he was challenged by a denominational inquisitor to state his beliefs plainly. He replied:

> I have your letter asking me if I subscribe to the paragraph in the statement of the Wake Forest Alumni referring to the inspiration of the Scriptures, the Divine Agency in creation, the fall of man, our Lord's birth of the Virgin Mary, His atonement, resurrection, and coming again. I am very pleased to answer that I do subscribe to that paragraph.

The rest of the Baptists, with very few exceptions, appear to go much further. Their denominational papers are unanimously Fundamentalist, and their leaders are active in the war upon the evolutionary hypothesis that goes on in all the Southern States. Here and there a protest is heard, but it is seldom very loud. The typical Baptist preacher accepts the Bible literally, and so preaches it to the faithful. There are few among the brethren who have not denounced Darrow from their pulpits. And there are few who have not flirted with the Ku Klux Klan, though this love affair seems to be passing. In many regions, indeed, Baptist preachers became kleagles and even cyclopses. They are all against the theatre, dancing, necking, the cigarette, the lip stick and Sunday baseball. All of them are red-hot Prohibitionists.

II

The Baptists say that they have 8,000,000 members in the United States. This includes 3,000,000 colored brethren, who are recognized as having souls but are not allowed to come to white churches. The first national organization that they formed was the Baptist Society for the Propagation of the Faith in India, set up in Boston in 1813. Other such societies soon appeared in the South, the West and the Middle States. In 1814 the General Missionary Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States for Foreign Missions was organized in Philadelphia. This was a national organization and soon came to be known as the Triennial Convention. From the beginning there was opposition to it, for the Baptists are against ecclesiastical organizations and love home rule. So fierce did this opposition become in time that in several States, such as Tennessee and Kentucky, the work of the Convention was forbidden —and to this day it is a word of reproach in some parts of the country to call a Baptist preacher a Convention man. In place of the Triennial Convention there were formed local Associations of from half a dozen to a hundred or more churches, and State Conventions. These State associations still survive. Each is theoretically supreme in its territory; it supervises Sunday-school and mission work, the denominational literature and education, both clerical and lay. But larger organizations still exist—for example, the Southern and Northern Baptist Conventions, each with its own Home and Foreign Missions Board. The two are distinct, but on the best of terms. In 1905 the General Baptist Convention of North America was founded for the purpose of promoting fellowship, but it does not in any way interfere with the sectional work of the two major conventions. There are a number of lesser conventions—the Italian Baptist Association, the Finnish Baptist Mission of North America, and so on.

Like all good Christians the Baptists are split up into a number of factions. The largest is made up of those who are called Regular Baptists. To them "baptism portrays death—the death of Christ as the atoning Lamb, also the death of the subject to the old life. And then it pictures the resurrection of the new life in Christ, thereby becoming an outward expression of an inward experience." The only true baptism is by immersion, which follows a public profession of faith. Since this profession is possible only to adults, there is no such thing as infant baptism. Only an ordained pastor may baptise, and baptism is observed only once. The Lord's Supper is observed from time to time—but not too often. The Regular Baptists accept in full the deity of Christ, His miraculous birth, His sinless life, His atoning death, His resurrection from the grave, His ascension, His intercession, and His promised return. The Holy Spirit, to them, is a person, and not just an influence. They accept the equal deity of the three Beings composing the Trinity: God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Spirit. They admit that this is an incomprehensible concept to the human mind, but they accept it just the same.

Theoretically, the Baptists are extremely individualistic. They stand for the "priesthood of the believer, maintaining the right of each and every soul to approach God according to the dictates of his own conscience, without the intervention of extra-scriptural powers or binding effects handed down by clergy or council or formulated by decrees or creed." Theoretically, they also stand for the right of private interpretation. Thus, a Baptist, still theoretically, could reconcile his belief in the Bible with the evolutionary teaching and still remain a Baptist. But it would be hazardous for him to do so, as the experience of Dr. Poteat shows, and few of the small fry, clerical or lay, ever take the risk.

A church, to the Baptists, is a company of "saved" persons voluntarily banded together in accord with the laws of Christ as revealed in the New Testament, to the end that His kingdom may be fully established on earth. Each church is democratic and autonomous in its government. There are only two sorts of officers: bishops (also called elders or pastors) and deacons. Every Baptist preacher is a bishop or elder in the scriptural sense. The autonomy of the individual church is held to be of great importance, for "it is both logical and reasonable and scriptural that a church refuse to admit to the communion those whom it refuses to admit to membership within itself." The Baptists pride themselves upon having a New Testament Church. An idea, to get their support, must not only not be in conflict with the New Testament; it must also have its direct support. Nevertheless, as has been said, they support Prohibition—and are very rough with women taken in adultery.

The Free-Will Baptists are a small body in North and South Carolina. They practice foot-washing and anointing the sick with oil. The General Six Principle Baptists are found only in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Pennsylvania. Their creed, derived from Hebrews, vi, 2, contains the six principles stated in that passage. The Seventh Day Baptists have as their main doctrine, as their name implies, the observance of Saturday as the Sabbath. They are represented in twenty-four States. The General Baptists differ very little from the Regular Baptists. They hold that the atonement is general and not for the elect alone. The Separate Baptists withdrew from the Regular Baptists about the time of the Great Awakening in 1740, but nearly all of them have gone back. A few churches in Indiana still retain the old name. The United Baptists are made up of renegade Regular and Separate Baptists. They practise foot-washing; there are few of them left.

The Primitive, or Old School, or Anti-Mission, or Hard-Shell Baptists originated in 1835 in the South, where they still are most numerous. They reject the Sunday-school and missionary and Bible societies

as institutions unsanctioned by Scripture. They practise foot-washing. They are rapidly disappearing. Then there are the Two-Seed-in-the-Spirit Predestinarian Baptists, who believe that some of Eve's offspring were the seed of God and so elected to eternal life, while others, corrupted by Satan, were *his* seed and foreordained to eternal darkness. Many of them reject a paid ministry and agree with the Primitive Baptists in their attitude toward missionary and educational agencies. The Campbellites, founded by Alexander Campbell in the third decade of the last century, are rapidly uniting with the Regular Baptists, but there are still many of them in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky and Ohio. They differ from the Regulars solely in the lesser emphasis they place on the doctrine of grace. The Mennonites reject infant baptism, but only a minority immerse.

There are fifty-two Baptist periodicals published in English in the United States. All of them—save the State bulletins—are weeklies except the following: the *Mission Herald*, published at Philadelphia, a monthly; the *Chronicle*, published at Florence, S. C., a monthly; the *Baptist Review and Expositor*, published at Louisville, Kentucky, a quarterly. All the State bulletins are monthlies with the exception of the *North Star Baptist*, published at Minneapolis, a bimonthly, and the *Wyoming Baptist Bulletin*, a quarterly. The usual size of the Baptist publications is that of the *New Republic*. Most of them are printed on poor paper, and show careless editing; in general their appearance is that of the cow State agricultural journals. All of them are sprinkled with cuts of pastors and churches, and most of them also print portraits of ladies cured of female weakness by Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and gentlemen relieved of piles in three days by taking some well-known salt or herb mixture. One of them, the *Western Recorder*, of Louisville, runs a weekly comic strip, called "Uncle Wiggly's Tricks." The principal characters are monkeys, dogs and rabbits.

III

As I have said, the Baptist papers are unanimously against evolution and in favor of Fundamentalism. Nevertheless, it becomes obvious, reading them, that there is a certain amount of heresy among the faithful, especially in the big cities, and that it is too widespread to be put down by *force majeure*. Such pastors as Dr. M. Ashby Jones, of the curiously named Ponce de Leon Avenue Church of Atlanta, and Dr. Harry E. Fosdick, of the Rockefeller Park Avenue Church in New York, incline to the doctrine that science and theology should be kept distinct, and that the latter is on unsafe ground when it attempts to upset the facts established by the former. Even some of the more orthodox brethren, it would appear, have begun to be uneasy. They see that a forthright and uncompromising declaration against evolution may become ridiculous at any moment by the appearance of overwhelming proof that evolution is a reality, and that the church may thus suffer great damage and lose all its relatively intelligent members. "Teachers in some of . . . our denominational schools," says Dr. E. Y. Mullins, president of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, in the *Baptist New Mexican*, "are forbidden to expound or explain or to deal with the theory at all. The result is inevitable. Thousands of young people conclude that the ministry and Christians generally are afraid of investigation and by a very short road arrive at the point where it is assumed that science or Christianity must be rejected." But the majority is against Dr. Mullins, and from all sides rise demands that the debate be adjourned, and the question abandoned as settled. Meanwhile, the rank and file keep on whooping for Genesis. Among the country pastors there is apparently no doubt at all. Here is a typical declaration from the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock:

> Modernism and evolution infidelity has [*sic*] crept into our schools and churches just like the loath-

some frog creeps into our wells of water, and has defiled our schools and churches just like the frog does the water, one of the main sources of life.

And here are typical resolutions, passed by a pious Arkansas congregation:

Be It Resolved, That it is the sentiment of Spring Creek Missionary Baptist Church of Benton, Arkansas:

1st. That we take a positive stand against evolution as taught by Darwin as being dangerous, pernicious, atheistic and contradictory to the teaching of the Bible, and that such a theory is considered by us to be dangerous, deceptive, and destructive to the cause of Christianity.

2nd. That we endorse the action of the Tennessee Legislature in passing the Anti-Evolution law.

3rd. That we as a church stand against the fatal teaching of evolution, and that henceforth we will not endorse, nor support any organization or institution that refuses to take a positive stand against evolution.

4th. That we will continue to carry on the fight led by W. J. Bryan, and that we will not vote for any legislator or State senator who will not obligate himself to have enacted a law to prohibit the teaching of evolution in any common school, college or university supported by taxation in this State, nor do we favor the adoption of such books to be used in said schools that teach such theories as evolution, nor do we favor the employment of teachers who believe in the theory of Darwinian evolution in this State.

Evolution, according to the learned Pastor E. G. W. Hayes, writing in the *Baptist and Courier*, "is the rankest kind of infidelity" and "a product of German culture and German rationalism." Germany, he adds, "is one of the horns of the beast that represented the Roman Empire. It is still a part of that once-powerful empire, but now it is divided into ten parts and mixed with the clay of ecclesiastical Rome."

The arguments used against evolution by the writers in the Baptist press are mainly sentimental, and show little understanding of the fundamental facts. Here is one from the *Western Recorder* of Louisville:

[The evolutionists] advocate as a dogmatic certitude that it takes longer for God to make a fool than to make a man of sense. He made me in nine months and took millions of years to make Darrow. I wish it was harder and took still longer.

Such rubbish is very popular with the bucolic Baptists. "The Bible," says the *Word and Way*, published at Kansas City, "is true whenever it speaks, and on whatever subject it speaks." "The first chapter of Genesis," says the *American Baptist*, of Memphis, Tenn., "contains standards of truth which scientists have not yet been able to reach." "As a record of facts," says the *Watchman-Examiner*, of New York, the organ of the more high-browish Baptists, "the Gospels have proved impregnable to all attacks." And then it proceeds to this reasoning:

But, says one, it is hard to believe in the supernatural in our age of natural law. So it is, but it is because our age has been living in a spiritual climate deadening to the sense of the supernatural. The African chief in the tropics refused to believe that water sometimes becomes so hard a man can walk on it. This was because he had always lived in a climate where ice was impossible. The modern devotee to natural law has lived in an intellectual and spiritual climate hostile to the supernatural facts of New Testament history and Christian experience so long that he is immune to the facts.

The colored Baptists are all hot Fundamentalists. Here is a report from the *Western Recorder* of an episode at the recent Negro Baptist Convention at Baltimore:

I was preaching a sermon on evolution, and a man said to me, "You shouldn't preach on that question because you don't understand it!" My reply was, "That's all the more reason why I should protest against it, for if I don't understand it, what must the rest of the herd think about it?"

One gray-haired delegate called out: "We are here to declare war on Darrow and the devil." A woman sitting nearby asked: "Who is this man Darrow?" Instantly the loud reply came from another delegate: "He is nothing but an upstart who is trying to lead the people away from Christianity." Applause and shouts greeted this response. . . . Then President Williams called out: "The Gospel is not for highbrows, for rationalists, scientists and philosophers. It is a gospel of the whosoever-will kind. Not a Gospel of intellectual beliefs only, but a Gospel of faith, a Gospel for the lowly, and for the common people."

"God being the only author of the Bible," says Pastor W. A. Jarrel, in the *Word and Way*, "common sense certainly assures us that *every* matter it contains (as originally written) is certainly as infallible as its author—whether on matters concerning science or any other." "The New Testament," adds Pastor W. A. Ayres, in the same paper, "has also the seal of divine inspiration, and must therefore be as un-

questionably and absolutely true as the Old Testament." To which Pastor A. C. Dixon adds this syllogism:

> Open a book written by any man, and you will get an introduction, and a preface, and a first chapter,—the whole thing planted in rows like the trees and the flower beds; but when we open the Book of God, it reminds us of the flowers and the fields and the stars, and God tells us to go and classify them for ourselves, and be made the wiser and better for the process. The very make-up of the Bible indicates that it is from the God of nature.

Speaking generally, the Southern Baptists are more firmly orthodox than their Northern brethern. Pastor T. T. Martin, writing in the *American Baptist*, ascribes the fact to European influence. "Every shipload of anarchy, every shipload of infidelity, every shipload of heathenism, every shipload of Bolshevism, every shipload of evolution dumped on American shores is dumped on the Northern Baptists. Not one load ever lands on Southern soil." Thus it is no wonder that the State conventions below the Potomac lead in the adoption of resolutions upholding the Tennessee anti-evolution law and denouncing Mr. Darrow as anti-Christ. According to the *Watchman-Examiner* the Fundamentalists in the Northern Baptist Convention "have almost no organization," but only an executive committee of five members, with 120 consultors, "scattered over the country." There is also, however, a Baptist Bible Union, with many more members, and an uncompromising programme.

IV

Theoretically, every Baptist is free to believe what he chooses—so long as it does not conflict with the Bible. Historically, indeed, the Baptists see themselves as rebels against the Puritan theocracy, and at Washington they have actually built a "national Baptist memorial to religious liberty," with a high tower. (The word "memorial" is obviously used without ironical intent.) But actually there is a great deal of heretic-hunting in the denomination, and even some of its Liberals hold that the essentials of orthodoxy must be safeguarded at all hazards. Thus the *Watchman-Examiner* says flatly that "Baptists . . . know no soul liberty which guarantees to ministers and members of Baptist churches the right to believe what they please." To which the *Baptist Record*, of Jackson, Miss., in the heart of the Bible and Lynching Belt, adds:

> A Baptist believes in soul liberty, religious liberty, civil liberty, intellectual freedom, freedom of speech and freedom of the press. He believes in all these; but the belief in all of these does not necessarily make one a Baptist. A man may believe in all these and be an atheist, an infidel, a Socialist, a rationalist pure and simple. There are many other people besides Baptists who claim to believe in freedom. All sorts of people from Romanists to Bolshevists are claiming to be the only genuine and original democrats. Don't get it into your head that you are a Baptist because you believe in freedom. Baptists believe in freedom, yes, but they believe in some other things too. They believe in God Almighty, the Maker of heaven and earth, in Jesus Christ His Son, and in the Holy Ghost. They believe in the Bible as the Word of God; and in salvation through the atoning blood of Christ. They believe in a church composed of immersed believers; and in the duty of Christians to bring the whole world to the knowledge of Jesus as Lord and Saviour. One string doesn't make a piano-forte; and one article of faith doesn't make a Baptist. There are seven colors combined to make sunlight; and there are at least as many articles of faith as this in a Baptist.

Certainly the right to free seeking is seldom enjoyed in practise. At the slightest sign of heresy the alarm-bells are rung and the culprit is in the fire. The prevailing theology is strongly supernatural, and even shows a demoniacal element. In the *Western Recorder*, for example, a favorite pastor argues eloquently that the belief in a personal devil must not be abandoned, and in the same paper another writer admits frankly that he is "one of those who believe that disease is of this devil." There are plenty of Baptists who hold that the Second Coming is near; in the *Baptist and Reflector*, of Nashville, the faithful are warned that 1926 will be "the year of doom for America." Such heresies as those of the New Thoughters are frequently denounced, and there are incessant attacks upon the Catholics, the Campbellites, the

Episcopalians, and even the Methodists. In most parts of the South a Methodist is relatively liberal and civilized; compared to a good Baptist he often seems almost an agnostic.

The *Baptist and Commoner*, of Little Rock, denounces Catholics as "idol-worshippers" and speaks of their faith as a "heresy." The *Baptist Message*, of Shreveport, La., refers to the shrine of St. Ann, in New Orleans, "as a relic, or hang-over, from medieval hoodooism" and to those who visit it as "the superstitious and spiritually destitute." Pastor W. C. Boone, of Wensboro, Ky., thus describes a call upon the Pope in the *Western Recorder:*

> Of course I did not have an audience with him, as I did not care to kneel and kiss his hand in acknowledgment of his claim to authority. I visited a number of the churches where I saw the thousands of pilgrims from all over the world, paying homage to the relics in these sacred shrines. These pilgrims take presents to the Pope and spend ten days in Rome, where they are supposed to visit at least four of the big churches, which are called basilicas. . . . Then they go into the church and have some kind of a service, which is mostly chanting and singing and prayers by the priests. The pilgrims then walk about the church, kneeling and crossing themselves every few steps, especially in front of the altars where the relics are kept. Then they march through the city to the next church, until they have visited the four. This earns for them special indulgences for their sins! . . . It makes one heartsick to see the vast wealth of the Papacy, the utter lack of spirituality connected with their system, and the degrading superstitions which make poor ignorant people strive by work and penance to please God and find forgiveness for their sins.

The rural Baptists are great patrons of the "escaped" nuns, "reformed" priests and others such fugitives from Rome who tour the hinterland, and take their revelations with great gravity. In the *Word and Way* Pastor J. C. Borchert tells of a conversation he had some time ago with Pastor J. M. Barra, who was once a Catholic priest. He says:

> Brother Barra's ideas are so good that I want to pass them on, through your columns, if you can spare the space. He says that a Catholic President would mean increased power of the Roman church in this country, and states that her power at the present time is almost beyond our imagination. It would mean an increased number of Romanist officers in the federal service, resulting in more favorable conditions for Catholic institutions. It would mean an ever increasing number of European priests, friars, sisters, and monks coming into the United States, not as immigrants, but as teachers, free from payment of taxes, thus increasing the per capita of those who do pay taxes. It would mean a larger number of Catholic schools, colleges and universities sponsored by the federal government, and an increase of the holdings of properties in the hands of bishops, monasteries and convents, free from taxation.
>
> Brother Barra enumerated other conditions that we might anticipate, but I do not care to go further into the matter now, but if any of our brethren or any of our churches care to hear of conditions as they actually exist in the Roman church, they would do well to get in touch with Brother Barra. Most of the brethren know him, and something of his experience in being converted from the Roman priesthood to Christianity. He is an ordained Baptist preacher.

The Pastor Boone aforesaid took his life into his hands by visiting the Vatican; on some near tomorrow some uncompromising brother in the Kentucky wilds may demand that he be put on trial for commerce with the devil. But it would have cost him far more if he had gone to the theatre to see "Hamlet" or even "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or attended a dance, or gone in bathing at Atlantic City, or swallowed a *Schluck* of steam beer, or smoked a cigarette, or had the tank of his Ford filled on a Sunday. The Baptists are unanimously Prohibitionists, and regard anyone who objects to the Volstead Act as a heathen and a scoundrel. The faithful everywhere are besought to obey it, and to snitch upon all neighbors who violate it. Pastor Squire Halstead, writing in the *Baptist Banner*, of Richmond, Va., hastens to add that this snitching had better be done secretly. On this question, indeed, there seems to be absolutely no division among the Baptists, and neither is there any division over the theatre, though they sometimes give religious pageants in their churches. They support all moral causes, however dubious. In Kentucky they are against the racetracks, in South Carolina they are against fishing on Sunday, and in New York they are against all the sins of Broadway, from bootlegging to fornication. Here is a resolution passed by the Kentmuskegon, Mich., Baptist Association:

Be It Resolved, That we deplore the commercializing of the Lord's Day by the moving picture industry, and the patronizing of gasoline filling-stations and other open places of business on the Lord's day.

"Providing amusement for the people," declares Pastor Archibald G. Brown, in the *Baptist Advance*, "is in direct antagonism to the teaching and life of Christ and all His Apostles. Let us see the converts who have been first won by amusements. Let the harlot and the drunkard to whom a dramatic entertainment has been God's first link in the chain of their conversion stand forth." "Do you think the cigarette-smoking girl," demands Pastor O. A. Featherston, in the *American Baptist*, "will make the sober-minded woman of the future? If you think so, why do you think so?" "It's a shame," says another pastor, "the way some of the women are dressing nowadays," and then adds significantly, "There is something wrong with the man who isn't inclined to turn his head and look the second time." "The Olympic games of Rome," says Pastor T. F. Moore, in the *American Baptist*, "were merciful compared with this bone-breaking, heathenish football. We need some legislation to put a stop to match games of any kind." So with dancing and the theatre. Thus Sister S. A. Giles, writing in the *Baptist and Commoner:* "I am sorry to confess that I have gone to shows a few times, but by the grace of God I shall never go to another." "Our Baptist colleges everywhere," says Prof. Harry Clark, in the *Baptist Courier*, "forbid dancing." But they can't forbid it, alas, outside their own precincts; elsewhere the Baptist young seem to indulge in it. I quote a notice lately posted upon the bulletin-board at Cornell:

The Baptist Student Classes are having an informal dance on Saturday evening, at the Risley Recreation Room from 8:30 to 11:30. Come and bring *preferably a Baptist girl.*

The Baptists, as I have said, have nearly 300 colleges, seminaries and other institutions of the higher learning in the United States. All of them seem to be chronically short of funds. No issue of a Baptist paper ever comes out without an appeal in it for one or another of them. Des Moines University, for example, is campaigning for $700,000; Alderson Junior College and Academy, in West Virginia, and Broadus College, in the same State, are trying to raise $600,000 jointly, and Richmond University needs more than $1,000,000. Most of these high-sounding institutions, of course, are of low grade, and serve chiefly the children of rustic Baptists. But some of them are anything but small. At Baylor University, in Texas, the enrollment last year was 3,528 students, including 130 Baptist preachers. Baylor was lately the scene of a heresy-hunt, but now the faculty seems to be purged and above suspicion.

V

The difficulties of the smaller Baptist colleges are well shown in the report by Pastor O. E. Bryan on the collections made for "benevolent" purposes among the Baptists of Tennessee—since the Scopes trial, the Baptist Holy Land—during the month of September last. The Baptists of the State forked up $21,431.48 for such purposes during the month. Of this amount half went to the enterprises fostered by the Tennessee Baptist Convention and half to those of the Southern Baptist Convention. Of the Tennessee half, 19% was set aside for "Christian education." This 19% amounted to $4,071.98. It was divided between four colleges and a fund for the education of preachers. The largest amount received by any one college was $1,071.57. This works out to an annual income of less than $13,000. Certainly there is not much chance that teachers so meagrely supported will ever accumulate much worldly wealth.

The other "benevolences" of the church seem to be maintained just as badly. The denominational papers are filled every month with pressing demands for money for them and lugubrious threats that they will have to be abandoned unless they are better supported. As I have already said,

the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptists now has a debt of $1,400,000. How it was incurred is thus explained by Pastor J. F. Love, corresponding secretary of the board, in the *Western Recorder:*

> When the 75-Million Campaign was launched in 1919 and the pledges were taken for the campaign, these pledges made by Baptist church members, and the part in them which had been promised the Foreign Mission Board, gave the board as strong assurance as the Baptists of the South could give that the board would receive at least four million dollars a year for five years. But the board knew that some Baptists would repudiate their pledges, so the board was cautious in its appropriations. The first year of the campaign the receipts of the board were $2,161,698.29, and due to caution in appropriations the board had a balance of $801,807.44. We were getting along fine, but following 1921 the receipts of the board dropped like an elevator with a broken cable. Just when we all thought we were getting well under way collecting the pledges, this drop occurred. There was no anticipating such a calamity and the inevitable consequence of it was debt.

If every Southern Baptist contributed so little as fifty cents this debt would be wiped out at once, but it seems to be quite impossible to get the fifty cents. In Arkansas, the *Baptist Advance* reports that only $85,000 has been raised on a projected fund of $400,000 for general "benevolent" purposes. Far out in New Mexico "the Orphan's home account has been considerably overdrawn for two months" and "the same is true of State Missions." The *Baptist Courier*, of Greenville, S. C., referring to an unnamed fund of $850,000, reports that only $294,000 has so far come in. The same paper says that 312 of the churches in South Carolina "have not paid one penny to help the cause of missions, education or hospital and orphanage in the year 1925." The *Word and Way* of Kansas City reports that only 5,000 of the churches in the Southern Baptist Convention, with approximately half a million members, made any contribution at all to what is known as the 1925 Programme. This means that 20,000 churches, with 3,000,000 members, contributed nothing. The *Word and Way* also reports that the Southern Baptists during the last fiscal year contributed an average of but $2.75 per capita "to all missions and benevolences" and but $7.69 per capita to local church expenses.

The Northern Baptists seem to be just as stingy. The *Baptist Banner*, of Parkersburg, W. Va., reports that the Foreign Mission Fund of the Northern Baptist Convention is more than a quarter of a million dollars short of last year's fund and that twenty mission stations will have to be abandoned. The *Baptist* of Roanoke reports that of the $1,800,000 due to be paid to the Unified Budget of the Northern Baptist Convention as of August 31 last, only $800,000 had come in.

Naturally enough, the poor pastors find it difficult in the face of such thrift to collect their own salaries. The *Ministry* of New York says that reports in three States show that 34.52% of the ordained men have abandoned active pastoral duties. Many of these brethren have gone into business. Some are drummers and some are keeping garages or stores; others have gone to work for the Anti-Saloon League and similar moral agencies; yet others have taken the shilling of the Ku Klux Klan. In nearly every State, indeed, the general staff of the Klan includes a large number of former Baptist pastors. Some of them, rising to high rank in the Invisible Empire, have actually become rich. The preachers who continue at the Lord's work, save in a few large cities, are constantly on short commons. I point, for example, to a report made by Pastor J. A. Curtis in the *Word and Way* of Kansas City. It shows that after nine months of hard work, resulting in 184 conversions and 194 baptisms, his collections amounted to but $1,372.60. In order to raise the wind he was forced to become a realtor. Being successful at this science, he was enabled to carry on his evangelical duties without thought of the wolf. Letters such as the following (from the *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock) are common in all of the Baptist papers:

> I am writing to you to let you know that Brother R. Y. Blalock needs a new Ford, for his old one is worn so bad that when he starts out he doesn't know if it will last till he gets back or not. He was at our home today. You are acquainted

with the Baptists over the country and if you would ask them through the paper they might send you money.

The *Baptist and Reflector* of Nashville speaks of "the hundreds of poorly paid preachers of the distant sections of our Southland, who, like the widow, are giving their all to the service of the Lord." And Pastor Jeff D. Ray, of Little Rock, thus moralizes in the *Baptist Advance:*

> The tragedy of nine-tenths of our rural pastorates is due to crude, unscientific and unscriptural practices in the matter of pastoral relation and support. The preacher must give much of his time to some secular work to keep the wolf from his door.

To which the *Baptist Advance* adds: "Certainly a church that is on the bedrocks financially will take the preach out of any man."

So poor are many of the country churches, especially in the South, that they are unable to educate their clergy properly and it is thus not uncommon for a pastor to enter a theological seminary for the first time after years of service in the field. Of the 182 pastors entered last year at the seminary at Louisville, three-fourths had active pastorates, including 62 whose pastorates were full time. Relatively few Baptist preachers, of course, have full time pastorates. In order to exist at all they must serve two or three or even four churches.

The Baptist papers, like the churches and the "benevolences," are chronically hard up. The fact shows itself in the advertising they carry. Peruna, Mrs. Winslow's Syrup, Walker's Prostate Specific, and other such quack remedies are advertised in three-quarters of them. The *Baptist and Commoner* of Little Rock lately printed a flaming editorial praising the grotesque quackeries of the late Dr. Albert Abrams, of San Francisco. And various Baptist papers carry the announcements of the Kellam Hospital of Richmond, Va., which advertises that it can cure cancer "without the use of the knife, x-ray, radium, acids or serum." Some of the advertising, especially in the South, comes very close to the borders of the obscene, and now and then a subscriber writes a protest against it. Sometime ago, when such a letter was received by the editor of the *Alabama Baptist*, he printed the following somewhat ungrammatical defense of himself:

> In this issue of the *Alabama Baptist* will be found an open letter from Dr. F. L. Chenault of the firm of Chenault & Chenault, physicians and surgeons, Albany, Ala., in which he objects to the advertising policy of the *Alabama Baptist*. There will probably not be one in a hundred of the readers of this paper interested in the matter. . . .
>
> As to medical ads which are being run in accord with the policy of the paper existing when the present editor took hold, and which the commission has never changed, are such household remedies as Wintersmith's Chill Tonic, Nuxated Iron, Dickey's Eye Water, Gray's Ointment, Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, Castoria, Nujol, Hill's Cascaria Quinine, Vick's Salve, Vick's Vaporub, Cod Liver Oil, Aspirin, Syrup of Figs, and other remedies of the same nature. And while the editor does not presume to speak with authority on matters of medicine, yet he does know that there is not a remedy mentioned above that is not daily sold by reputable druggists all over the land. Moreover, he has personally taken Nuxated Iron, Nujol and Aspirin, and has been helped thereby, and on one occasion he used Dickey's Eye Water on suggestion of his physician.

Very few books are ever advertised in the Baptist papers. At the moment three or four lives of the late William Jennings Bryan are gaudily announced, as for example:

> AUTHORIZED LIFE OF
>
> WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
>
> by himself and wife, Mary Baird Bryan. Only book approved by Bryan family. 600 pages. Fully illustrated. Low price. Liberty terms. Credit given. Wonderful opportunity for money making. Outfit free.

What "liberty terms" may be I don't know. Another book that the Baptists are reading is "A Scientific Man and the Bible" by Dr. Howard A. Kelly, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, in which the celebrated author tells how he once had a vision and saw God (it was on a ranch in Colorado) and presents his reasons for believing every word in the Bible. Yet another is "the most remarkable novel of the Twentieth Century," by title, "Prostitutes." "Never was the truth depicted," says the advertisement in the *Baptist Banner* of Parkersburg, W. Va., "in a more fascinat-

ing manner." In the same paper Pastor A. B. Withers prints a long article on the books for sale by the *Banner* Company. The only work of secular fiction he mentions is "The Highway," by Caroline Atwater Mason. He says of it:

> Its purpose is to strengthen the faith of our young people and counteract the many influences of today that would weaken it. This is done in a charming way through a most interesting story. Worth many times the price. $2.00.

Under the heading of "scientific books" Pastor Withers lists "Bryan's Last Message," "The Phantom of Organic Evolution," by Price, and "Questions That Evolution Does Not Answer," by Herget. Science, to a Baptist, means the science of the Old Testament; all else is false and of the devil. The *Baptist Standard* advertises "Baptist Beliefs," by Dr. E. Y. Mullins; "God's Dynamite, or Changing a World by Prayer," by Dr. P. H. J. Lerrigo, and "Anita: a Tale of the Philippines," by the same author. But in general the Baptists do not seem to be readers. The articles in the denominational papers, chiefly by pastors, are devoid of literary allusiveness, and are often illiterate. They are the compositions of earnest but very ignorant men.

VI

The Baptist papers are unanimously silent on the question of the Ku Klux Klan. I have gone through at least 250 issues of papers ranging from New Mexico to Maine without finding a single mention of it. Nevertheless, the Klan and the Baptist church are in very close communion, not only in the South, but also in the Middle West. When the klansmen turn out at night to give a worthy pastor a purse of $12.50, they do not pick an Episcopalian, a Lutheran or a Catholic, but always a Methodist or Baptist. When there is a Klan funeral, a Baptist preacher usually officiates. In many parts of the country, as I have said, Baptist clergymen have risen to high eminence in the Invisible Empire. But there is never anything about this in the Baptist papers. They preach the sublime principles of the Klan with great eloquence, but they never mention it directly. For evidence of their intimate concern with it, one must turn to the Klan papers. There, in every column, Baptist pastors are mentioned in glowing terms.

As has been stated, the Baptists claim 8,000,000 members in the United States. This is probably an exaggeration, but that they muster at least 5,000,000 is unquestionably true. According to the *Baptist Ministry*, there have been 1,375,500 baptisms among Southern Baptists during the past five years, an increase of 40% over the previous five-year period. The *Baptist Ministry* says that these figures are incomplete, for many churches did not report at all. It figures that if all had reported, the number would have run to about 2,000,000. The champion church of the South seems to be the First of Baton Rouge, La. It ducked 400 during the five-year period.

Thus the Baptists are in no danger of dying out. Fundamentalism was a Godsend to them, especially in their work among the Negroes. In Maryland, Virginia and the other more northerly Southern States, so many darkies have become Baptists of late that the other evangelical denominations are growing alarmed. The Baptist dogmas and ceremonies appeal powerfully to the African mind, as they do to the mind of the low-caste white. Baptism itself is a thrilling experience, whether it be performed in a country creek or in the elaborate baptistry of a town church, with red, blue and green lights turned upon the candidate, and a back drop showing scenes from Holy Writ displayed behind him. The Baptists believe in what they call the old-time religion. That is to say, they like to shout and sing. Nor is their theology, despite its flouting of common sense, difficult to the untutored mind. It is grounded firmly upon the text of Holy Writ. What is in the Bible is absolutely and immutably true; what is not there is out of hell. It is all very simple, and to a rustic, overwhelmingly convincing.

THE BRET HARTE COUNTRY

BY IDWAL JONES

IN SHIRT-SLEEVES we were on the deck of the *Zoel S. Walker*, zig-zagging at midnight among the bayous of the San Joaquin. The bow-light swept the tortuous channel matted with floating tule rushes. It swept the muddy bank, and for a second revealed a Japanese farmer staring, as if transfixed with surprise, at the boat. He had been switching his face with a horse-tail to repulse the mosquitoes that hovered in clouds as palpable as crape. The next moment the light shot jerkily upon the mountain road.

"Them pi'neers," said the Prohibition Agent, pointing, "they went over that ridge trail into the foothills by Conestoga wagons. It was tough goin', believe me! An' here we are, travellin' to the Bret Harte country in style."

"And some went afoot," affirmed the Insurance Man. He was deeply impressed by the literary allusion. "It's picturesque, I tell you, the Bret Harte country."

Neither had been up to the "Bret Harte country" before. It was just a name to them. Jack Hamlin they would have confused, probably, with Hamlet. What matter? Being Native Sons, they exuded a benign condescension, and patronized me in a yearning and hospitable way. Also they had flasks. They were of a large party of Lions aboard, headed for a convention in Sonora, the seat of Tuolumne county. Was I going there, too? they asked. No, I was bound for Potlatch.

Potlatch! They were incredulous. Somehow, it didn't sound right.

"Jacob Breen Potlatch—that was the name of the founder," I said. "He went up in 1852, in the train of Parson Jim Woods, and he founded the camp where he died. There's not much of it left, and his name is nowhere except on a stone in the Potlatch graveyard."

With these doughty Lions I disembarked the next morning at Stockton, slightly malarious, and mounted stage for the Sierra, the snow-topped rampart, purple in the East. A new highway, lined with hot-dog and barbecue stands and filling-stations, went thither as straight as an arrow. The old road had meandered leisurely, linking Knight's Ferry with Deadeye and Copperopolis: so many Yarrows, never to be revisited, and to die of strangulation in their dotage. That was the opulent, plundering route of Joaquin Murietta and the jocular Black Bart. Joaquin's head, pickled in a glass jar, and shrunk to the size of a fist, remained for three decades a warning to his fellow-creatures in a San Francisco saloon. He was captured, it seemed, while perfectly sober.

Our stage paused at Betty Jean's Sandwich Shoppe, a wayside booth presided over by a hired Indian (half Portuguese) who sweated under a fake Iroquois headdress, and dealt us soda-pop at no more than city prices.

"It's goddam hot, gents, hey!" he remarked in cultured English. "Goin' up to the Bret Harte country?"

I had deserted the leonine party just five miles this side of Sonora, and now I climbed up a steep trail to pay my respects to old Bill Gillis. Gillis is the cicerone of Jackass Hill: a sinecure of a job, untrammeled, and devoid even of the harassment of a salary. He will pilot you around, gratis, and show you the hole where Mark

Twain dug up and washed a panful of gravel. The proceeds being only twenty cents, Mark got discouraged and quit a promising career on the spot—an impetuosity that Gillis laments to this day.

The cicerone in his patriarchal age thrives on his stock-in-trade—personal recollections of Mark.

"I am sorry, my boy, that you never knew Sam Clemens. You would of liked him. He was that good-natured. Now, they call this"—a touch of scorn here—"the 'Bret Harte country.' And Harte, who wasn't a man that nobody cottoned to, only stayed in Tuolumne county one night, and that by accident, as you might say. Slept right here on the Hill, in my brother Steve's house, on his way down from Calaveras. Next morning he was gone forever. But his name kind o' hangs on in these parts."

A staunch Clemens partisan is Gillis. Awaiting the pilgrims, he sits for hours motionless in front of the reconstructed Mark Twain cabin, with the languid breeze blowing through his whiskers. He is the last surviving member of the board of directors of the Hospital for the Insane on Jackass Hill. Its official report, drawn up in February, 1865, after a wine party among the jolly miners, started off thus:

> The most pitiful case of insanity is that of a young man named Samuel L. Clemens, committed here from Angels Camp. Hope that he would be restored to his friends and society and again take his place as a useful worker in the affairs of the world has been rudely shattered. He has a mania for story writing, and is engaged in the composition of one entitled "The Jumping Frog of Calaveras County," a lot of silly drivel about a warty toad he was told of by some joker. He imagines it will cause his name to be handed down to posterity as the greatest humorist of all time. Every evening when the inmates are together in the living room, he reads to them the story and then winds up with, "It's no wonder that darned old frog couldn't jump worth shucks, boys, filled up with shot like he was." Then he will chuckle to himself and murmur about copyrights and royalties. The other inmates are rapidly approaching recovery, and there is reason to believe they will soon be in full possession of their faculties.

Tourists hasten to be out of pocket for the excellent Gillis, and buy his little pamphlet full of quaint aphorisms of his brothers Steve and Jim, the latter the Truthful James of imperishable memory. "Tell me, did you see Clemens plain? And did he stop to speak to you, and did you speak to him again?" The pilgrims sign their names in a big book within the cabin. As a daily rite, Gillis consigns to the Dantean Malebolge the soul of one too-enthusiastic pilgrim. A Frenchmen, he says, and a souvenir-hunter, who stole the first book—twenty-five pounds of autographs, chain and all—and whisked it away under a pepper-and-salt overcoat. Gillis wondered if I had come across him in my travels.

Apropos of nothing: "The old Indian woman over to Potlatch," he remarked pensively, "is dead."

II

This was dolorous tidings. Without seeing Chukla my visit would be incomplete. Our friendship had begun fifteen years before. I still feel a regret that our first meeting was such a disappointment for the lady.

I had tramped down from the South Fork of the Stanislaus, and by nightfall started to climb the detritus of Table Mountain. It was inky dark when I crossed the tufa-strewn top, with the wind screaming and the lava hollows sounding drum-like underfoot. Eventually I straggled into Potlatch, and face down, in the manner of prospectors, fell asleep in a clump of sugar pines. And here, after dawn, Chukla watched me, for at least two hours, with her eyes fixed on a cheap silver ring on my finger. My awakening shattered her hopes of acquiring a *memento mori*.

For me, thenceforth, Chukla personified Potlatch. She was as autochthonous as the scrub-oaks or the honey-bears. She was its sole aborigine, its nurse, soothsayer and midwife. She was gnarled and stocky, with a jet mane and flat Kalmuck features, very like a mahogany carving that has been smoked in a chimney for a hundred years. Every morning, with a papoose upon her

back—one of the intermittent great-grandchildren saddled upon her after weaning—she trudged barefoot through the camp for the wet diggings in the canyon. Her pan and shovel and rations she carried slung in a cheap wicker suitcase. She had a love, tantamount to a passion, for animals, and was always followed by two or three dogs and a turkey, a reluctant turkey, dragged along by a cord tied to its shank. She could pass a whole afternoon in contemplation of a cow.

"Chukla gittin' deaf," she would complain, as she passed my cabin. "Gittin' deaf, and no can hear the quail."

At ninety this was her one grief. By the voices of these birds she divined changes in the weather, and made a nice little income thereby.

I left Jackass Hill praying to reach Potlatch in time for the obsequies, and scaled the western façade of Table Mountain: an expanse of octahedral basalt, like a titanic pipe organ bombarded and wrecked by æons of time. Chukla at intervals visited this slope to get loose bits for culinary use. A certain primeval alchemy was known to herself only of all her race. Her favorite dish was a porridge made from the astringent Sierra acorns. She crushed them, tied the coarse meal in an osier basket and immersed it in a water-hole which she made to hiss by tossing in white-hot stones. Then she threw in the sliver of acid basalt, which neutralized the bitterness and turned the meal sweet.

Some fifty Indians, the men come on horseback and the women afoot, were filing into the graveyard. Then came the non-aboriginals: Judge Billy Harger, bent double and clutching his cherry-wood staff; Colonel Georgeivich, the ginseng grower, in red undershirt and derby hat, fierce and martial as befitted a veteran of the Franco-Prussian war; China Mary in a rusty black bonnet; and Mike Fish, the wood-cutter, a grey, ineffectual creature with a washed-out blue eye and a prow of a nose.

Doc Wambold, referred to in the county press as "the popular mortician," exercised his sad art. He was a gnome with a silk hat and prodigious white beard. He boomed out a few ossuary remarks when the coffin was lowered. Then the Indians, in store clothes, with red and green gala neckerchiefs, moved past and dropped into the grave old Chukla's shovel and battered pan. Lastly, so she could pack along a ghostly infant in the land of darkness, they dropped in the papoose cradle. That was all the ritual.

"Aye, that be a deep hole," volunteered Mike Fish, who did some grave-digging on the side. "Struck hard rock below the grass roots, 'n' had ter use chisels." He grumbled. "Th' county oughter pay me five dollars more."

The Indians separated into knots—the younger men to talk, the elders to lean immobile against the trees and stare at the horizon or listen to the crickets. The squaws sat upon the tombstones and untied packages of food done up in bandannas and fed their white-teethed children who crouched about as still as mice.

It was hot. The pine trees were dusty. The Summer days had passed by in monotonous processional, with no change in the blinding azure of the sky nor on the face of the parched and stricken earth. Scraggly, wine-stemmed manzanita made the graveyard a wilderness. It was as hideous as any God's-acre in New England. There were stones in the fashion of scrolls, carved all over with trumpets, wreaths and cherubim; weathered stones of marble, green chrysoprase and granite stained with oxides, hacked out by clumsy hands. The graves of those who had died at the behest of the Vigilantes; the tomb of the O'Quinlans, the loud, hard-drinking brothers who had come from Heaven knows where, dug up a million dollars and died joyously after spending it all in camp; the towering shaft to Judge Hargreaves, shot from behind a tree on his triumphant return from a duel. A hundred sunken plots marked by lumps of quartz. And the headstone to Jacob Breen Potlatch, small,

shabby and wholly inadequate. Testimonials, all, to the meaninglessness of life.

"Reck'n I'll be goin' along," said Doc Wambold. He mounted the hearse-box and rolled a cigarette. Then he sung out cheerily. "You'll be the next, hey Jedge?"

Judge Billy Harger winced as if he were shot. At eighty-six he was sensitive about his years.

Quoth Mike Fish, as with Judge Harger between us we made slowly afoot for the camp: "They wasn't nobody could lay them out so beautiful as old Chukla. Damned if I know what us ol'-timers is goin' to do."

III

I went up with the Judge to his house on the side of the mountain, a precarious eyrie on stilts. Once it was the office of the Cyclops Mine, petered out in the eighties. Its gallows-hoist, stark against the horizon, has gone to ruin. Below is the mill, with a hundred gaping windows, the glass all broken by hail. The battery of twenty stamps is shrouded under a foot-thick mixture of grease and dust. Some litigation in foggy San Francisco precludes them being hauled off as junk, which is just as well for the Judge, for he draws the handsome stipend of fifteen dollars monthly as watchman. He sleeps, therefore, with one eye open and a sawed-off shotgun under his pillow. Under the stamp hammers are the nests of the fat bald vultures who squirm with difficulty through the window frames.

You get a fine view of Potlatch from the Judge's veranda. The street, lined with peeling eucalypti, is a grey ribbon between two hills. Vibrant in the heat waves stand the wrecks of the Bismarck and Pussy Caffy saloons, their false fronts tumbled down, and the shell of the Casa Grande hotel, to which Judge Harger points and murmurs:

"Soto Mayor, the minin' capt'n, gave a swell ball in it at the time of the Civil War. Four hundred couples present, and a Bishop and a Governor. Went into the kitchen there yesterday, and saw a fine, large spoon that looked like solid pewter, and just the thing to stir pudd'n with. Took it up, and it fell to powder in my hands."

Potlatch, in its heyday, had been inordinately grand. The post-office, built of granite, has a thousand lock-boxes, full of cobwebs. Equally massive is the Wells-Fargo office, the haunt of rattlesnakes and badgers. The camp had reached its apogee at the end of the sixties, when its placers put gold into the pockets of ten thousand citizens. Its lupanars and fandangoes were the envy even of Angels Camp. Curious and varied were its wants, as you may judge by an inspection of the front of Lum Kee's ruined store. The faded letters on the iron shutter read: Hoarse Colars, Martle Brendy, Bolt Silks, Gunp'dr, Umbrellys, Wisky, Shoes, Flour, Sowbelly, Picks, Lamps, & Etc.

Cool and refreshing are the nights in the Sierra foothills, however hot be the days. No lethal dew falls. The scent of the eucalypti in the rainy season; the sweetness of the black grape; the vivid green of the turf against the red soil in the Spring; the odor of the chaparral flower, the quietness, the spell of the past—these enchain the four survivors of the old camp. Fifteen years ago the last of the children whose precocious amours were its delight and scandal left for the cities on the Coast.

Sitting on the veranda, Judge Harger levelled at times his field-glass to study the equally small and decrepit house on the opposite hill, where dwelt his greatest enemy, Colonel Georgeivich. As if in response to the signal, the lens of the Colonel's own spy-glass flashed. Back in the eighties he had the impudence to run against Judge Harger for justice of the peace. The Colonel won at the polls, and has not yet stopped crowing.

Judge Harger cooks and sleeps in one room. Above the marble-topped stand in the "parlor" corner is tacked a daguerreotype of his wife. And here, on a shelf, is his library: a text-book of chicken raising;

a life of General Ben Butler; an abridged Blackstone, and a volume of Josephus. Often in his judicial career it was his duty to console citizens condemned to the gibbet, and he gave them this Josephus to read. He had never perused it himself, but believed it had something to do with religion.

He first entered law as a protege of Ben Moore, district attorney of Tuolumne in the fifties: a shallow, tricky and flamboyant being whose ignorance of law was absolute. Moore's assets were a breezy wit, effrontery and a complete knowledge of two speeches—Webster's Reply to Hayne and John Randolph's first grand peroration before Congress. He could begin in the middle of each and work backward or forward with the facility of an old mariner boxing the compass. Whether it were a Missourian charged with jumping a claim, or a Mexican accused of stealing a hog, or a harlot up for cracking somebody's skull with a beer-bottle, Moore just fanned himself into a rage, screeched *fortissimo* the more proper of the speeches at the alarmed jury, and got the verdict he wanted.

It was he who gave Harger the post of warden at the county jail. A good start for a youth of eighteen. A month later, Lum Kee, the merchant, was stabbed in the side by his nephew Lum Yet, and his life forthwith sped out of the wound. Lum Yet put on white garments and rode on a mule to the jail and gave himself up. That night, in his cell, the prisoner hanged himself with a silk belt, to the consternation of Harger and the deep chagrin of Moore. The whole affair was so irregular. But—had Harger told anybody else? No. Very well: he was, at all costs, to keep it a secret. The Chinese Companies had raised a fund of $2000 to ensure Lum Yet getting properly hanged; in fact, the sum was already in hand, and if news got out about the suicide, all would be off.

"Now, Harger, I shall tell the Companies that Lum Yet could have got off on the plea of self-defense, so I had you string him up to the rafters. We shall go fifty-fifty on the money. Meantime, we shall announce it was a case of suicide."

Such was done. A month went by, and Harger dropped into the attorney's office to remind him of the promise.

"You hanged poor Lum Yet by the neck until he was dead, did you not?" thundered Moore.

"Ye—yes, Sir."

"A capital offense!" bellowed the attorney. "Even John Randolph, Daniel Webster and myself can't save you from the gallows. Better make yourself scarce. I say, or you'll never see another sunrise."

Harger leaped through the door, caught a stage, and never stopped until he reached San Francisco. His fright over, curiosity led him to ponder over the legal aspects of the case, and in the process he acquired enough law to pass the not very exacting bar examination. He returned to Potlatch, a lawyer. Towards Moore, whom he never saw again, he harbored no ill will.

He married a half-Spanish girl, whose figure he admired; but she grew unwieldy in a few years, and, not at all to his regret, eloped with the owner of a fake medicine show.

IV

In his declining years the Judge devotes himself to meditation upon an impending biography of Jacob Breen Potlatch, of whom nobody knows much; and also to the growing of tobacco in his little garden. He is the only man, so far as I know, to cultivate tobacco with success in the foothills. Lucrezia Borgia would have paid handsomely for his product. With mallet and broomstick he rams the leaves into a bored eucalyptus log. On election day he splits it open with wedges to release a hard, balsamic cable, whitey-green, which he saws up into slices for chewing purposes. The belief is widespread in the county that this tobacco of the Judge's is a poison of instant deadliness. On the other hand, I have been assured by men still alive that it is merely a powerful emetic.

The Judge, masticating a quid, his leather gullet immune to the toxin, stands up and sweeps his hand over the panorama of Potlatch. He gestures pridefully, his eagle features softened by affection for his camp. Purple against the orange of the western sky, Table Mountain, a volcanic bastion, with top as level for miles as a straightedge, shuts out the world completely, save for a rift through which emerges a narrow road. It crosses over Woods' Creek, then winds through a confusion of towers, minarets, obelisks, cones and gigantic spires of igneous rock as clean as picked bones. The intervening earth and gravel had been washed away by the gold-diggers nearly seventy years before. That was in Potlatch's Carboniferous epoch, so to speak. In that period, atop of the highest spires lay ten feet of gravelly loam.

"And atop o' that," says Judge Harger, "as far as yonder mountain, was a forest of the whangdest big oaks as you ever laid eyes on. I mind the only time I saw Jacob Breen Potlatch. It was a hot day, and he was sleepin' off a jag under a tree. He was a large fat man, with red face and grey whiskers, and po'ly dressed in a frock coat and chimneypot hat. Nobody ever learned anything about him, and he died of pneumony a few months after he founded Potlatch. If that pertickler tree was still flourishin', it would be hangin' two hundred feet up in the air. But they's no question, Jacob Breen Potlatch was a great man, for this hyar camp was named after him."

We who love Potlatch must mourn the scantiness of biographical materials concerning this extraordinary founder. That he had his share of human frailties is obvious. Ulysses and Cecil Rhodes, empire-builders likewise, were also good two-headed drinkers and negligent of their apparel. It might be inferred that Jacob Breen Potlatch, judging from his vestments, had seen better days. He might even have got into trouble with some distant police. Distraught, burdened with the cares of leadership, and oppressed, perhaps, by ill-luck at three-card monte, who can blame him for seeking solace at the flowing bowl?

Judge Harger, the one irrefutable local historian, avers that he first came up the Tuolumne canyon with the Reverend Jim Woods in 1852. This parson was a San Francisco street-preacher: a giant in physique, with fists like hams and a flair for hell-fire exhortation. He denounced the saloons, broke up bull-fights, and was from all accounts a compound of Moody and Carrie Nation. His fame was resounding. Admirers journeyed from afar off to hear his grandiloquent sermons, and made him passing rich.

Yet he found himself preaching always to new faces, for his congregations were drifting to the mines. He yearned to follow those stray lambs up the San Joaquin. He had a suspicion that the main duty of man in California was to dig gold. So one day he gathered up twenty acolytes in his zinc tabernacle, and set out. As he progressed, his company grew. At Knight's Ferry two hundred Mexicans flocked to the Wesleyan banner. He had a genius for prospecting, and given a fragment of spar could track it to the lead with a scent as unerring as a bloodhound's. He built cradles and Long Toms, gave lessons in their manipulation, and led his regiment not only to spiritual riches but also to material wealth.

"Preaching, my friends," he was wont to say, "is a hollering trade." He talked in sonorous tones, and was at all times an awesome general. He administered discipline with his fists, and excommunicated all who drank, gambled or uttered a blasphemy. The canyons being chill and the rains incessant, Death was a frequent spectre in his entourage. He held orthodox burials. At night when his men were bowed with fatigue, he built fires and cheered them with robustious hymns accompanied by a portable seraphine touched divinely by a frail youth.

The Indians, lying down to peer over the edge of the precipice, were smitten with fear, and abandoned their wickiups and land to the conquering parson and his

men. Thus were founded Campo Seco, Montezuma, Algerine and Poverty Hill. Chukla stayed on, fearless and defiant. Possibly she was comely to look upon. Jacob Breen Potlatch, wearying of hosannas, and with a relish for feminine companionship, tarried. And became immortal.

The adventure over, Parson Woods returned to his tabernacle and family, and discharged his godly labors with zeal and unction to the end of his days. At a venerable age he compiled his touching deathbed experiences and his memoirs. As if regarding it as a peccadillo, he withheld all reference to his high emprise in the canyons. But that he exulted over it in his inmost heart, this, from one of his poems, shows:

> The valor of those men of old—
> The mighty men of fifty-two;
> Will sweetly sing and proudly say:
> Long, long agone there was a Day
> When there were Giants in the Land.

V

I said good-bye to Potlatch before it got dark, for there is no hotel, and Judge Harger's dumplings are impregnable to the gastric juices. Half way down the road I encountered three *filles de joie*, clad in sweater and knickers, followed by a Chinese caddy reeling under a load of golf-sticks; their cook, I suppose. They were indistinguishable from members of any country club. Their motor-car was parked by the links. The sedentary life, Mother Hubbards and penny-ante no longer content the ancient profession. The hetæræ of the mining towns are these days notable for their rue-de-la-Paix swagger.

In Sonora the convention parade was on. The sun glared on the newly asphalted streets, from which, in the name of Progress, the colonnades of fine shade trees had been cut down. To the music of brass bands from the valley towns, forward-looking citizens, headed by the Chamber of Commerce, proudly marched past, with false whiskers, red shirts, and picks and shovels borrowed from the hardware stores.

The clerk in the leading hotel, a superior young woman, was kind to me, a stranger.

"We have here, Sir, for the convenience of our guests, a complete set of the books of Francis Bret Harte. He was a famous writer, and this is called the 'Bret Harte country' after him. You will find his stories most instructive."

I took my place in the wicker chair in the lobby, among the other tourists who sat corrugating their brows over the "Condensed Novels" and "Trent's Trust" while waiting for the Stockton stage. I tried "M'liss," but somehow it lacked savor.

There was still an hour to wait, so in quest of color I went into the street, and whom should I encounter but Doc Wambold! Arm in arm we trod the *via allegra* to the Old Pioneer Bar where the steam beer had been sharp and cool, the cobwebs noted for their density, and the collection of nuggets and lynching ropes worth journeying a month to see. The transmogrification was complete. It was now a miniature Versailles, yclept the Sugar Bowl Soda Parlor, and under Athenian ownership. We sat on wire stools and quaffed something sticky and pink with a blob of ice cream in it.

"Old burg's comin' right along, eh?" he demanded. He was fervent with civic pride and gleeful. The parade had gone to his head. "Now, afore you go you must walk up to see the new schoolhouse. Cost, one—hundred—thousand—dollars, and all paid up! Yessir, we sure are a live wire bunch!"

Over in Potlatch, the wild oranges drop unheeded. In his little garden, Judge Harger broods over his impending biography of the great founder, and meanwhile plucks off the beetles from his tobacco plants. Along the deserted street the eucalypti and the fronded anise disperse their perfume, and the tall mallow blows where homes once were and the flower-beds loved by the wives of the vanished Potlatchers.

TWO SONNETS OF DISCONTENT

BY VIRGINIA MOORE

The Scourge

Love is not velvet of a courteous shade
To put a garment on my nakedness
And fool me into thinking I was made
For the assurance of a solar dress.
The love I know is not a silken thing
Spun out of little hungers and a lie;
It does not compliment my soul, nor cling
As velvet clings to arm and breast and thigh.

Love can be harsh as any hairy mesh
That monks endure beneath their cassock coats
To draw the blood from their too-earthly flesh—
The hair of horses and the hair of goats.
Tonight against my ribs I feel the curt
And pre-Elizabethan horse-hair shirt!

Let Me Be Stolid

Sappho is in me like a burning rod.
I think her backbone was reset in me
Who fiercely importune a heathen god
Whose ears are stopped, as she knew, even she;
I think she grew too restless in her grave
And longed for little bones like those she wore
When Lesbian cliff and cold Ægean cave
Could not put out the face she rankled for.

O Sappho, why must you return tonight
To course implacable blood through all my veins?
Let me be stolid here, and recondite,
And not the heir to unsolicited pains.
Phaön is dead these centuries in Greece. . . .
Lie quiet, Sappho: I have need of peace.

THE PARALYSIS OF THE PRESS

BY GAYLORD M. FULLER

One night twenty-five or thirty years ago the business manager of a New York morning newspaper wandered out of the proper area of his activities into the city room. In those ancient days the editorial staff still had a wholesome and fitting contempt for all those engaged below-stairs in the more sordid parts of newspaper-making, and so his presence was treated with the resentful indifference which it deserved. The man from the business office, in spite of the obtuseness characteristic of his kind, was not unaware of this attitude, and he went about cautiously, stopping to chat for a moment here and there at the desk of an editor or copy-reader whom he knew. At the desk of the telegraph editor his attention was caught by a spike on which was impaled sheet after sheet of special telegrams. His curiosity was aroused and he ventured to ask a few questions. When he learned that that was the "dead spike,"—that hundreds, even thousands of words of telegraph matter for which the *Morning Clarion* had paid good money were being thrown away nightly, either because the stories had not come up to expectations, or because something more lively and important had come in later,—when the business manager heard this his soul was wounded and shocked, and he resolved then and there that something should be done about it.

Something *was* done about it, or rather, it was attempted and blocked. It was attempted again and opposed again, but as the years went on the opposition became fainter and fainter, perhaps through sheer weakness and weariness. To-day the business manager walks into the editorial rooms, not with a fearful hesitating step, but with the assurance and boldness of one in command. That first, faint challenge in the matter of telegraph tolls made a breach in the editorial defenses, and in the course of time the whole position was lost. Slowly but certainly, as the fumes of commercialism penetrated to the remotest crevices, every lingering spark of vibrant life which had dwelt there was extinguished, and the inequalities and idiosyncrasies which had formerly adorned and enlivened the journalistic scene were reduced to a smooth surface of monotonous mediocrity. The newspapers have followed the trend of the times toward mass production, consolidation, coöperative marketing, lower costs, high profits, mechanical progress and mental stupefaction. They used to spread ideas; they now only make profits.

No newspaper man with a memory can avoid making comparisons between the New York newspapers of twenty-five years ago and those of the present. But who can point out any improvement that is not wholly material? There are now daily papers of 56 pages, and there are rotogravures, improved color-processes, pictures by telegraph, head-setting machines, autoplates, automobile and airplane deliveries, and a score of other mechanical advances, but who can name a single improvement on the human side, that is, in journalistic craftsmanship? Has anything worth while succeeded the sparkling deviltry of the old *Sun*, or the virile crankiness of the old *Evening Post*? Where are we to look for vehement, militant political independence and disinterested champion-

ship of the public weal since the *World* joined Tammany Hall?

The newspapers of New York, indeed, all exhibit marked symptoms of a complication of paresis and cardiac enfeeblement. The infection of prosperity has not only softened their moral fibre, it has weakened their hearts, so that the murmur of leaky valves is distinctly audible. For if the soul of a paper is conviction and singleness of purpose, its heart is faithful and fearless reporting. There can be no real newspaper without news, and there can be no news without reporters to gather it. Good reporting is now fast becoming as obsolete as liberty. News is not the obvious but the true, and truth lies at the bottom of a well. It is the duty and the delight of a first-rate reporter to discover it and bring it to the surface—but in these days the reporter is content to sit on the curb and speculate as to what lies in the nether darkness without risking the dangers of the damp descent.

II

It is no reflection on the present generation of reporters to say this, for it is not their fault. They are as fine and capable a lot of prospects as ever entered the profession, but the training and the opportunity are lacking. Greed makes hurry and indifference. Formerly one glanced at the evening papers solely for a tip as to what was happening and waited for the morning papers to get a comprehensive story of it, but now, with the morning papers for sale on the street only two or three hours after the last evening extras, they present only rehashes of the afternoon news, without any additional facts or any improvement in the narration. They are hustled on to the street because the business office wants more sales. It wants to catch the night crowds from the theatres, and it is willing to sacrifice the whole character and individuality of the paper to do it.

There has been a transition from personal journalism to commercial standardization. The old way meant competition in ideas and in enterprise. The owners, who were usually also trained editors, strove to make their papers different, raced for precedence in the presentation of important news, and struggled for leadership in the shaping of public policies. Rivalry was fierce. No first edition ever went out of the office save into the mails unless by the treachery of an employé. There was acute anxiety to know what the other fellow had on you, and a sizable sum would be paid for a first edition of his paper if it could be obtained. The city edition of a morning paper was not on the street until 3 o'clock or 3:30, and important stories were often held for it in order to outwit competitors. It was a rapid, earnest, intense game, as engrossing as stud poker, and the men who played it had as fine an *esprit* as ever animated a crack regiment. The goal was to excel, to surpass in the highly human qualities of originality and intelligence.

But with a changed purpose at the top, with big profits the dominant and often only aim, every incitement to effort was crushed and obliterated. The smugness of greed settled over American journalism and stifled it. There ceased to be any individual pride, any self-esteem. With the first editions of the morning papers on the street before the screams of the last evening extra have died away, and second editions on sale by the time the old-time first editions went to press, every editor knows almost instantly what the other one has, and he does not much care. An exclusive story is now a mischance, not a calculation. Reporters on different papers, once bitter rivals, have become coadjutors. Instead of digging alone in secret, they foregather and divide.

It is a pleasant but not an elevating habit. Rival reporters come together on a story. They question their news source as a body, and if there are other aspects of the case to be investigated, they assign one of their number to each and appoint a later rendezvous. The outcome is a composite account which appears with negli-

gible variations in all the papers. Zeal to outstrip the other fellow is replaced by a community spirit which is satisfied with perfunctory performance and divided glory. The method is known to the bosses and not condemned. Instead, in some instances, they have tried to take advantage of it. If men from three different papers, for example, are covering one court and are known to compare notes, some thrifty city editor will pull his reporter off the beat to do something else and rely on the opposition reporters to give his man the court story when he gets back. In one known case the obliging reporters, jealous of their ease and their rights, finally decided to teach the thrifty city editor a lesson, and so scooped him on an important story.

This indifference and sloth are manifest again in the complacent reception that is given to "handouts," *i.e.*, propaganda articles which men sworn to Service prepare in convenient form for the newspapers —and their employers. Not long ago I was present in an office whither the reporters had been summoned to receive an announcement by an exalted personage. The thing was done in the most approved modern manner. Instead of having to fight their way into the great presence as of old, the reporters as they arrived were deferentially ushered by an attendant into a splendidly furnished ante-room with a large, polished table surrounded by heavy, comfortable chairs. In a short time the magnate's secretary came in, as is the mode, unctuously greeted the assembled pressmen and deposited boxes of cigarettes and cigars on the table. Neither cigarettes nor cigars were offered to the visitors by the secretary. They were simply placed there in plain sight, for it was assumed by the patronizing mind of Big Business that Lazarus would eagerly go to anything that fell from the rich man's hand.

Twenty or thirty minutes after the time set for the interview—punctuality being the politeness of mere kings, and not of American magnificoes—the great person arrived, attended by the oily secretary, amid a fluttering of manifolded sheets which he grasped in his hands. He sat down at the head of the table as the copies of his announcement were distributed, leaned back majestically and began to talk in meaningless generalities. The reporters perused the document rapidly and listened to the great man's discourse. His announcement had some news value, even in the way it was stated, but it was reeking with buncombe. Yet of all the dozen reporters present not one roused himself to ask the pertinent questions which would have quickly punctured the fraud. Their apathy was certainly not due to lack of intelligence; they simply knew that their offices would be entirely satisfied with a digest of the handout and a short introduction. So what was the use of bothering further?

III

All this, as I have said, is not the fault of the new generation of newspaper men. They are probably just as capable of creditable performance as those of earlier days, but they do not get the hard training in a highly competitive field. They pocket the handouts now in fashion because their superiors are content with them, and because there is no incentive to go behind them. Persistent, indefatigable delving for the truth passed out at about the time men took to wearing panties and toting golf-bags.

If some impetuous neophyte, or some old timer suffering a revival of thwarted enthusiasm, should ferret out a good story and then want to write it, what chance would he have today to get space enough to swing his eager pen? One might suppose that with fifty-two pages in which to roam he would be permitted to operate without any danger of cramping his style. Fifty-two pages mean 416 columns. But of them 286 are advertising, and 48 more are devoted to stock markets and sports, leaving only 82 columns to record the news of the entire world. A paper perfectly accom-

modated to the demands of the broker mind! Only one-fifth of the cumbersome mass devoted to reading matter! Perhaps, after all, the publisher knows his public and the proportion is adequate.

One remembers the splendid reportorial work done years ago on the Guldensuppe murder mystery and the Marion Clark kidnapping, when reporters solved crimes for the police and performed great services to the public and achieved precedence for their papers. One recalls the digging out of the facts about the wrecking of the New Haven Railroad, which led to a congressional investigation, and other similar pieces of first-rate work. They were the result of intense application, tireless research, and a zeal to run every trail to its end. The reward was a task well done, and a beat for the paper.

That sort of thing is seldom accomplished now. If a story breaks for the evening papers the mornings are almost always satisfied with a perfunctory rewrite of it, with no further development of its hidden or untold phases. And when some piece of intelligent, energetic reporting is miraculously done, such as the discovery of the murderers of the Frank boy in Chicago, a performance for which the Pulitzer prize was awarded to two Chicago reporters, the languid exponents of the inert and ponderous modern school attack it because it is not true reporting! Their arguments would have given the prize to the writer of a beautifully written account of the annual convention of the Women's Knit Underwear Manufacturers' Association.

To this new cult of lofty detachment exertion is repugnant. It would never soil its pink finger-nails with the stains of vulgar diligence. It has an awesome respect for dollars and such a crawling reverence for place and authority that it never asks an awkward question or permits an examination into motives. It is pleased with the world as it is, and with itself, and it would no more challenge the acts of the existing order than it would think of laying aside its walking-stick or its spats.

IV

While lack of initiative at the top and the prevalence of handouts have thus destroyed enterprise in news-getting, another influence has spoiled its written presentation. The telephone, in spite of its marvelous aid in the swift collection of news, has been poisonous to lively and truthful reporting. It has separated the writer from his subject. No rewrite man, taking the facts over the telephone, no matter how brilliant and skilful he may be, can possibly give to a story the same flavor of reality that it can get when written by the man who saw it with his own eyes. He is serving warmed-over victuals, and no garnishment of rhetorical parsley or paprika can give them the taste of freshness. Imagine Velasquez painting a portrait from a radioed description!

The difference between an eye-witness account and one that has been relayed is the difference between the human, personal politics of the old Amen Corner in the Fifth Avenue Hotel and the mimeographed product of contemporary campaigns. In the Amen Corner you met daily the bosses and the bosslets. You not only received your news from the boss's own lips, but you saw the twinkle or the wink that accompanied it. You got the asides, the dropped confidences, the mannerisms, all the earthy frailties with which to fill in the picture and make it living. Now, all these vitalizing elements have been eliminated by the telephone, by the mimeograph, by the radio and by the publicity man. Speeches and statements must be had by the morning papers for the first edition, which is on the street an hour or more before midnight. The politician, therefore, shuts himself up with his stenographer, gets what inspiration he can from the four walls of his room, and grinds out an advance speech. It cannot fail to be dull and uninspired, but the exigencies of a lazy press must be served. The lifeless document is then transmitted to the party press department to be manifolded, and

afterward copies are passed out to the waiting reporters. Each hurries his copy to his office, where it is put into type to await release. Later a few facts are telephoned in by the man who has been assigned to cover the meeting and the rewrite man prepares an introduction which is hitched on to the speech already set. Unless there should be some striking variations in the delivery, the canned speech remains undisturbed. The denaturing process is complete.

One hustling, determined, inquisitive reporter is worth more to a newspaper than a dozen solemn pundits in the editorial room, but what chance has he to distinguish himself in a day of predigested news and editorial paralysis? Formerly New York was the goal toward which every ambitious young reporter in the provinces fought his way. To work on a New York newspaper was at once an honor and an opportunity. It meant higher pay and further training in the most competitive and most highly satisfying sort of journalism. The New York papers profited by drawing the very best men from the interior—men who had been trained in the splendid school of the small paper of the small town. Their knowledge was practical and experimental, not theoretical. Now all that is of the past. There is no allurement any more in Park Row—no stimulating rivalry, no tempting salaries, no chance to earn distinction. The New York papers are gorged with advertising and make enormous profits, but the latter are all stuffed into the bulging pockets of the owners, while reporters and copy-readers have to meet rent and feed bills on the wages of linotype operators.

With the joy of contest and the opportunity to write almost wholly eliminated, what are the rewards which a young man entering the profession may look forward to today? He may look forward to revamping handouts and drawing his weekly carpenter's wage. He may hope for promotion, after long years, to one or another of the few well paid executive jobs, or to becoming one of the white-haired boys who sign their stuff. It is true that there is more signing of articles now than there was formerly, and if this is fame then there is gain in that respect. But it is a question whether the practice has shown any advantage over the old anonymity. Only too often the reporter who advances to signed stuff begins to rest on his laurels, without showing any visible desire to go further. Once his name is on the billboards he ceases to be a reporter and becomes an authority. He no longer merely records history; he passes on it. It is an affection that is incurable but not immediately fatal, and it has the anomalous characteristic of giving pain to the public with complete immunity for the diseased.

The newspapers themselves are not without their disappointments. Even in their general laxity they still appreciate competency, though their present methods do not produce it, and many a city editor trained in the old school wails over the material he now has to work with. Young applicants, instead of coming well-instructed from the smaller papers, swarm in from the schools of journalism and write, "Former President Eliot of Yale" and ask, "Who was P. T. Barnum?"

V

Surveying the changed scene in New York one finds it spotted with the graves of dead game-cocks, among which waddle an indolent flock of fatted capons. The *Sun* was suffocated in the dull fumes of Munseyism, and the spirit of the *Post* has been petrified by Philadelphia sclerosis. In their place has come a quick fungous growth: the *Daily News*, the *Mirror* and the *Graphic*. Twenty-five years ago it was thought that the last degree in irresponsible exaggeration and cheap humbug had been reached in the Hearst newspapers, but how little one then knew what the future held of freakish wonders! We had not yet touched bottom. From Chicago came the first challenge: the *Daily News*. The Hearst

forces met it by faithful imitation, and so produced the *Mirror*. Another student of the mass mind went a step lower with the *Graphic*. The Hearst papers had formerly provided papers for those who move their lips when they read; the new sheets were suited to those who could not read at all.

Such are the surrogates for the journals of earlier days—the *Sun*, the *Globe*, the *Herald*, the *Mail and Express* and the *Press*. In those that have survived the boll-weevil of Munseyism there is discovered a vast increase in bulk with a saddening loss of flavor. Of the few old-timers left, the *Times* and the *American* are the only ones which do not suffer by comparison with the past—the *Times* because it has lived up to a consistent policy, and the *American* because of the contrast with its competitors. The former set out to be dull and ponderous, and it has attained its purpose with a fidelity and thoroughness justly commanding the admiration of all lovers of bulk and solidity. The latter, by reason of still lower forms of life coming in beneath it, has acquired the appearance of being raised to an eminence of conservative respectability.

It is doubtful if, being neuter, the *Times* could be anything but dull if it tried, but it must be given credit for sincerity, for it is dull by design. The *Tribune*, however, in arriving gradually at the same end, provokes only tears. In the days of its six broad columns and clear printing, it presented an appearance of dignity and respectability. Its editorials betrayed an adamantine partisanship, but they were vigorously written and there was never any wobbling. Although one never expected to find a news beat in it, yet occasionally, on some important Washington matter, one did. Looking back at it now, it seems like a big solemn mastiff—to which the *Tribune* of today compares as a small cross-bred pup, with all the irresolution and vealiness of mixed blood and immaturity. Like a pup it grabs a bone or an old shoe and is intensely, even desperately concerned with it for a while, and then it runs off after something else. It is a plexus of conflicting emotions without a directing intelligence.

But there is an explanation for everything. In exchange for the vigor of old editorial days and the persistent, penetrating inquiry of the news columns, the apologists for the present day newspaper offer its "tolerance." "Oh, yes," they say condescendingly, "that was all right for those barbarous days, but we have advanced since then. We have become refined and civilized, broader and more tolerant." How perfectly nice! How priggish and comfortable! The broad outlook of mercantile fear; the dread of offending a customer and losing a sale; the wise and lofty tolerance which permits the big advertiser to bestow on a publisher the universal American epithet of opprobrium without encountering resentment or inciting reprisal!

THE CULT OF BEAUTY

BY MORRIS FISHBEIN

In the classified telephone directory of any large American city one comes casually on the heading Barber Colleges, and proceeds then through Barbers, Baths and Beauty Culture Schools to Beauty Parlors. Then one advances to Corsets and Accessories, to Cosmeticians and to Dermatologists—and begins to realize at last what a vast trade has grown out of the desires of Mr. Babbitt and his wife and daughters to enhance the physiognomies and figures with which a none too beneficent Providence endowed them. If one resides in a town in which the trade is backward, the promoters of comeliness may still be found under such old-fashioned headings as Hair Dressers, but where the cult of beauty has many shrines they hold forth in all the gaudy glory of Beauticians and Cosmetologists.

As with classifications, so with names. In all of the cities in which the beauty shops flourish their sign-boards display an extraordinary similarity. Consider these samples plucked from several lists:

Annie Laurie Beauty Parlor
Bellcano Beauty College
Bertha Betty Beauty-Spot Shop
Betty Jane Beauty Shoppe
Bonita Beauty Salon
Fountain-o'-Youth
Hollyd Obesity Salon (The first word is a contraction of Hollywood.)
Babe's Beauty Shoppe
Beau Ideal Shoppe
Brush-Up Shop
Brownatone Shop
Char-Ming Beauty Shoppe
Colton's Permanent Wave Shop
The Fairest Marcel Shop
Franco-American Beauty Shop
Gotthart's Vienna Beauty Shop
Hindu Rose Beauty Parlor
Jean's System of Beauty
La-Ann Beauty Shop
La-Blanche Beauty Salon
Ladifair Shop
Maison Gustav
Maison de Sadie
Miladi Beauty Shop
Mi-Lady's Beauty Shop
Mitzi Beauty Shoppe
Paradise Beauty Shop
Madam Pauline
Peacock Beauty Shoppes
Poudre Box Beauty Shoppe
Premier Epilation Salon
Sanitary Beauty Parlor
Venus Beauty Parlor
Your Style Beauty Shop

Here are parlors, colleges, shops, shoppes and salons, all conjuring with the magic word beauty and conducted by damsels variously yclept, whose names have undergone strange metamorphoses in accordance with the nature of their art. Here are Eva May, Emmie Lou, Frances Jeune, Helen Janice, Kathryn Ann, Beatrix, Elza, Cecile, Cecille, Ethyle Clair, Sadye, Ada Dolores, Estelle, Mae, Gladys, Gloria, Hazelle, Helyn, Hannette, Myrtle, Jean Jonnie, Georgette, Arline, Kathlyn, Adoline, Marjorine and Neoma.

Proceeding through the telephone book, one reaches the heading Plastic Surgery, and comes upon the names of five or six medicos who, it seems, devote themselves to the removal of the redundant wrinkle, to restoring the aquilinity of misshaped proboscises, to the disposal of the fat resultant from too many calories, and to the miscellaneous alteration of countenances which, for one reason or another, seem to their possessors to be not what they ought to be. These learned gentry are obviously not to be listed with the ladies above mentioned, except in so far as they are also concerned with the glorification of American womanhood and woman-like man-

hood. Of their arts and their deceits more will be said later.

Estimates place the number of beauty shops in Manhattan at between fifteen hundred to two thousand. There are at least a thousand in Los Angeles, not counting Hollywood. The number in Florida increases with every incoming train, for the beauty shop, like the fur-store, the jewelry store, the dance-hall and the bordello, is among the first to profit when money is loose, profits are large and the turnover rapid. The high potentate of one college for cosmeticians informs me that nine thousand emporiums are devoted exclusively to the sale and application of her wares, and that an average of ten more or less sightly young women dispense beauty and its accessories at each of them. The casual trade in powders, soaps, creams, lotions, beauty-masks, nose-shapers, chin-lifters, ear-pressers, hair-restorers, hair-removers, hair-straighteners and hair-tonics is a matter of millions.

Indeed, it is largely on their sale—they are endowed with names as fanciful as those of the ladies who promote them—that the beauty shop industry has arisen. All the rest of the hocus-pocus—the "colleges" for the training of apprentices, the various mysterious techniques and maneuvers, and the trade associations and their carefully planned publicity—are intended mainly to promote the traffic in toilet preparations. If one turns from that section in the telephone book devoted to beauty parlors and hair-dressers to that headed Cosmetics or Toilet Preparations, certain names will be found recurring with the significant words "manufacturing company" behind them. The company with the nine-thousand dispensatories of cosmetic art manufactures one-hundred and thirty-seven preparations. Corresponding to the Beau Ideal Shop we have the Beau Ideal Preparations, to the Boncilla Shops the Boncilla Laboratories, Inc., to the Cara Mia Shops the Cara Mia, Inc., to the Charm of Youth Shops the Charm of Youth Corporation, to the Marinello Shops the Marinello Company. And so on through the list, with the independent ladies who conduct individual shops or parlors, perhaps in their own homes, supplied by manufacturers who deal in the various preparations in bulk. The business increases by leaps and bounds, and is acquiring a legal status. Let us cease for a moment these generalizations and gaze upon some concrete facts.

II

Arkansas, Connecticut, Illinois, Louisiana, Missouri, New Mexico, Oregon, Utah and Wisconsin are already in the fold with State licenses for beauticians, and the way is open in California, Texas, Oklahoma, Michigan, Iowa, Nebraska and New Hampshire.

In Illinois one cannot practice beauty culture without a certificate of registration as a beauty culturist. "Any one or any combination of the following practices constitutes the practice of beauty culture when done for cosmetic or beautifying purposes and not for the treatment of disease or of muscular or nervous disorder," says the law. Here, indeed, is a fine distinction, and the specifications go on to convey suggestions titillating to an active imagination. Beauty culture, according to the act, is "the application of cosmetic preparations to the human body by massaging, stroking, kneading, slapping, tapping, stimulating, manipulating, exercising, cleansing, beautifying, or by means of devices, apparatus or appliances, arranging, dressing, marcelling, curling, waving, cleansing, singeing, bleaching, coloring, dyeing, tinting, or otherwise treating by any means the hair of any person." I have seen a photograph of the governor of this proud State as he signed the law, his cranium, quite devoid of hirsutage, glowing beneath the countenance of an inspired cosmetician, who breathlessly awaits the application to the paper of the tintorial fluid that is to legalize her noble profession. But wait! Another great

profession also pleads for protection! "However," says the act, "provisions of this act shall not authorize any registered beauty culturist to cut or clip the hair of any person unless he has first obtained a certificate of registration as a *barber*."

The law specifies who may be a registered apprentice in the art and limits the certificate of cosmetician to those who are at least sixteen years of age, of good moral character and temperate habits, and who have graduated from an eighth-grade elementary school or completed an equivalent course, and finally, who have either studied beauty culture for one year as registered apprentices or graduated from an approved school. Naturally, the legislators provided for admitting into the fold, pronto and without examination, all those who were practicing one year before the law was passed. Also they provided for the revocation of licenses for immorality, habitual drunkenness, gross malpractice, incompetency, continued practice by persons having contagious diseases, drug addiction, and unprofessional conduct.

The Arkansas bill specifically mentions the removal of superfluous hair as a part of the cosmetic therapist's art. The Missouri law speaks of hair-dressers, cosmeticians or cosmetologists as well as of beauty culturists. It also employs the words "cosmetology" and "cosmetological establishment." In its definition of the practices concerned it mentions particularly the removal of superfluous hair by electricity and speaks of the "limited practice of cosmetology" as the "occupation of manicurists and electrologists." The Missouri law requires the registration of each cosmetological establishment for purposes of sanitary control and bars the use of its rooms at any time for sleeping or residential purposes. It carefully exempts from the law members of the following liberal professions: medicine, surgery, dentistry, osteopathy, chiropody, and barbering.

In Oregon the law takes another turn: there cosmetic therapy includes "the application of the hands or of mechanical or electric apparatus with or without cosmetic preparations, tonics, lotions, creams or clays, to massage, cleanse, stimulate, manipulate, exercise or otherwise improve or beautify the scalp, face, neck, shoulders, arms or upper part of the body, removing superfluous hair, manicuring the nails of any person, *male or female*, and to arrange, dress, curl, wave, cleanse, cut, singe, bleach, color or similarly treat the hair of any *female*." Here also the new profession has not been permitted to infringe upon the immemorial rights of the barber.

Wisconsin found necessity for definitions of the terms bobbing, beauty parlor, managing cosmetician, operator, itinerant cosmetician, and school of cosmetic art. It carefully exempts chiropodists, masseurs, hospital attendants, nurses and student nurses, physicians, surgeons and barbers from the operations of the act. It places all cosmetic establishments under the State board of health for examination and inspection. It regulates particularly the use of the electric needle. There must be no treatment of diseases of the skin or scalp except under the direct supervision of a physician. Towels may be used only once and instruments must be sterilized after each employment.

In some of the States the licensing of cosmetic practitioners is controlled by a State board of registration, in some by the board of health, and in some by specially established boards. In New Mexico the board has five members, of whom at least two must be women beauty culturists and two male hairdressers. Nothing is said about the qualifications of the fifth member. Utah mentions specifically as included in the practice of the cosmetician the removing of superfluous hair, warts or moles by the use of electricity or otherwise.

To those familiar with legislative methods in America it will be clear at once that the passage of such legislation in so many States within a period of little more than a year represents an organized movement, with the submission of a so-called model bill, modified to meet the idiosyncrasies

of the individual States. "These six laws were obtained," says the official organ of the American Cosmeticians' Society, "as a result of much self-sacrifice and hard work on the part of a small group of women in each of these States. They have behind them some fine organization work, personal enthusiasm that could not be dampened by setbacks and misunderstandings, meetings without number, countless hours of telephoning, hundreds of personal interviews with legislators, weeks given over to lobbying in the State capitals, days of anxiety and disappointment, and a generous amount of that necessary thing—coöperation."

In Missouri success was not difficult because the local branches of the American Cosmeticians' Society and the National Hair-dressers' Association combined forces to push the bill through. But hearken to what happened in Oregon, as told by Miss Mary E. Newman, of the National School of Cosmeticians in Portland:

> When the newspapers began to ridicule our movement, many of us who carried the most advertising stopped it immediately, and made a personal appeal to the editors. They reconsidered and gave us a splendid write-up.
>
> We hired no lobbyist—we did our own lobbying. We each tried to look our best and be ladylike, not bold or forward, and we were listened to with respect, though at first there was the usual attitude of ridicule.
>
> Our bill passed through Senate and House by a large majority. But not until the governor had signed our bill did we lessen our vigilance.

The report from New Mexico is almost romantic; thus the leading newspaper of Santa Fé:

> When the bill regulating the beauty parlor operators was introduced, great hilarity ensued, and the bill and all its works were greatly kidded. All that was needed for a laugh the first three weeks of the session was a casual reference to the beauty parlor bill. The earnest and good-natured young ladies who lobbied the bill to a triumphant finish dimpled merrily at all the jokes, issued frequent invitations to luncheons and dinners, talked quietly. When the bill came up for passage it was regarded as seriously as any other measure in the House.

Miss Evelyn Lazarus, a worker in the same sovereign State, contributes this record of her personal experience:

> Before our bill was presented I had no less than four conferences with the Barbers' Union here in Albuquerque. I can't remember ever having had to do so much fighting before. The argument waxed so hot about what our line of work included that it got into personalities. Then again politics were played. . . .
>
> Then our real trouble was to start—in the House. Over fifty per cent of the House is Spanish, and you just talk at them, not to them. We presented our case to every man there. Every place and any place we met them they were lobbied. [*Sic.*] A few had their wives with them, which was a great help to us.
>
> Miss Pinson has that go-get-it smile, and however discouraged we were, she smiled—in spite of the mean things that were said to us. . . .

What wonder, then, that the passionate legislators of New Mexico succumbed, and made cosmetology a licensed and learned profession!

III

Following the experience acquired by our surgeons in the great war, plastic surgery advanced very rapidly. The need for restoring extensive segments of the skin, for rebuilding facial contours destroyed by explosives, and for repairing the ravages of burns by fire or chemicals gave birth to surgical methods with results nothing short of marvelous. Such specialists as the English surgeon Gillies have published vast tomes recording the before and after aspects of hundreds of patients. A dissemination of the photographs marked "before" would make most potent propaganda for the pacifists. But the "after" illustrations, revealing the accomplishments of the surgeons, aided by certain artists in the creation of artificial noses, ears, toupées, and what not, arouse gasps of astonishment and almost of unbelief. However great the scepticism of the reader may be, the facts are nevertheless as depicted by Mr. Gillies.

A few regularly licensed medical men in some of our large cities have built up tremendous practices in such reconstructive surgery. Merely as an estimate, I should guess that there are today perhaps five reputable surgeons in the United States who limit themselves entirely to this work. In addition each of our large cities

maintains from one to ten practitioners, all regularly licensed but beyond the best repute and wavering on the shadowy borderland of quackery, who likewise limit their practices to facial and body reconstruction. Finally, a considerable number of so-called general surgeons, of surgeons limiting their practice to the ear, nose and throat, and of physicians specializing in diseases of the skin undertake such procedures on occasion.

It is not within the purview of this article to define the marks of the charlatan in plastic surgery. Gradually those marks are becoming apparent even to credulous *Homo americanus*. Some of the "specialists" advertise openly in the newspapers, giving a list of the operations which they wish to undertake. An example follows:

AMERICA'S LEADING
FACE SPECIALIST
AN ETHICAL SURGEON
REGISTERED AND LICENSED
OVER 22 YEARS IN
CHICAGO, ILL.

Many people do not realize that their facial appearance has so much to do with their success in business and society. It is true, your personality has much to do with your popularity, but even with a charming personality the entire effect is spoiled if you are embarrassed by a deformed nose of any kind. Sagging Cheeks—Nose to Mouth Lines, Ruffly-Wrinkly Skin over and under the Eyes—Scars—Outstanding Ears—too large or too small a mouth, a loose, flabby neck or any other deformity or blemish. For 22 years Dr. ——— ——— has been a Licensed Surgeon in Chicago, Ill. His knowledge gained from many years of study and his vast experience places him in a position to give you the soundest and most valuable advice just what can be done in your particular case.

The corrections are done without loss of time from business or social affairs. No bandages are used and all the work is painless. Phone for appointment. Privacy is assured you at all times; separate entrance and exit.

The appeal to secrecy is one of the mainstays of the trade. The successful results are broadcast by the patient himself and by the charlatan through the press and through his advertising literature, but the patient who has had an unsuccessful result is likely, if he lives, to hide his chagrin in silence. Occasionally, when the results are especially serious, they come to light through the medium of the courts. From several hundreds of instances that are available I select a few:

Los Angeles, Cal.—Suit for $500,000 damages has been filed here against Drs. ——— ——— and ——— ———, plastic surgeons, by Mrs. — — ———. In her complaint, Mrs. ——— states the defendants attempted to remove superfluous flesh from her ankles, but that it finally became necessary to amputate both legs.

Chicago.—Dr. ——— ———, plastic surgeon, . . . today is defendant in a damage suit for $7,000. . . . In her bill Mrs. ——— states that as a result of facial treatments a year ago her face was badly scarred and her eyes so badly crossed she was obliged to have them straightened by another surgeon "at great cost and suffering to herself."

Chicago.—Dr. — — ——— is the defendant in a suit for $50,000, filed in the Superior Court yesterday. . . . The bill charges that on July 17, Dr. ——— performed an operation to straighten ———'s eyes. As a result of carelessness and insanitary conditions under which the operation was performed, according to the bill, ———'s eyes became infected and it was later necessary for another surgeon to remove one of them.

One plastic surgeon who is reputed to be most successful—only, however, from the point of view of the size of his income—has for several years employed a publicity representative who is charged with the duties of securing patients of note, particularly in the theatrical profession, with the wide dissemination of news of successful results, with the suppression of newspaper statements about unsuccessful results, and with the promotion of publicity concerning unsuccessful surgery and by damage suits against competitors.

In many instances the records of these plastic surgeons are befogged by doubts as to whether or not they have ever had medical or surgical training sufficient to qualify them for undertaking the most simple of operations. Indeed, it is not clear in some cases that they have even graduated from reputable medical schools or obtained their licensure by proper examination. The aspirant for facial reconstruction will do well to inquire carefully into these matters before submitting himself to the scalpel.

The competent performer of plastic sur-

gery gets his results by the transplantation of flaps of tissue from one portion of the body to another. The manipulation is delicate, usually demanding the retention of the original blood-supply of the part until a new blood-supply develops at the spot to which the transfer is made. Obviously here is a procedure to be carried out only in a good hospital and under the most aseptic conditions. The growth of such tissue may require weeks or months. Sometimes a portion of cartilage is transferred also, say to build up the sunken bridge of a nose that gives the face a dished appearance. The procedure of the charlatan is to fill a syringe with melted paraffin and to inject this beneath the skin to fill out the cavity. The paraffin hardens and the patient is satisfied. But experience has shown that paraffin has the peculiar quality of stimulating the growth of the tissue-cells, and numerous cases are now on record of the development of disfiguring tumors and even of cancers after its injection.

On a hot day in July in 1924 there came into my editorial sanctum a young woman accompanied by a somewhat elderly man. "Look at that nose," she said, and with the words demonstrated how the organ referred to might be turned right, left, upward or downward according to the direction in which her fingers impelled it. "Dr.—— did that," she said. "He promised me that he wouldn't use paraffin, and then when he got me in the chair he injected it. We've already paid him three hundred dollars for taking the bags out from under Joe's eyes, but this is terrible." And Joe, whose eyes still bagged a little, interjected: "I held the umbrella over her all the way over here so the nose would stay up until we got here." The lady had small chance of redress, for a complaisant State finds it difficult to interfere with the practitioners that it has once licensed, and the charlatans, anticipating difficulties, are protected by insurance companies which agree to fight their damage suits.

Cosmetic operations are most commonly sought by elderly women in love with young men, by ageing actresses eager to continue profitably as ingénues, by women whose husbands have lost interest in them, by pugilists who have fought to financial success at the cost of facial continuity, and finally by foolish little salesgirls, stenographers, clerks, aspirants to the movies, sheiks, and what not. The most popular operation, perhaps, is that for the reconstruction of the nose, the most unsatisfactory organ ever devised by an all-wise Creator. The perfect heroine for novelists stands waiting: she is the impossible young woman who is perfectly satisfied with the nose that she was born with. There come then the correction of outstanding ears, the reconstruction of cauliflower or tin ears, the removal of "bags" beneath the eyes, the so-called face-lifting for the elimination of wrinkles or of jowls that have sagged, the excision of double chins, and, finally, the removal of fat, principally from the thighs, the hips, the buttocks, the abdomen and the breasts.

When these operations are performed by competent surgeons under the best of conditions the results are frequently successful—provided, however, (a) that there is no secondary infection, (b) that the tissues of the patient have sufficient recuperative power, (c) that the skin of the patient does not tend to the overgrowth of the scar tissue called "keloid," (d) that the accumulation of fat is not due to some inherent disturbance of the bodily processes particularly involving the glands of internal secretion, and (e) that the surgeon is lucky. Unfortunately, there are records of hundreds of cases in which the surgeons were *not* lucky—indeed, so many that reputable surgeons hesitate to undertake such procedures unless the defects are flagrantly disfiguring or involve a serious disability. During and after the war the government provided the wherewithal for stays of many months in hospital for soldiers undergoing repeated reconstructive operations. In the great manufacturing industries patients are sometimes severely injured through inadvertent contact with

Frankinsteinian machines, and it becomes necessary to rebuild features or to replace scalps that have been torn away. Great hospitals and funds are available for carrying on such surgical procedures. But only a few really competent surgeons find time or inclination for the type of plastic surgery performed wholly for æsthetic reasons. That is the field which has been invaded and which is largely controlled by charlatans.

IV

Somewhere toward the end of those vaudeville acts in which a young gentleman and a young lady indulge in acrimonious remarks relative to the merits of the sexes, the lady is likely to remark: "Well, in one way a woman is smarter than a man, anyhow." "What's that?" asks the feeder. "Well, you take a bald-headed man, he buys hair-tonic; but a woman buys hair."

The truth in the jest is apparent. The promotion, retention and replacement of the hirsutage which is a surviving vestige of *Pithecanthropus erectus* gives occupation to thousands of men and women. The changes of fashion in coiffures, the invention of electrical devices of Goldbergian intricacy for making curls and waves, the creams, lotions, oils and pastes for washing and giving luster to the hair, require the services of thousands of experts. The current styles of bobbing, shingling or otherwise trimming what used to be called woman's crowning glory have made the barber-shop a delicately scented boudoir without even a cuspidor. Finally, there are the diseases of the hair resulting from infection with parasites, bacteria or fungi, which give concern to the medical specialist in dermatology. With the desirability or not of the current styles I am not here concerned, for I am inquiring more particularly into matters of fraud and deceit.

Among all the fallacies attaching to the care of the hair none is so persistent as the belief in the virtues of the so-called singe, recommended to overcome splitting at the ends and to prevent the falling out of the hair. The tonsorial artist avers that the burning of the tip will close the pores and keep the fluid in the hair. Actually, singeing merely substitutes a charred blunt end of fused horn for one tapering to a point or cut clean across. Actually, splitting of the ends is more easily controlled by greasing the hair lightly and supplying it with the fat that is lacking. Singeing the hair-ends in order to prevent the fluid from escaping is based on the misconception that the hair has a central cavity through which it is supplied with some sort of nourishing sap. The hair has no more sap than a buggy-whip; it is nourished only by the blood that reaches its root. Above the surface it is simply a spine of horn, which can be oiled from without.

The removal of superfluous hair is one of the most delicate tasks that can confront the dermatologic specialist. The fact is recognized by those State laws which, as has been mentioned, throw special safeguards around this procedure and define the specialty of "electrologist." Most dermatologists are agreed that the one certain method for permanent depilation is the use of the electric needle. The procedure is time-consuming, somewhat painful, and only from five to twelve hairs are removed in an ordinary treatment. There exist numerous chemical depilatories containing caustic substances, but they irritate the skin at the same time that they remove the hair, and since they do not destroy the hair roots they do not remove the hair permanently. There exists also the possibility of removing superfluous hair by the use of the x-ray. This method is followed by numerous so-called "Tricho Institutes," established throughout the country. But the x-ray is a two-edged sword, possessing great possibility for harm when wrongly employed, as well as possibility for good when used by those familiar with its dangers. Already specialists in diseases of the skin are reporting the occurrence of hardening of the upper layers of the skin, or overgrowth of the cells, known scientifically as precancerous keratosis, in persons

subjected to such treatments. In many of the colleges for the training of those who wish to devote themselves to the beauticians' art attempts are made to instruct in the uses of such apparatus, but the business itself is so new and the teachers themselves, in most instances, are so poorly informed concerning the actual anatomy, physiology and pathology of the skin that it may be said without fear of overstatement that the majority of persons now using these methods are not competent.

The removal of moles, warts and other excrescences upon the skin is another branch of "cosmetology" that presents dangerous possibilities. For years physicians have warned against interference, except by the most careful surgery, with moles of a deeply pigmented character. Numerous instances are reported in which cutting, burning, or otherwise tampering with such moles has resulted in the appearance of cancerous tumors and their rapid dissemination throughout the body, resulting in death. The ability to distinguish between such defects as are benign and such as are dangerous comes only with extensive study. Obviously, that knowledge is not to be acquired either by a year's apprenticeship in a beauty shop or by six months in a beauty "college."

V

Since the profits of the beauty shop are dependent mainly upon the sale of lotions, creams, shampoos, ointments, depilatories, beauty clays, face packs and similar preparations, the number of these increases daily. Preparations similar to most of the beauty clays, costing at retail from $2 to $10 a pound, may be made by mixing a pound of kaolin, or dried beauty clay, with the same weight of water. Such a preparation costs 20 cents. Nevertheless, pages in most of the periodicals addressed primarily to women contain full page announcements of Terra-derma-lax, Boncilla, Domino Complexion Clay, Mineralava, and Forty-Minute Beauty Clay.

Despite the advertisements, it is quite impossible to feed the skin by rubbing in fats or creams of any kind. Nor is cleanliness aided by plastering the surface of the skin with one type of cream after another and then being compelled to wash away the entire mess. There is no such thing as a skin-food. The skin can be soothed, inflamed, or made temporarily more pliable by external applications, but it cannot be fed. Dozens of preparations for the control of pimples and blackheads are employed by adolescents, both male and female, but genuine specialists in diseases of the skin are likely to recommend simple washing, with the applications of antiseptic solutions that may be purchased for a few cents.

Mixtures to be used in the bath for the reduction of weight commonly consist of baking soda or Epsom salts slightly perfumed, and are sold for twenty to fifty times their original cost. There is, in fact, hardly a single possibility in this field that has not been astutely exhausted by the manufacturers of cosmetic nostrums.

Physicians who conduct newspaper columns devoted to answering questions from readers find that at least half of their correspondence is concerned with the problem of entrancing the opposite sex by displays of healthy beauty. Warn them as one will of the folly of dependence on the cosmetic nostrum, of its inertness and sophistication, hope springs eternal and the sales go on. There is no limit to the field that the cosmetician approaches. The very acme is reached in the following quotation:

> The warm, pink glow of a perfectly rounded elbow is a joy unconfined to the exacting woman whose social obligations are insistent and many. Harriet I. Nash has made a Perfect Elbow possible to all by her elbow beautifier. The wrinkles and dulness common to many elbows are no longer embarrassments to be endured.

As for the results, one need not have an eye that is unusually discriminating to see that the building up of this vast trade has not resulted, on the whole, in lending a more comely appearance to the current American scene.

AMERICANA

ALABAMA

EXULTANT words of a literary reader of the eminent Birmingham *News:*

> We have right here in Alabama writers just as gifted, just as well educated and every bit and grain as capable as O. O. McIntyre, Dr. Frank Crane, etc. We have women right here in Alabama just as smart, just as charming and entertaining as Helen Rowland, Nina Wilcox Putnam, yes, and Marie, Queen of Roumania!

HEATING up Alabama Men of Vision, as described by the celebrated Tuscaloosa *News and Times Gazette:*

> The Kiwanians yesterday, as they assembled for their regular weekly luncheon, were greeted by a big Boston bull dog located at the head of the table and on the table. It was announced by Secretary Jim Anderson that the purpose of the canine was to inspire all Kiwanians to pay up all past dues.

ARKANSAS

DISQUIETING society item in the eminent Bald Knob *Eagle:*

> A jolly bunch of our young people went on a kodaking expedition Sunday that resulted in many exposures and a very enjoyable time.

CALIFORNIA

GOOD works of the Christian people of Azusa:

> Azusa, gateway to San Gabriel Canyon, and the site where a great flood control dam is to be built by Los Angeles county, should shun such questionable advertising slogans as "Azusa the dam city," the Rev. Oliver Saylor told his congregation. He was referring to a sign hanging in the heart of Azusa's business district. The congregation agreed with him, and in a rising vote condemned the sign.

WANT AD in the Los Angeles *Times:*

> WANTED—Man to build motor for new airplane that will raise straight up from ground. Must be able to finance self and must be true believer in God. Call GUS RASCHKE, 480 Crane blvd., L. A.

FROM the Palo Alto *Times:*

> SUMMER TERM APPOINTMENTS REPRESENT THREE FOREIGN COUNTRIES
>
> Germany, Austria and Harvard are represented in the appointment of three members of the [Stanford] Summer faculty.

THE HON. ARTHUR BRISBANE, in the San Francisco *Examiner:*

> Aristotle was the Judge Gary of his day.

COLORADO

MATURE conclusion of Luxford, J., of Denver, as reported in the Colorado Springs *Evening Telegraph:*

> The Eighteenth Amendment is an unqualified success.

CULTURAL note from the eminent Denver *Post:*

> Colorado's American Legion, through Commander John B. Barnard and John C. Vivian, past commander, has lodged vigorous protest against the proposal of the Manassa school board to dedicate a new high-school building at Manassa to Jack Dempsey.

DELAWARE

THE HON. HARRY DODGE, before the Wilmington Rotary Club:

> There was one 100% Rotarian. He lived 2000 years ago. He was Jesus of Nazareth.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CONTRIBUTION to the study of the *Kriegsschuldfrage* by the Rev. Z. B. Phillips, rector of the Church of the Epiphany, Washington, as reported in the *Post:*

> Veiled communism and not militarism and economic ambitions caused the World War.

PROGRESS of the Higher Learning in the nation's capital, as revealed by a notice in *Printer's Ink:*

> The National School of Bricklaying, Inc., Washington, D. C., has placed its advertising account with the Tauber Advertising Agency, of that city. Plans are being prepared for a magazine advertising campaign on the school's correspondence course in bricklaying.

ILLINOIS

PUBLIC notice in the *Gazette-Journal* of Mattoon:

> Notice is hereby given that I, John V. Colbert, have been in the habit of making loose remarks about different respectable women over town and I hereby admit that I am a liar and the truth is not in me. I take this means of notifying the public the type of man I am. I hope that this will in a measure right some of the terrible heartaches my loose tongue has caused.
>
> JOHN V. COLBERT

SPECIMEN of scientific advertising in the Chicago *Tribune:*

> When the baby cries, he is selling himself to his mother. His lungs are the first equipment he learns to bring into play. It is some time before he finds out that he may coo his way toward what he wants. Cooing is a much subtler kind of salesmanship and the baby may use it to keep himself sold. But lusty howls are better.
>
> Salesmanship is a great art. It may be variously applied and it usually calls for a second party—a buyer. But one person can be both seller and buyer. You can sell an idea to yourself, for instance.
>
> Try it. Try to sell yourself the idea of getting on in the world with a savings account as a start. . . .
>
> Cry to yourself! Coo to yourself! Sell to yourself! We will be glad to help you deliver the goods.
>
> CONTINENTAL AND COMMERCIAL BANKS

IOWA

How the hotels of Omaha reward the heroes who saved the town from pillage and rapine by the Kaiser, as described by Comrade J. Elmer Disch, of Monahan Post of the American Legion, Sioux City, in the eminent *Iowa Legionaire:*

> What does "Welcome Buddy" mean? Does it mean that when we are at a Legion convention that we Legionaires should pay more for everything so that the profits are about three times that of ordinary times? We were on the tenth floor, in a large room, which ordinarily rents for $6.50 for two with bath. But when we Legionaires arrived they saw their chance to make a small fortune and they put in from five to twelve cots in each room and charged $3.50 per day for each person, or $17.50 even though you did not stay there the whole five days. It is useless to say what the accommodations were when crowded together that way. The above also applies to the eats at the various places. They all made the extra profits from us. For instance, when it costs two-bits for a frankfurter sandwich and some coffee (?), I claim it is too much. It reminds one of the war-time days, when the man in uniform paid the extra price.

CONTRIBUTION to the history of idealism by the Hon. Paul H. Cunningham, of Des Moines, as set forth in the *Register* of that splendid town:

> Cain and Abel were probably the first realtors.

RISE of a new moral crusade in the Bos Taurus Belt, as revealed by a dispatch from Des Moines:

> The first broadside in a fight to banish the American apartment house was fired by John B. Hammond, formerly chief of police of this city, and a leading figure among reform forces of the State. He announced his intention to carry the fight to every legislature in the United States and to make of the system of multiple dwellings beneath one roof a moral issue comparable to that of Prohibition a decade ago. He declared that the apartment is a hotbed of immorality.

KENTUCKY

EFFECTS of woman suffrage in the up-and-coming town of Paris, as disclosed by the *Kentuckian-Citizen:*

> Mrs. Benn Orr, of Louisville, who is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John P. Gorman, at their home in Rylesford Place, Lexington, has issued invitations in honor of two bride-elects, Miss Mary Marshall McMeekin, of Lexington, and Miss Elizabeth Bush Allen, of Millersburg, whose engagement to Mr. Bernard Gorman, of Lexington, was recently announced.

LOUISIANA

BUSINESS advertisements in the Shreveport *Times:*

> KEEP THE SABBATH DAY HOLY
> W. S. DENNIS
> REALTOR
> *Levy Building*
> *Shreveport, La.*
>
> ---
>
> ATTEND CHURCH SUNDAY
> *Bank With Us Other Days*
> THE COMMERCIAL
> NATIONAL BANK
> BANK OF PERSONAL SERVICE
>
> ---
>
> WE TRULY BELIEVE THE CHURCH IS GOOD FOR THE MASSES
> THE W. K. HENDERSON
> IRON WORKS & SUPPLY CO.

MARYLAND

DITHYRAMBS from the obituary column of the eminent Baltimore *Sunpaper:*

Weep not for me, dear mother,
Because I died so young.
The fewer the years the fewer the sins,
Our Lord's will must be done.

FROM a booklet published by the Baltimore Association of Commerce, entitled "197 Reasons Why You Should Enthuse Over Baltimore":

Over 1,100,000 hogs are slaughtered in Baltimore and packed every year.

MASSACHUSETTS

FROM a reader of the *Christian Science Sentinel:*

A few years ago my little dog apparently drank a solution of caustic potash. He was found some days later, and upon an examination it was found that his tongue had entirely gone, and death seemed inevitable. My husband insisted that I should have the dog chloroformed, saying it would be kindness to the little creature. I remembered the words, "Trust God more." Through absolute faith in God, I refused to permit the dog's life to be taken. Three times each day I bathed the dog's mouth with water, poured milk and oatmeal down his throat, repeated aloud to him "the scientific statement of being" from page 468 of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, placed him tenderly on his bed, and left him in God's care without a bit of doubt. This treatment continued. During the time I was repeatedly told that I would fail, that I would realize I had insufficient understanding to demonstrate over such an extreme condition. Each time I realized God's power as being sufficient, provided I should not waver in faith, and that as Christian Science is the understanding of God, it could not fail. After a battle of several months, the dog's tongue grew again, and he barked, lapped his milk, and was completely restored to perfect health.

(MRS.) S. GERTRUDE EYLES

How Boston is regaining her old reputation as the cultural center of America, as revealed by a United News dispatch:

A college course for washerwomen, designed to do away with all knuckle-scraping rubbing over wash tubs, is being organized by the State university extension division here.

COLLAPSE of the Ku Klux in Worcester, as reported by the New York *Times:*

Mayor Michael J. O'Hara, a member of the Catholic parish of St. Margaret and St. Mary, has joined the Men's Union of Wesley Methodist Church and is to attend the next meeting of the organization.

MICHIGAN

BOOSTER item from Detroit, given out by the Hon. A. B. Stroup, former deputy administrator in charge of the Federal Prohibition force there:

Detroit is the wettest city I have ever been assigned to. . . .

NEWS item from Grand Rapids:

The county finance committee denied Deputy Sheriff James Mol's request for the purchase of a set of false teeth for him out of the county's funds. Last Spring he was poisoned while aiding in the destruction of a large quantity of moonshine and mash seized in a raid. He spent several months in a hospital. Yesterday he appeared before the committee and explained that the poison has so loosened his teeth that they must be extracted and contended that the county, which met his hospital bill, should pay for false teeth.

MISSISSIPPI

CHRISTIAN want ad in the Biloxi *Herald:*

EVANGELIST wants location. Who will write me of a good location for a real estate office where I can locate a large number of thousands of friends whom I have evangelized? Shall bring with me an educated young man singer. We will sell property with the same Christianity we do Bibles on commission and preach to neglected places on Sundays. I seldom ever failed to have great evangelistic meetings, but demands for that work have grown cold. We shall locate in South Mississippi or in Florida, wherever is the best opening. Please address REV. W. D. BASS, Corinth, Miss.

How the soul of a late martyr is marching on:

Plans have been practically completed for the launching of a new secret order in Mississippi to be known as American Crusaders, which will have for its purpose the combating of the evolution theory in American schools and colleges. The Rev. A. R. Adams, of Hattiesburg, will be commander of the new order, which will also advocate the reading of the Bible in the public schools, and the increase of attendance in the Protestant churches.

MISSOURI

OBITER DICTUM credited to the Rev. Dr. Burris A. Jenkins, pastor of the Linwood Boulevard Christian Church, of Kansas City:

If Christ were here today He would be either the head of a great newspaper, or would have control of some great moving picture concern, or be the head of the biggest radio broadcasting station in the country.

NEBRASKA

Scientific announcement from the eminent *State Journal* of Lincoln, seat of the University of Nebraska, the Nebraska Wesleyan Universily, the Bryan Shrine, Cotner University, Union College, the State Penitentiary and the State Asylum for the Insane:

> DR. GEORGE S. GEE, D.C., N.D.
>
> Treats all kinds of diseases with electricity, heat, massage and chiropractic. You get results from the first treatment. Free examination and a diet list for every patient. Free children's clinic every day from 3 to 4 p. m. Special rates for college students. S. & H. Green Trading Stamps are given. Office hours, 1–6 p. m., and by appointment. 305 Brownell bldg., B4463.

NEW JERSEY

Headline put on one of the International Sunday-School Lessons (Acts xx, 25–38) by the religious editor of the Camden *Daily Courier:*

> PAUL CALLS ELDERS
> FOR LAST FAREWELL;
> FACES FATE BRAVELY
>
> Unafraid for Himself As He
> Hurries Back To
> Jerusalem
>
> Warns The Ephesians

Advertisement in the public prints of Camden:

> F. Hartmann & Son
>
> who present to Camden a cigar named after
>
> *Camden's most famous writer*
>
> WALT WHITMAN
>
> pledge themselves to keep these cigars of such quality that those who come from afar to study at the Whitman Shrine will never find a product unworthy of the name of the master of the study of self-gratification!
>
> If we had too much domestic tobacco it would be like Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" with his later writings omitted. Hot—but pretty strong taken by itself!
>
> If we had an all-Havana cigar it would be like a steady diet of Whitman's "Apostroph" —a bit too heavy—
>
> But we have blended the Havana and domestic in the Walt Whitman Cigar so you relish it at all times just as your book of Whitman's writings will always appeal if you blend your readings of his poems.

NEW YORK

Editorial in the *American Standard*, organ of 100% Americanism:

> Were it not for Roman Catholic Italians, Russian and Polish Jews, and other Latin and Oriental aliens, who have swarmed into our country like a plague of locusts, grand opera could not live five minutes in the American atmosphere. From center to circumference, it is foreign to the decent and Christian spirit of the United States.
>
> The Metropolitan Opera House is the most thoroughly foreign institution in this country. Standing at the back of the house and surveying an operatic audience, one can scarcely find an Anglo-Saxon face. Jews and Italians predominate, with a liberal proportion of Germans, Slavs, and miscellaneous dregs of the Mediterranean and Levantine races.
>
> With the downfall of Roman Catholicism in this country will come the crash of grand opera as well. Genuine Americans have no real feeling for it, and can neither produce operas nor act in them. To imagine George Washington, Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson, or any other such representative American paying to witness the horrors and sensualities of grand opera is to imagine the impossible. . . .

Disturbing words of the Hon. Robert W. Fenton to the Lockport Rotarians:

> Crooks make one of the most intelligent classes of people.

Confession of Prof. Richard Bennett, a favorite star of the Orpheum Vaudeville Circuit:

> I was born an æsthete.

Special cablegram from New York City to the Paris edition of the New York *Herald*.

> Moses, Plato, Socrates, Paul and Jesus Christ were, in all that the definition of the phrase can mean, true Rotarians, Richard Aspinwall, educator, of Buckhannon, W. Va., told the New York Rotary Club at its meeting in the Hotel McAlpin.

NORTH CAROLINA

Devastating logic of the Rev. Charles F. Bluske, of Asheville:

> After many years of study I have found that every Bolshevist of Russia, socialist, infidel and anarchist, believe in evolution. They are men who have no religious standard, nor high ideals of Christianity. This gang of infidels is joined by a narrow-minded set of devil-bound evolution preachers, who stand in the church and blaspheme Christ, denying His virgin birth, atonement, divinity and bodily resurrection; in other words, they are jackass preachers without faith. This gang consists of newspaper editors and scientists, who should be exiled out of our country for insulting the high moral standard of the creation of human life, Christianity

and civilization, for they are not one hundred per cent American, but an insane set of ignorant, educated fools, who insist on lowering their own organic life to that of a monkey or animal. Take a jackass, a hog and a skunk and tie them together and you have a scientific evolutionist and a modernist. If man once evolved, then, sometime in the past, an oak tree was a pine tree, and a hickory nut tree a walnut tree. There is no such nutty law in creation.

CONTRIBUTION to the American language in an advertisement in the eminent Wilmington *News-Dispatch:*

Upwards of over 500 visited us on our opening day.

INTELLECTUAL recreations of the rev. clergy along Albemarle Sound, as reported by the Charlotte *Observer:*

The Rev. Mr. Taylor and the Rev. Mr. Dick conducted a public debate at Edenton on the question: "Will the Negro retain his present color in heaven?" Mr. Taylor contended the Negro's color will change.

How the captains of industry of Charlotte are putting religion into business, as brought to light by the *News* of that fair town:

The blessings and guidance of Divinity were asked at formal dedicatory services when the Elrod Lumber Company was launched here. . . . The Rev. J. A. Downs, pastor of Advent Christian Church, conducted the services.

OHIO

FURTHER proof that the Younger Generation is going to hell, as revealed by a letter to Mme. Maxwell, love expert of the Cleveland *Press:*

I am a regular flapper, have everything a girl could want, and, believe me or not, I detest going out with a fellow who refuses to kiss me. A girl gets every thrill in the world out of necking and, of course, is talked about and gossiped over as a result. I cannot for the life of me figure this out. I see nothing wrong with it but consider it a sign of true friendship and affection.

FROM a press-sheet issued by the publicist of the Toledo Boy Scouts:

Eighty-five men taking the Boy Scout Leaders' Training Course are following the Scouts in doing a good turn daily. Some of the good turns reported at the last meeting were:

1. Helped some school children across the street.
2. Opened a window for an old man.
3. Helped my neighbor repair his roof.
4. Planted two trees for a neighbor who had left town and forgotten about them.
5. Helped repair a tire for a lady.
6. Helped two women separate their machines when their bumpers became locked.
7. Helped a man work out a tough financial problem.
8. Opened an umbrella for a lady who had her hands filled with bundles.
9. Put a lid on a sewer.
10. Chopped and carried in some wood for an old lady.

CONTRIBUTION to historical science credited to the Rev. Barrett R. Brickner, rabbi of the Euclid Avenue Temple of Cleveland, by the *Plain-Dealer:*

Columbus discovered this country at the behest of Jews who sought a haven of refuge in a new world.

How Christians are applying the teachings of the Nazarene to the science of law enforcement, as brought to light by a Universal Service dispatch from Lima:

Drowning of bootleggers who are not American citizens was urged by Dr. Ira Landrith, lecturer, in an address before the Allen County Christian Endeavor Union.

OKLAHOMA

AMERICANIZATION note from the eminent Oklahoma *News:*

Most of the 40% of *foreign-born* pupils are Mexicans. Next come Bohemians, Czechs, *Indians* and Polanders.

OREGON

ADVERTISEMENT in the Baker *Herald:*

The engagement between Samuel H. Hawkins of Pleasant Valley, Oregon, and Miss Ethel L. Knechtley (sometimes known by her stepfather's name, Lockhart), now residing at the Mother Lode mine, near Keating, Oregon, was broken Sunday, October 25.

It has been rumored that the couple were married, so friends reading this please take notice that there is nothing but friendship remaining.

(Signed) MISS ETHEL L. KNECHTLEY

—*Adv.*

PENNSYLVANIA

TITLES listed under the heading of "Fine Arts," in a recent bulletin of the Carnegie Free Library of Allegheny:

Bloem, W. S. The Soul of the Moving Picture	778.1 B 62
Hammett, C. E. How to be an Athlete	796 H 18
Tilden, W. T. The Common Sense of Tennis	796 T 45-2
Wegener, A. B. Church and Community Recreation	790.4 V 37-2

DEFIANT advertisement in the eminent Pittsburgh *Press:*

> $50 REWARD to any person proving that I legally owe them one dollar, or that I have maliciously assaulted anybody, or made any false statements in my transaction of business, or to any person proving that I am other than a law abiding citizen.
>
> (*Signed*) JOSEPH W. DEMPSEY,
> *Rentan, Pa.*

THE New Jurisprudence at Williamsport, as made known to posterity by the Associated Press:

> Albert Hart, aged 41, has his choice of attending the Billy Sunday services every evening for two weeks or serving a jail sentence for assault and battery upon his wife. This sentence was imposed upon him by Alderman G. B. Allen.

THE same science at Greensburg:

> Three youths, pleading guilty to entering a building with intent to commit a felony, were ordered by Dom, J., in the Criminal Court, to attend church and Sunday-school regularly during the next two years.

SOUTH CAROLINA

SINISTER advertisement in the distinguished *Record* of Columbia:

> Can you sell colored people? Write Becker Chemical Co., St. Louis, Mo.

DISPATCH from Spartanburg in Northern papers:

> Abraham Lincoln's emancipation proclamation was designed to encourage Negroes to attack Southern white women and thus force Confederate soldiers to leave the army and return home to protect their loved ones, Mrs. St. John A. Lawton of Charleston, president general of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, said in an address here before the State organization of the order.

TENNESSEE

WANT AD in the Knoxville *Sentinel:*

> WANTED—Anti-Evolution club organizers in every county. Good money for hustlers. Address Modern Science Press, 604 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

SENTENTIOUS headline from the great Christian organ, the *News* of Chattanooga:

> NEGRO RESISTS ARREST;
> FUNERAL TOMORROW

TEXAS

NET effect of the Scopes trial in this great State, as gathered from a San Antonio dispatch:

> High school textbooks containing reference to the theory of evolution were ordered clipped here today by Superintendent of Schools Marshall Johnston, following orders from the State Textbook Commission. Twenty pages dealing with man's probable descent from lower animals were snipped by the teachers. "The old-time religion is good enough for me," said Mr. Johnston when asked his views concerning the teaching of evolution.

WASHINGTON

SHREWD comment on the Autumn elections in New York and New Jersey, by the distinguished chief editorial writer of the Spokane *Spokesman-Review:*

> The election only shows that New York City and New Jersey are not yet Americanized, just as the gubernatorial election in Wisconsin showed that that State has not been Americanized. They are but political eccentricities of the Union. There is comfort, though, in the thought that if we can't capture New York City, New Jersey and Wisconsin, they are not going to capture us.

WISCONSIN

CHRISTIAN battle-cry of the Baptists assembled at Green Lake, as reported by the *Wisconsin Baptist:*

> Yea Bo! Yea Bo!
> Wisconsin Baptists are not slow!
> Sweet sixteen to seventy-five,
> Wisconsin Baptists are alive!
> Yea Bo!

PROGRESS of the New Morality in Denver:

> Allen Schultz and his wife, Dorothy, were fined $5 and costs for kissing in a parked automobile. Schultz maintained that a man could kiss his wife when he pleased, but the judge had different views.

OHIO

BY DON KNOWLTON

The Buckeye State

YOUTHFUL geography students of other States no doubt picture Ohio as dotted with noble buckeye groves. In proof of the buckeye legend any Ohio schoolboy will point confidently to the rows of European horse-chestnuts which (if not smoked out) grace the Ohio towns. We do have a few true buckeyes (*Æsculus glabra*) in Ohio, but they hide in the bottomlands and are identified only by students of dendrology.

Another common assumption is that Ohio possesses homogeneity—a solid and uniform population. The fact is that its cities are preponderantly foreign, wet, unionized and pagan, whereas its rural communities are preponderantly Nordic, dry, anti-labor and Fundamentalist. Northern Ohio is flat and sophisticated, full of poolrooms, truck-gardens and blast-furnaces. Southern Ohio is wild, overgrown with mountain laurel and blackberries, and shot through with the Kentucky *Kultur*, which has drifted across the Ohio river and brought in poor white trash and burnt-over timber lands. True, industrialism has flowed down the Ohio valley from Pittsburgh and blackened the red-clay hills, but peach trees in Portsmouth, on the river, still bloom a month earlier than they do in Toledo, on Lake Erie, and the Cincinnati matrons take siestas at two in the afternoon, while the Cleveland housewives are fighting at the bargain counters.

The south shore of Lake Erie is the playground for thousands whose fathers or grandfathers sported on the banks of the Don, the Danube, the Tiber and the Hudson. All Northern Ohio goes to the beaches to flirt, eat sand in hot dogs, and buy lots. The shop-hands from the towns read confession magazines and kiss working-girls on lake park benches, and there are still spinsters named Smith who think something ought to be done about it. There is little enough romance in a life of piecework and storage eggs; but the lake, at least, is free.

II

Native Sons

In Ohio the father who tells his hope and pride that he may become President some day appears to have some statistical support for his prognostication. Seven Ohioans have held the sublime office—Harrison, Hayes, Grant, Garfield, McKinley, Taft and Harding.

Yet Ohio is not a political hot-bed. This is not because its returns on the night of the Tuesday following the first Monday in November are insignificant, but because politics in the State is so subservient to industrialism in the cities and provincialism in the country that it is a fiction to talk of a definite political consciousness. Between the Jewish shop-keeper, the German farmer, the Hungarian truck-gardener, the Italian fruit-peddler, the Greek candy merchant and the Czechoslovakian agitator, Republican, Democratic and Progressive lines are difficult of definition. A man is inclined rather to vote in accordance with the national termination of the name of the candidate. The suburban homeowner, the farmer and the shop-worker are so at loggerheads that the assumption of

any solidarity of political purpose is ridiculous.

Ohio votes as she happens to vote. I cite the career of Harry L. Davis, who was elected mayor of Cleveland upon the slogan, "Harry is a Good Boy." He was soon governor of Ohio.

III

The Smoke Screen

Ohio belches smoke. To the south, by rail, is coal. To the northwest, by steamer, is iron ore. In Ohio, is limestone. That steel should be the heritage of the State was inevitable.

In Cleveland, the night is never dark. There is always in the sky the flicker of the furnaces. In the Mahoning and Upper Ohio valleys, the tops of the trees stand poisoned and bare, and strong Slavs sweat and wrestle with molten metal. These Slavs command inordinate wages, but the stockholders of the companies for which they work are by no means panting up the traditional hill to the poorhouse.

Even steel has its romances. Among the captains of the Great Lakes ore-boats has grown up a wealth of tradition comparable only to that of the fishing and whaling fleets of the New England coast. A giant traveling crane, working among the miniature ore-mountains of a lake port, inspires a certain awe if one follows that ore to its ultimate destiny, and visualizes sewing-machines, vacuum-cleaners, automobiles and bayonets.

IV

The City That Blew Itself Up

If there is an uglier city than Akron, it must exist only in the imaginations of industrial visionaries.

Akron is not a city which supports industries; it is an industry which supports a city. The back-seat sheik and the one-armed driver owe their evolution as much to Akron as to Detroit. Akron makes tires, and tires made Akron.

In 1920, Akron got drunk. The intoxication had been coming on for years. Hotel projects, stock-selling syndicates, hot-dog venders, neck-tie peddlers, second-hand jewelry salesmen and real estate amateurs fought for Main street curb space. The real estate men won. A chair, a blackboard and no experience were the qualifications for success. Meanwhile, the factories went on making too many tires.

There was no place to sleep. A certain landlady was known to brag that, owing to the three shifts then in vogue in the factories, the sheets in her house were never cold. Every man who had not made good in West Virginia came to Akron, bought root beer and never changed his collar, if any. The town swelled and smelled. An Akron policeman, charged with housebreaking with intent to steal, put up the defense that he was drunk at the time. At the dance-halls the men outnumbered the girls two to one. Plain maidens moved in from the country. Cafeterias, installment furniture houses, beauty parlors and garages built additions. On Summit Beach Lake, slick-haired men-about-town (farmers seven months before) put victrolas and waitresses into their canoes and set about seeing what Life was like.

The city grew as an amœba travels, and gave evidence of a commensurate conception of proportion and design. It straddled its deep ravines and into them threw its empty tomato cans. With the exception of the older residential sections, it had the feel of a temporary barracks. The one beauty spot was the walk down the valley of the Little Cuyahoga, the open sewer of the town, to the garbage disposal works. I took it often. It was a relief to get a breath of fresh air.

About the time tire inflation reached its limit, the influenza pandemic gave a pretty demonstration of the Malthusian theory. Pine boxes, homeward bound, cluttered the baggage coaches. Croakers warned—an omen! "The boom is outboomed—it can't go higher." "So we thought five, ten, fifteen years ago," said the old resi-

dents. "But now we're easy. This is a permanent boom. It will never stop."

But it stopped. In a day, tire sales were clipped off as slick as a thumb in a corn-cutter. Men who had mortgaged stock in the company they worked for, to buy homes from that company, financed through the company bank, were "let out" as their stock tumbled. They joined the waiting lines at the railroad stations, where men fought and women grew nasty to gain seats on out-bound trains. Ten thousand farmers in the Middle West welcomed their sons home again. The town realtors went back to Cleveland barbershops, West Virginia hills, Pittsburgh steel-plants and the hash-counters of the lesser crossroads. The white paint on allotment stakes grew gray, and by 1923 the plough was turning furrows in what once "would be built up solid by 1924."

However, Akron is truly a city of rubber. It blew itself up, burst, fell flat, and rose again; sadder and wiser, of course, but optimistic, aggressive, and still unbeautiful. Today there is a concrete bridge across the great ravine, and talk in æsthetic circles of covering the open sewer.

V

Compensations

We have front yards in Ohio. The idea of building one's house on the sidewalk is preposterous. The unavoidable ugliness of our factories reacts toward crocuses and lilacs, lawns of velvet and roses along the driveways. We are a State of tree-planters. If the smoke and gases kill our posies, out we go an hour or more from town. Nurserymen make money in Ohio.

The small Ohio town hides beneath elms and soft maples which meet far above the trolley wires. Its broad sloping lawns are shrubbed with Japanese quince and snowball and magnolia and forsythia. Its bandstand on the public square is set about with dogwood or single roses, and ramblers or ivy ornament the City Hall.

If you would see trees which spread shade before Hiawatha's time, visit the sugar-maple groves upon the gravelly glacial drift of Geauga county. In the thawy days of March, when the sap is running free and the hepaticas are pushing through the snow, the old white mare and the stone-boat drag the barrel from tree to tree, and the sweet white essence of Springtime is gathered and poured into evaporators in the "sugar-bush"—to gladden a million orderers of a "stack o' wheat."

For all its eruption of smokestacks, the Ohio landscape presents a pleasing alternation of field, orchard, woodland and pasture. The bulk of Ohio still farms for a living, and sons of toil turn tons of soil, say "gid-ap," and envy the pimply shipping clerks with second-hand Fords. A Cleveland newspaper man, on board ship last Winter, between Melbourne and Sydney, met a Scotch wool expert who said that in London Ohio wool was regarded as of the finest. Along the lake the fruit belt stretches inland from the Summer cottages—peaches, pears, cherries, grapes and berries, set out in orderly array. In the cities grapes are sold by the ton, and rural vineyard-owners send their daughters to Ohio State University and buy superhetrodynes. Corn grows rank in the Scioto valley. Old lake-beds near Kent raise celery that would have tempted Trimalchio.

There is a placid loveliness about the soft, slow hills of Central Ohio, particularly in the October haze, when russet beech leaves drift with the wind and purple oaks merge with the sky-line. Red apples are piled on wet grass, and perhaps a real dirt-farmer will invite you in to hear about how many cords of wood his grandfather used to chop, and to have a glass of cider.

Though steel has seared many a hilltop, there are stretches of the Ohio along which the foothills of the Alleghanies still retain their pines and arbutus, where roads are mended with boulders, and old men sit in the sun and watch lazy sidewheelers dodge sandbars.

VI

Sociological Experiments

Back in the days when men labored frankly for daily bread, wives and salvation, and before the higher learning had defined the ruling passions of the world as Production and Distribution, there arose in Ohio a number of communities which tampered with the accepted matrimonial, economic and spiritual order of things in accordance with their respective lights. All leaned toward communism; but the divergence in other matters was wide.

About 1830 Sidney Rigdon, an exhorter of Northern Ohio and Pennsylvania, heard of a Joseph Smith of Palmyra, New York, a young man of no education and indifferent morals, who was an adept at hocus-pocus, a user of the divining-rod and the possessor of a rare gift of making men believe the impossible. Rigdon saw business possibilities in Smith, and paid him a number of visits. Soon afterward, Smith, directed by an angel, dug in a hill and brought out sacred plates containing a new gospel in hieroglyphics, and a pair of enormous translating-spectacles, kindly furnished by God.

The new prophet found proselyting a bit slow in Palmyra. But Rigdon, then in Mentor, Ohio (now a town of Packards, professional landscaping and up-stage Clevelanders), had among his spiritual customers at Kirtland, a tiny town nearby, a number of families whom he had successfully tongue-lashed into a daily expectation of an act of God. Smith was the act. Rigdon went to Smith, and they sent missionaries to Kirtland; the plates-and-spectacles story filled the bill, conversions were plentiful and immediate, and Smith and Rigdon followed. Thus was launched Mormonism.

In Kirtland the Mormons, who were soon three thousand strong, adopted the "consecrated property" theory, and a temple was built and a bank established—though the State refused to grant it a charter. It did business, nevertheless—issuing more bills than it had specie, and discovering furthermore that there was no legal obligation to repay money borrowed from an unchartered bank! When it blew up Smith gathered his faithful about him and moved on to Missouri (1837), leaving behind him bad debts, a spicy flavor, a congregation which numbered over four hundred even as late as 1900, and a temple which stands unto this day.

Fruit and free love were early products of Berlin Heights, a harmless-looking hamlet with antique shops and a view of Lake Erie. Fruit is still the main issue, but the free love paradise has degenerated into a Summer retreat for artists of the particularly married type. There were three successive free love colonies at Berlin Heights in the early days, and the last one actually endured for a whole year. The records say that it called itself the Christian Republic, and was composed of twelve adults and six children. The proportions of the sexes are not mentioned, and relationships that existed between them were probably unfathomable.

This group throve upon the indignation of its neighbors. It delighted in getting out newspapers which explained its notions in detail, distributing them among the hinds, and watching the latter stamp upon them (after reading them thoroughly) in a frenzy of outraged respectability. But the hinds got used to it, the kick was gone—and no doubt the free-lovers went the way of all flesh and got themselves honestly married.

Then there was Zoar. Zoar was founded by German Separatists in 1817. For half a century it was successfully operated as a commune in the most literal sense of the term. All property, of whatever nature, was owned in common. This amounted at one time to "9000 acres of land in one body, one oil mill, one saw mill, two flour mills, two furnaces, one woolen factory, the stock of their domain and money invested in stocks." Everybody worked, men and women alike; and there was a

general nursery for all children over three years of age.

Zoar was self-sufficient. It raised its own food, made its own standardized clothes, and its people bought nothing from the outside, for they did not use money! When a man needed a new hat, he went to the clothing stock-room with what we would call today an "officially approved requisition," and was given a hat made in Zoar. So it was with all articles of personal use. There was no medium of exchange, for there was no individual ownership. Men lived and died in Zoar, full of years and contentment, without ever having received or spent a cent.

The tale sounds incredible. Yet an old Tuscarawas county banker, who lived near Zoar and often visited it when he was a boy, confirms it and to some extent explains it. Zoar, he tells me, had a king! It had its constitution and its laws, but their administration and interpretation were left largely to the arbitrary dictation of this one man, who was "capable, shrewd, honest, just, obstinate, loved and feared—really, a strong character." So Zoar the commune was a sort of voluntary absolute monarchy, perhaps unparalleled in the world.

In due course of time the old king died. His successor faced rising prosperity, incoming railroads with sight-seeing excursions, and unrest among his own people, who, seeing and hearing more of the world outside, longed to be as other men. Those who worked in the fields complained that those who worked in the shops and stores were given soft jobs through favor. Zoar began to sell her picturesque home-made products to excursionists, and the knowledge of money spread through the land. At last the commune blew up, and Zoar was partitioned among its inhabitants. Money, so long forbidden, was now theirs for the asking. They could not resist its glamor—they sold for gold in hand. Within five years little was left of Zoar but an uneasy legend in the countryside and a few ruins by the river's bank.

VII

Ghosts of Glory

At Sandusky, a shallow bay of Lake Erie cuts far inland between bathing beaches and peach orchards, commercial fisheries and allotments. Here echoes of old wars still persist. North of the Bay lie trim little islands, and from the largest rises the shaft that commemorates Perry's victory on Lake Erie in the War of 1812. Within the Bay, on Johnson's Island, stand the remains of a famous Yankee prison in which many a dashing rebel grew homesick for mocking-birds and live oaks.

War itself has been always so remote from the State that Ohioans have felt honored by its tiniest flirtation. Witness the unsuccessful attempt to liberate the Confederates on Johnson's Island. The scheme, says the story, was engineered by one "John Yates Buell, a Virginian of great wealth and a graduate of Virginia University." Buell and his party posed as passengers on a boat out-bound from a Canadian port, seized the ship, steamed on toward Johnson's Island, and on the way encountered the steamer *Island Queen*, which they boarded and attacked. "The engineer of the *Queen*, refusing to do the bidding of the captors, was shot through the cheek. But no discourtesy was offered to anyone of us beyond the absolute necessity of the case, the conspirators being largely educated men from the best families of the South."

During the Civil War Morgan's Raiders often capered into Southern Ohio from Kentucky. A half-century earlier, the good citizens of Cleveland gathered at the mouth of the Cuyahoga to ward off a British attack which never came. A tale is told of three thirsty men and true of Lorain, who mounted a rusty cannon and a barrel of whiskey on an old tub of a boat and sailed forth to conquer Canada. At the first shot at the Imperial Domain, the cannon exploded, and the three brave men sailed back again.

That war has never been brought home to Ohio is perhaps a reason why so many from Ohio have gone singing forth to war. Memorial day parades, monuments bearing the names of heroes, the hooray of the middle-aged warlock and the official patriotism of the demagogue have captured easily and often the imaginations of youths out of humdrum homes whose doors have never known the boot of the uniformed intruder.

VIII

Life, Liberty, Etc.

In Ohio the Prohibitionist and the Ku Kluxer have followed the Abolitionist. Naturally, the old New England stock has always had to have some cause to nourish its sense of righteous indignation and its proselyting tendencies. Upright citizens with inherited black-walnut bedsteads have here (as no doubt in other States) harassed themselves with a feeling of responsibility for the misdeeds and misconceptions of otherwise-descended and of course not so properly-thinking fellow-countrymen.

Before the Civil War Anglo-Saxon names were in the majority in Ohio, and the population was comparatively homogeneous. Sympathy for the enslaved Negro rapidly became militant, and through the State ran many routes of the Underground Railway. In 1858 one John Price, an escaped slave, was captured in Oberlin by four "kidnapers" and taken to Wellington, five miles away, to board the train to Kentucky. Citizens of Oberlin and Wellington turned out in a body and rescued Price. The leaders were arrested under the Fugitive Slave Law, and imprisoned in Cleveland. In the charge to the grand jury appear these words:

> There is, in fact, a sentiment prevalent in the community which arrogates to human conduct a standard of right above, and independent of, human laws; and it makes the conscience of each individual in society the test of his own accountability to the laws of the land.

Two of those arrested were convicted and fined—but the balance were freed. The real force behind their acquittal lay in local opinion, which made heroes of them and martyrs of the two convicted. A Cleveland newspaper of the time decried this successful defiance of the law.

Let us now run rapidly over the years. The war passed. Wayne B. Wheeler studied at Oberlin College. Prohibition became a cause. Meanwhile, into the cities poured immigrants by the thousand, cross-breeding and multiplying prodigiously. The second generation alarmed the Perkinses; the third generation overwhelmed them. Industry, rising above agriculture and politics, not only absorbed foreign labor but fostered a Northern migration of Southern Negroes. For some time the smaller towns and the farming communities had little conception of this "colonization by infiltration." But in the cities the sons and grandsons of the Abolitionists awoke uneasily to a realization that they were now in a minority, and with that awakening came a racial self-consciousness and a vague irritation against all other races. Where charity and open-armed democracy had dwelt there developed a hostility born of fear and resentment, and it expressed itself in sudden calls for family-trees, *Mayflower* chatter, and a holy veneration for the D. A. R.

Now to go back to Oberlin. I attended college there in 1910. Oberlin was still officially democratic. It was in fact (and still is, for that matter) the most truly democratic community that I have ever known. But it recognized its democracy as being exceptional, and bragged about it insufferably. It was positively aristocratic in its democracy. In this there could be detected a faint note of a failing defense.

The only other male student in my Latin class was a colored boy, and we went over our translations together daily, in the library. One evening I was waited upon by a committee of the student body, who warned me that if I did not stop associating with that "nigger," my eyes would be blacked. From the standpoint of the college, of course, this was, and still would

be, heresy. But among the students there had crept in the feeling of the need of standing together against the alien world —a feeling as old and as natural as mankind, and in this case probably engendered by the "foreign" inundation of the cities rather than by any reflection of the attitude of the South.

Today, in Ohio, we have the Ku Klux Klan. The Smiths and Edwardses and Johnsons of that particularly Nordic and expensive suburb of Cleveland, Shaker Heights, were recently violently agitated because a colored family bought and lived in their midst. After various legitimate but unsuccessful attempts to oust the intruder (who, by the way, was obviously a speculator who expected to be bought out at a price) he moved hurriedly—because, it was said, of a letter of no uncertain import received from the Klan. Suppose he had resisted? It is diverting, to say the least, to fancy a company of Kluxers, whose grandfathers defied the law *in favor of* the Negro, arrested today for an unlawful act *against* the Negro.

Of course the Negro is not the main issue, but only an incident. The city of Cleveland supports seventeen foreign language newspapers even today, when the sons of the Petraks and the Weinsteins and the Fenaros, unable to speak any language but English, have a distressing habit of marrying the daughters of the Johnsons, the Edwardses and the Smiths. The *Szabadsag*, a Hungarian newspaper, has a circulation of thirty-eight thousand. There is a solid Italian community thousands strong. Two hundred thousand Jews live in Cleveland.

This situation is not peculiar to Cleveland. It obtains in almost every industrial town in Ohio. But although in the cities the grandchildren of the Abolitionists are thus outnumbered, in most of the farming districts and small towns they still dictate the community standards, and being by nature "ists" of some sort or other, they are today Prohibitionists. And so the small towns pile up a State majority in favor of Mr. Volstead's famous vaudeville act. Many a Kluxer is also a Prohibitionist. In matters of race he makes his conscience a law unto himself, in defiance of the statutes—but in matters of beverage he proscribes a like defiance upon the part of the foreign communities in the cities.

In solid Italian sections, grapes are allowed to fulfill their peculiar mission without attempt at investigation. The possibilities that lurk in midnight alleys do not allure enforcement officers. And so today we may imagine a Prohibitionist (perhaps also a Kluxer) whose grandfather was an Abolitionist, berating Italian wine-makers in the self-same language of the John Price case:

> There is, in fact, a sentiment prevalent in the community which arrogates to human conduct a standard of right above, and independent of, human laws. . . .

It is an exciting State in which to live, this Ohio.

THE INAUGURAL OF 1933

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD[1]

THE Spring of 1932 was well on its way before there came the first glimmering as to the successor to Calvin Coolidge. His third term, as everybody now admits, was both dull and tedious. The novelty of the man had long since worn off. The halo which had been placed upon him by the Boston police strike (which he did not settle) and the plaudits of the Washington correspondents (which he in no wise merited) had faded rather rapidly after his second inaugural. His personality no longer lent itself to popular exploitation. The public had tired of the constant dwelling upon his homely qualities, his New England twang, his terseness, his rising from the ranks, his $18 a month flat in Northampton, his devotion to his old Vermont home and to his old Vermont father. Unlike Col. Roosevelt, he would neither go down into the sea in a submarine nor into the clouds in an airplane, nor ride 104 miles in a day. The public had ceased to smile over his electric hobby-horse. Even the pictures of him pitching hay in a boiled shirt not altogether covered by his blue jeans failed longer to enthuse the movie audiences.

The crowds were tired of him as they were tired of everything political, national or international. When he first entered the Presidency they cheered wildly for Silent Cal. But gradually the very lack of personality of the man, that had once so commended him to his fellow citizens, began to pall. While the public had, during the years from 1924 to 1930, wished politics to take not one but several sabbatical years, and sought excitement in other fields, it now suddenly discovered that it would like a genuine political combat to stimulate its appetite. The movies, even the newfangled talking ones, were much the same, and so was the steadily growing dearth of new plots; the World Series always ended in the seventh game with a score of four to three; flying was as commonplace as motoring; even a transatlantic flight had lost its attraction after three years had passed without anybody's being drowned or burned alive.

In 1932 New York bankers had been for six years ringing up London by wireless telephone in order to discuss the terms of the ever-promised settlement of the French debt, or to stop the rush of gold into the United States in order to stabilize the ever-descending French franc. Col. Mitchell was still attacking the naval and military administration of the Air Service, Al Smith was still governor of New York, and the fifteenth head of the Volstead enforcement bureau was again promising the complete enforcement of Prohibition and the ending of Rum Row within six months. From the West came the same old familiar cries of despair from farmer, stockman, and rancher, but all to no avail; the cry of wolf had been raised too often. Mr. Ford had turned out his twenty-millionth flivver, and Miami had erected its two thousandth hotel and its five-thousandth apartment house without the fact being noted outside the real estate columns of the daily press. The Sunday pictorial editors were not even stirred to action by the fact that women with bobbed hair had again begun to appear on

[1] From the posthumous papers of the late Editor of the *Nation*, soon to appear in book form, edited by his sons.

the streets, where none had been since 1928, and that their legs were once more visible as the long skirts of 1930–32 began to recede. Is it any wonder that a bored public began to feel that it was time there was a change in the White House? Nobody called Calvin a modern Aristides the Just any more. Even the big business men who had obtained every favor they asked of him—the abolition of all income, inheritance, profits, and franchise taxes—began to wish that somebody would expel him or give him a dose of hemlock. There was no longer anything to grumble about, and a banker or a captain of industry who cannot rail against Congress, or the public, or the Bolsheviki, or the boll-weevil, or bad times, or the inadequacy of the tariff, or the ill-treatment of the railroads, is as much out of water as a Cassandra in Heaven.

A critical business man or two had even begun to analyze the Coolidge administration and had noticed that all of Mr. Coolidge's achievements had come, not from doing something, but as a result of *un*doing something. It was not that he had put laws on the statute books, but that he had nullified a gross of them, and that by his skilful appointments he had reduced the Shipping Board, the Interstate Commerce Commission and all the other great governmental regulating commissions to innocuous desuetude. As a result, finicky college professors were heard to declare that a period of nine years without any new legislation, without any steps forward, was too long. The press began to listen rather sympathetically to the demands of the Progressive Party, whose entire membership (or such of it as had not died of old age, or good times, or bad times, or the complete disappearance of political issues from the public press), had just gathered in the Cleveland convention hall which had witnessed the nomination of Coolidge and Dawes in 1924. Plainly, the time was getting ripe for a change. That was obvious despite the fact that the Department of State again refused (for the eighth successive annual time) to admit the Count and Countess Karolyi to America and the Department of Justice got up its thirteenth Bolsheviki scare, this time in happiest coöperation with Scotland Yard and the British Home Office, which, as in 1925, had succeeded in finding no less than twelve dangerous Reds within the United Kingdom who were threatening sedition and could be duly cast into prison for from six to twelve months for seeking to destroy the British Empire.

II

The primary cause of the rapid loss of prestige by Mr. Coolidge was, however, of his own creation. Consciously or unconsciously, he had thrown away what had been the greatest of his assets. He was no longer Silent Cal. During his Vice-Presidency he spoke almost never, and when he did the press ignored him. So when the death of Mr. Harding elevated him to the Presidency, his reputation for silence intrigued the masses by its novelty. A politician who did not talk? That gave one of those thrills that the public demands for its emotional existence, as the drug-taker craves the hypodermic syringe. It became a public pastime to bet when and where he would first open his lips and whether it would be before a mother's meeting, or the Y.M.C.A., or the Rotarians, the Kiwanis, the American Legion, the United Order of Hibernians, or the original German Turnerbund.

Alas, for the frailty of mankind in office! His first speech as President (Sept. 25, 1923) was made to the Red Cross six weeks after Mr. Harding's death, and with that he tasted blood. Gradually, so gradually that people were not aware at first of the impending change, Silent Cal began to speak oftener and oftener. His appetite grew, and soon reached amazing proportions. By that triumphal election day of November 4, 1924, he had issued statements or made speeches which by actual count totalled 97,000 words, at the average rate of nearly 10,000 words a month.

If anyone expected that Silent Cal would revert to silence when duly elected to the White House he was doomed to disappointment. Whether it was due to the importunities of the brilliant newspaper man on the White House staff (and, it was asserted, on the private pay-roll of the Republican National Committee as well) whose job it had been in the Harding inauguration to write letters for the President to sign and speeches for him to recite or read aloud, or whether Cal himself gradually became intoxicated by the words he uttered (whether they came from within him or were strung together by others),—this is not yet clear. The elucidation of the riddle must still be left to that convenient oracle who solves so many mysteries and explains so many blighted hopes, frustrated ambitions, and Napoleonic achievements—the Historian of the Future. The simple fact is that the degeneration of the President's vocal chords went on apace. The day after the election of 1924 he began again with a Thanksgiving proclamation—excusable no doubt because of his victory—and thereafter Presidential speeches began to pour forth as from a hopper. Within the next twelve months he spoke no less than forty times, on each fresh occasion with more pronounced hortation, more carefully balanced utterances (ever chiding and praising, balancing the good and the evil), more solemn diction, and greater and greater attention to the touchingly and deliberately religious.

People (who knew of the White House newspaper man) were struck by the growing resemblance of Mr. Coolidge's phrases to those of his predecessor as President. But this was obviously unjust. For if there were strikingly reminiscent Hardingesque exhortations, there were also some of the weasel words of Theodore Roosevelt and some of the superb phrases of Woodrow Wilson—such as, "We must mobilize the conscience of mankind" (used by Mr. Coolidge at Omaha, October 6, 1925, and by Mr. Wilson weekly during 1917, 1918 and 1919). Students of public utterances, especially spiritualists, psychologists, psychoanalysts and chiropractors, were soon violently debating the unconscious effect of office-holding inheritance and the hallowed environments of the White House upon the subconscious, Freudian, oratorical, Presidential self.[2]

I may best illustrate the effacement of the old Silent Cal by taking as an example the three months following his return to Washington on September 10, 1925, from his Summer vacation at Swampscott. Beside innumerable statements as to how he stood on the various phases of the coal strike, he held forth at length to the American Legion at Omaha (October 16) on his desire for a conference for the reduction of land forces (October 20); to the Annual Council of Congregational Churches (October 21); to the forty-second international convention of the Y.M.C.A.'s of the United States and Canada (October 24); on the dangerous centralization of governmental power in Washington (October 27); to the Western Republics (October 28) at the dedication of the statue of General José de San Martin (an Argentine hero, some facts about whom were luckily discovered by the White House newspaper man in a forgotten tome in the Congressional Library); to the New York Chamber of Commerce (November 19), and to the American Farm Federation in Chicago (December 7).

On these important occasions he denounced militarism and extolled the militarists, while warning them that the military system was played out; he flayed the Ku Klux Klan, but praised all those who upheld old-fashioned American standards, while deprecating lawless methods. He thrilled his religious and clerical audiences by putting all the blame for the laxity of modern morals upon the parents, thereby exculpating the pulpits. Startlingly original was his assertion that "the home is the cornerstone of the nation," and he waxed

[2] The best brief summary of this lively debate is to be found in the *Journal of Applied Chiropractic Psychoanalysis* for July 1926, pp. 23 to 410.—O.G.V.

eloquent over the "religious charity" of America. For the tendency to crime this new and voluble Cal suggested as remedies more and better religion, "a deeper religious spirit," "a spiritual awakening," "a more wholesome sentiment for law observance," "the necessity for a growing reliance of the political success of our Government upon the religious convictions of our people" (all in four full columns). To the South Americans he declared (three full columns) that South America was "suddenly lifted to a place of impressive eminence among the great divisions of the world." He was, he declared, deeply impressed by the fact that for him (Cal) the great significance of San Martin and his deeds "lies less in their brilliancy in the moment of accomplishment and more in the justifying verdict which a later time and a riper experience have pronounced upon them," a gem upon which many a dull head spent an hour for comprehension. As for the New York Chamber of Commerce, it roared its joy for five minutes after he assured it that its members were his and he was theirs, and that they were running the country with increasing rectitude and devotion.

Wise, human, original, religious, philosophical, inspiring, uplifting, and richly American as these addresses were said to be by a united press, they gradually attracted less and less attention from the public—and the press, too. March 1, 1927, became a red-letter day in the Coolidge annals; it marked the first failure of the New York *Times* to print a speech by the President on its first page. Exactly two months later it refused for the first time on record to accompany a Coolidge speech with a laudatory editorial. On July 1, 1928, the wanton, disrespectful New York *World*, in reporting a banquet in Washington, gave at length the speeches of William E. Borah and Reed Smoot and added: "President Coolidge was among the other speakers." Silent Cal had become too common, too chattering, to call for further reporting. The end was then definitely in sight.

III

As for the rise of Senator Markham, it needs no setting forth at length just now, when the events of his robust and able and admirable administration are so clearly in people's minds. Let it suffice to say that in the Senate he won national fame by the terseness of his utterances and their rarity. It was he who became Silent Bill as Silent Cal faded away in an all-engulfing downpour of words. For the public rightly guessed, as it turned from the talkative President to this man who stated his issues in one paragraph, his plan of accomplishment in three and his promises in two, that here at last was another man of action like Grover Cleveland, one who was willing to count the political world well lost rather than to truckle to a single politician, to make one unnecessary speech, or to say one needless word.

So he got the Democratic nomination, and the sporting instincts of a game-loving people were aroused. The whirligig of time found them now betting on how few the Senator's words, how many Cal's; on how many speeches the ex-silent candidate would make between nomination and election, and how many the silent. Senator Markham's great popular majority at the ensuing election was not only a triumph for the man of deeds as against the man of mere words with scarcely a single affirmative, constructive act to his credit; it marked also, with the disappearance of the White House newspaper man, a distinct change in White House style. There was never anything religious, hortatory, flattering, uplifting, inspiring, or reformatory in President Markham's utterances during his entire term. How could there be? He made only five speeches in four years and the longest of them contained 2,000 words. In them he never once referred to the greatness, or the vision, or the uplifting power, or the divine mission of America, or to its generosity to Europe—the first break in a Presidential tradition established seventy years before.

The luck of the journalist placed me squarely beside the Presidential platform at the inauguration of 1933. All the way down Pennsylvania avenue President Coolidge talked incessantly, explaining, excusing, elucidating the known, lamenting the unknown, and abusing the people, who, he said, had betrayed his absolute devotion to their welfare. Never, he said, had he expressed anything but lofty sentiments; never had he made a speech which any Y.W.C.A. would not have been proud to hear. Not a syllable in reply came from his companion's lips. "He makes Grant's taciturnity seem like a bubbling brook," laughed the eldest of the correspondents.

We newspaper men were prepared for a sensation. Our quivering journalistic antennæ sensed the unusual well before it happened. We were expecting a short, robust reiteration of President Markham's campaign views, a pledge of faith, a survey of the world horizon, perhaps a reference to his opposition to the League of Nations, his hope that somehow or other France might now be made to pay her debts, his belief in the glorious destiny of the American Republic, the greatest nation in the world. But no one was prepared for the shock when it came; nor for the shout that all but moved the heavens when President Markham ceased to speak. Already this inaugural ranks with the Gettysburg Address and Washington's Farewell. Ten years hence there will be no school commencement at which it will not be declaimed. I can see clearly now how the new President looked and how the dour retiring one seemed as if petrified by astonishment as these words took their sonorous way to the farthermost recesses of the plaza, jammed with people from the Capitol to the Library of Congress:

Fellow Citizens,

No man can dedicate himself by this solemn oath without deepest misgivings as to his own worthiness. My record you know; my platform as well. Promises I have none; my faithful word is yours. There remains but a simple prayer: May sanity and common sense lead me. May I remember tomorrow, and the days thereafter, that I am no wiser by reason of this office and not less a fool than I am today; that my ignorance is colossal, my judgment imperfect; that I am never to preach but always to practise; that I am ever to serve and never to play the master. Let me be myself, unspoiled by authority, unwarped by power, unscathed by ambition. From cant, from hypocrisy, from politics and politicians, yes, from the oratory of Presidents, good Lord, preserve and deliver me! Fellow citizens, I thank you!

THE NEW ENGLANDER

BY HARVEY FERGUSSON

Dr. Carter came to our town in the Southwest in the early eighties, soon after the railroad reached it. Old Town was then still a sleepy Mexican village of golden-brown adobe down by the river, squatting flat about its square plaza and spreading along crooked roads where old orchards leaned over high earthen walls and alfalfa patches ripened into purple blossom. New Town, a mile away beside the tracks, was an ugly, growing frontier settlement, built of wood along a single street. Other streets were staked off in all directions, people were coming in on every train, the saloons were full of the talk of real estate, copper mines, cattle and sheep. The town was bound to grow and a medical practice was bound to grow with it.

The young doctor from Vermont was lonely at first in his hot shack of an office, where he cooked over an oil stove in the back room and read himself to sleep with a Boston *Transcript* five days old. But his practice grew rapidly, for there was only one other doctor in town and he was notoriously unreliable. Dr. Carter soon had a full waiting room every morning and he was often busy until late at night. For this he was grateful because the town offered him no amusements to his taste. He neither gambled nor drank and never explored the seven gaudy saloons which nightly sucked most of the male population into their noisy caverns of yellow light. Neither was he tempted by the long row of cribs on a back street in Old Town, where women wearing bright kimonos sat in lighted doorways with burning punk in their hair, and angled with voice and gesture for the male figures that drifted by in the dark.

He did not begin to feel at home in the place until he met Emma Sargent, the school teacher, and began taking her home in his buggy whenever he could pass the school-house at the right time. Miss Sargent was from Massachusetts. She was a tall, spare, rather prim young woman who wore starchy dresses with high collars and the huge puff sleeves which were then in fashion. Through its rigid shell her body showed some slight but pleasing curves of bust and hip and she had pretty eyes and pretty hair. But she was of the lean nervous type that ages early. A few more years of school teaching and people would have begun to speak of her as an old maid.

To the doctor her primness and her complete lack of coquetry were a delight because they reminded him of home. She was an ambitious woman, too, who aspired to literature, and the doctor admired ambition. He and Miss Sargent discussed the articles and stories in the *Atlantic Monthly* and she read him some of her favorite selections from Tennyson and Shakespeare and lent him "The Mill on the Floss." This he found a great help in getting to sleep after disturbing cases.

Miss Sargent lived at Daly's boarding-house, an old adobe standing between the two towns in the shade of a cottonwood tree. It was reached by a narrow road running in Summer through a tall jungle of sunflowers. After a while the doctor got into the habit of going out to Daly's after supper for a stroll with Miss Sargent. Returning in the dark, he would take her by the arm to help her over the bumps in

the unlighted road, and when he did this they almost always stopped talking. One night she stumbled and as he caught her he said, "Be careful, Emma." She laughed and looked up at him almost roguishly. "All right, William," she replied. After that they always called each other by their first names and a feeling of intimacy sprang up between them.

This walk between the rows of sunflowers became to them a thing of thrill and romance. One night something suddenly rustled and grunted in the weeds a few feet from the road and Emma turned with a little scream and fell into the doctor's arms. The disturber turned out to be nothing but a stray burro, and they stood there with his arm still about her, laughing at themselves. Then, suddenly self-conscious, Emma freed herself and walked rapidly down the road. The doctor followed, a little uneasily, wondering if he had been too presumptuous. But when they reached the house she turned and smiled at him as she said good-night.

He could hardly wait until they reached the sunflower aisle the following evening, for he had formed a bold design. He was going to put his arm around Emma again. She seemed to have some premonition of this, for she became self-conscious, laughed and looked up at him almost slyly as they drew near the place. Then, as he reached for her, she laughed again and ran away. The doctor was amazed at how swiftly and lightly she ran. He chased her hard and caught her rather roughly, crushing her body against his. After a blinding moment she pushed him away and stood there panting, her breasts beating wildly against the hard prison of her shirtwaist, her hair rumpled and falling about her shoulders, wide-eyed in shocked surprise at her own feelings. The doctor realized for the first time that something warm, eager and soft was hidden inside that shell of starched gingham and New England primness. He seized her again, turned up her face almost roughly, and boldly kissed her, this time full upon the lips.

II

After they were married they lived at first in a little wooden house which had just been built on one of the new streets. It was a mere box of four rooms, painted white and green, without a tree to shade it, or a bit of grass to set it off. It was hot in Summer and cold in Winter. But the doctor and his bride were happy in it. Indeed, they were so happy for a time that both of them felt a little guilty. They shared high ideals of love, regarding it as a consecration rather than an indulgence. This gave an added thrill to their amours, but they were both relieved when it became apparent that Emma was going to have a baby. Purpose and sacrifice had been added to their love now, and these things were necessary to both of them.

The child, to be sure, would mean a postponement of some of their plans, but they did not renounce them. They still discussed them often. They meant to save their money and go back East, where the doctor wanted to specialize in diseases of the ear, nose and throat, while Emma was to pursue her literary ambitions. She still wrote, though not as much as before, and still sent her prim little essays and stories hopefully to the magazines, and sighed and tried again when they were returned. Her failures made her a little wistful, but they did not crush her because she had never been bold enough really to believe in her success.

The thing that most marred their happiness was Emma's cooking. It was consistently and almost ingeniously bad. She had neither aptitude nor liking for it, and her head was always full of dreams, so that she forgot things in the oven and on the stove. The doctor never knew whether his morning egg would be almost raw or hard as a potato. But he said little and comforted himself with the thought that they would soon be able to afford a cook.

His practice grew as rapidly as he could have wished. Other doctors came to the town, but Dr. Carter's reputation insured

him a safe lead over all of them. He was a really skillful surgeon, and also a magnetic and personable man—tall, broad-shouldered and vigorous. His moustache and pointed beard concealed a sensitive mouth, just as his bluff heartiness protected a sensitive spirit. Women and children liked him. He was a sort of foster-father to many families, which he helped bring into the world and struggled hard to keep alive, crawling out of bed at all hours of the night to answer emergency calls. Women were always stopping him on the street to ask him questions, and in this way he dispensed a great deal of advice for which he charged nothing. He had many charity cases, too, for it was a first article of his professional code never to refuse treatment to anyone. His large practice did not pay as well as it should have done for these reasons, and also because he was negligent about collections.

Their dream of leaving the town faded so gradually they hardly realized it was gone. Their lives were becoming more deeply implanted in this place every year. Visions of change and achievement were slowly displaced by a desire to make themselves more secure and important in the environment they knew. They had many friends and often went out to dinner and entertained at dinner in return. All of these affairs were much alike. A substantial meal, with fried chicken for its chief dish and pie for dessert, was served about six o'clock and afterward there might be a rubber of bridge or some music. The doctor was a sociable fellow and enjoyed these occasions, especially when the cooking was good. He was secretly ashamed of his wife's cooking, and sometimes he persuaded her to let him employ a Negro woman to do the work when they entertained, justifying the extra expense on the ground that Emma needed rest.

It was inevitable that they should build a house. Nearly all their friends were building houses. The whole town was possessed of a building craze. And they wanted a better place in which to entertain, especially since they had two daughters growing up. They wanted to body forth their growing social prominence in brick and wood. It was not a prudent thing for them to do. The doctor had never saved anything. All they could pay for at once was the lot and it would take ten years of struggle to lift the mortgage. What the doctor secretly dreaded most was ten more years of Emma's cooking, for he knew that she would never consent to hire a cook as long as they were in debt. But this was an objection he dared not voice. When Emma began planning the interior decorations he knew the house was bound to be built. Then his own imagination took fire and he contracted for a structure costing ten thousand dollars, which was about as much as any dwelling in the town was worth.

With the mortgage hanging over him, he worked harder than ever. He had learned to get along on amazingly little sleep. Many a week he did not average six hours a night in bed. He kept going chiefly by the use of huge quantities of coffee. Emma always kept a pot of it on the stove and he usually took a cup, black and strong, every time he came into the house and before he went out again. "Greatest substitute for sleep in the world," he used to say. He was not worried about his health. He seemed able to stand anything and took great pride in his endurance, which he attributed to the fact that he had never dissipated.

III

The first few years after they moved into the new house were the best of the doctor's life. He was in the prime of his strength and at the top of his reputation. Although his moustache and beard were a little gray, he scarcely looked his forty-two years. He was handsome and hearty as ever, and mellower than in his younger days.

A male dinner club was formed in the town at this time, called the Twelve Burghers. Its membership consisted of a dozen men most prominent in various oc-

cupations, and it was representative of the best the place contained. Dr. Carter was asked to join as a matter of course, and he was elected toastmaster by acclamation. The club met and dined in rotation at the houses of all its members. It was a famous success. Wives coöperated in preparing the dinners, but they were never admitted to the dining-room. There were drinks and stories and thrilling discussions of the future of the town, which was the thing they all lived for. Another railroad was almost certain to be built within a year. Real estate values were rising. Coal-mines were being opened in the mountains nearby. The place was sure to be a metropolis of the Southwest and these men felt that they were its creators. They had come when it was almost nothing and had built it with their hands and brains. They were in on the ground floor, and it was going to make them all rich.

The doctor was the poorest member of the club, but he was easily its most popular one. The first night they met at his house, he proposed so many novel and funny toasts that his guests were red with laughter. And then, just before they went home, Al Meadows, the most successful lawyer in town, rose and proposed a toast on his own account.

"I give you a man who has done more to make this town than all the rest of us put together. We have built houses and office-buildings and roads and dams and bridges, but he has built and saved human lives. We have brought commerce and law into a wilderness, but he has presided over the bringing of human life into the world. Our children, growing up healthy and strong, are the monument of his labors. There is hardly one of us but owes him something of our happiness and some of us owe him our very lives. The penniless have knocked at his door as confidently as the rich, and no one has ever trusted him in vain. Gentlemen, I give you the health of our host. May God reward him!"

They rose to it with a shout and drank it standing. The doctor's brave front of manner was broken for once. He blushed, tears came to his eyes, he coughed in his napkin to hide his confusion of joy.

After they were gone he lit a cigar and went for a walk. He was far from sleep. He had never felt more completely alive, nor more reconciled to his lot. What if he had renounced his hope of being a specialist and a man of science? What if he had toiled fourteen hours a day only to remain poor? What Meadows had said was true. He had saved, he had all but created human life! And they all looked up to him. They paid him a tribute the sincerity of which could not be doubted. What better test of success than to command the respect of people with whom one has lived?

He loved this place with its long rows of little wooden houses, its weed-grown vacant lots, its sandy, desolate streets, its meager homely present and its gaudy dreams of the future! It was marching toward a realization of those dreams. How it had grown! The great vacant stretch between the Old Town and the New, where he had often started jack rabbits a few years ago, was now all laid off in city lots and more than half of them were occupied. As he walked the still dark streets the doctor knew a feeling almost godlike—a feeling of creative power fulfilled. In many of these houses were lives he had fostered, lives he had saved. A native generation he had helped into the world was growing up around him. Half the children in the town knew him. Often he stopped to speak to some well-grown youth he could remember as a squirming red atom of precarious life emerging from the womb. "Well, boy, how goes it now?" He loved to give them advice. Many an adolescent he had counselled in the bewildering shock of a first encounter with desire. He had won confidences that parents had been denied and soothed agonies that might have wrecked young lives.

It seemed to the doctor that night he could ask no better fate than to serve out his years in this place, and that no other could ever mean so much to him.

IV

His tolerance grew with the years. An intelligent man could scarcely look upon so much of the hidden half of human destiny as he had seen and still retain prejudices strong enough to destroy sympathy. The only patients he ever turned away in disgust were women who nursed imaginary ills to keep his sympathy and interest.

Such a one was the Widow Cassell. She had come there alone and had worked as a stenographer for a time. Then she had married Cassell, a wealthy lunger, one of the first to try the climate for his health. Within three years Cassell was dead and the doctor knew his wife had helped to kill him—that without her he might have conquered the germs. A plump woman, soft and white, she was not pretty, but in the curve of her mouth and the sly warmth of her eyes lay power over men.

After Cassell's death she developed a fancy or a pretense that she had contracted tuberculosis from him. With all of his money to live on, she had nothing to do but worry about her health. Two or three times a week she would call the doctor up and complain of fevers, coughing spells, demand examinations and prescriptions. She puzzled him. He could never make up his mind whether she really believed she was infected or merely pretended that she was, just as he could never be sure whether she had believed she was saving Cassell by her devotion or had known she was sucking the life out of him with her soft white body. He swore when he had to go and see her and he was more than half ashamed of the check she sent him every month, much as he needed it.

Yet he spent a great deal of time talking to her. He was always amazed when he left her house at how much time he had wasted there. She disgusted him, and yet there was something warming and comforting about her presence to which he unconsciously yielded. She was everything that Emma wasn't. She was soft voiced, acquiescent, languid, whereas Emma was often shrill, always exigent and nervous. The widow was restful to him, though he never admitted it to himself.

Their association ended one day when she demanded a complete examination. Something, she felt sure, was wrong with her—if not tuberculosis, then something else. She wanted to get at the root of the trouble. She went into another room, undressed and came back wearing an opulent purple kimono, which fell away from her body when she lay down. She seemed suddenly overcome at his touch, closed her eyes with a sharp gasp. He felt her soft arms serpent-like about his neck. There was a tense amazed moment and then the doctor was stamping out of the house, more shaken than he had been in years.

She did not call him up any more, for which he was grateful because it saved him the embarrassment of a flat refusal. When she met him on the street, weeks later, she looked at him, nodded, and her full lips curved downward in amused scorn.

He had always considered it a matter of professional duty to keep himself free from scandal, and he was the more glad he had done so now that his daughters were almost grown. Rebecca, the eldest, was mentioned in the local society columns as one of the most popular members of the younger set. She was a pretty, plump blonde girl, lazy and good-natured, much humored by her mother, who was always bringing Rebecca's breakfast to her in bed, making her lie down in the afternoon so that she would be fresh for the evening, which almost always brought young men to the house now.

The Carters had spared no expense to make of Rebecca an accomplished woman. She had taken music lessons from the age of seven, and had been sent away for two years to an expensive finishing-school in Los Angeles. She had acquired a pleasing, easy manner, sprinkled a little French into her conversation and played a few difficult pieces on the piano with laborious correctness. It was their hope, never openly acknowledged even to each other, that Re-

becca would make a striking marriage. Feeling that her looks and talents required a larger field than the home town, they sent her to New York to visit a brother of Emma, who owned a drug-store there. Rebecca had a good time in New York and within a month after her return she announced her engagement to Wallace Brooks, the son of a local contractor. Old man Brooks had come to the town as a carpenter and had slowly worked his way up to the status of a business man. Wallace was a nice boy. No possible objection could be found to him. But Emma and the doctor were both secretly disappointed at Rebecca's choice.

Esther, the younger daughter, gave them both a great deal of uneasiness and some actual distress. She was smaller than her sister, dark, narrow-faced and thin, with large greenish eyes and heavy black eyebrows. Both her features and her figure were rather good, but with Rebecca she was as a cinder beside a glowing coal. Not only was Rebecca prettier and more vivid but she was sweet and full of amusing chatter, while Esther was quiet and sarcastic with a temper that sometimes alarmed her parents. She was bright in school but would not study, flunking courses she did not like out of sheer perversity. She seemed to feel that she had been unfairly treated by her parents, because she had not been sent away to school, nor had she been half so much waited upon and humored as her sister. It was, in fact, almost impossible to wait upon her, and there seemed little use in sending her away to a finishing school. Esther, obviously, would not take any finish.

When she finally did go away it was in half-acknowledged disgrace. She had an affair with Harry Willard, a local newspaper man who had come from New York for his health and was known to have left a wife behind him. He was a man of gifts, but also an occasional drunkard and suspected of other immoralities. Esther went with him against her parents' wishes, meeting him secretly for long auto rides. The association alone was almost enough to ruin her reputation. Then a story went around that an hilarious party had dashed into Willard's rooms over a grocery store in Second street one Saturday night and had found Esther there. Details varied in the telling, but it was clear to all that Esther had no social future at home.

The doctor laboriously scraped together a thousand dollars, and she was sent to New York to take a course in journalism at Columbia. The doctor did not see how he could keep her there long, and he dreaded her home-coming on Emma's account. But there was neither a charge upon him nor a home-coming. Esther presently wrote that she had a job on a newspaper and later she sent them some clippings from a Sunday edition containing signed articles by her. She also sent them both presents at frequent intervals. These made Emma weep, and the doctor felt a little ashamed of himself.

V

The expense of launching his daughters in the world kept him hard at work just when his energies were beginning to slacken. He did not get along so well without sleep any more, and coffee seemed to have no more effect upon him than water. He had to do something to keep himself going, and he began taking an occasional swig of whiskey. He had long made it a rule never to be seen in a saloon, and he did not feel that he could break that rule now. He used to step into the prescription room at the back of Carney's drug-store and pour himself a drink from a gallon demijohn of *spiritus frumenti*.

It was only an occasional indulgence, and Carney said nothing about it for a long time, as the doctor had brought him a great deal of trade. Finally, however, he felt bound to present a bill, explaining he had set aside one bottle for the doctor's use and no one else had taken any out of it. The doctor was amazed at the amount of whiskey he had drunk and he resolved to

cut it out,—or at least to cut it down. Of course, he did neither. He had to have some substitute for his failing energies.

The thing he should have cut down was his work, but this he could not bring himself to do. It was not only that he needed the money because he had gone into debt to educate his daughters and the house was still unpaid for. It was even more that his work was what he lived for, and he could not bear to give up or refuse a patient. That ideal of himself as a sort of foster-father to the town had become fixed in his mind, and a little exaggerated. All of his ambition and his creative energy had gone into the building up of his practice, and he had the fierce desire of an old man to hold what he had won.

Many doctors had come into the town as it had grown and had built up practices chiefly among people whom the doctor did not know. This he accepted as inevitable. He could not look after the whole town. He wanted only to keep his old patients and their children. As long as the newcomers seemed to be sound and reputable physicians, he viewed them with a tolerant eye. But many of them were not sound and reputable and these were the very ones who began cutting into his own list. Chiropractors and osteopaths he especially detested. And they were so damnably successful with women! Old Mrs. Koontz went to an osteopath for what turned out to be gall-stones and died when an operation might have saved her. He was sorry, but his sorrow was mitigated by a sort of grim joy when the story went all over town and the quack, as the doctor considered him, had to move away.

Even more was he disturbed by young Dr. Halstead, who operated for almost everything, and won women to him by physical magnetism used without scruple. The town was full of gossip about his spectacular operations and also about his relations with women. It was said they fairly besieged him in his office. The Widow Cassell had become his regular patient and his car stood at her door almost every day, sometimes for hours. Halstead inspired in the doctor the first bitter hatred he had ever felt for anyone in the town. Yet professional ethics kept him from ever saying a word against the handsome young surgeon, whose income was said to be twenty thousand a year. Gossip seemed only to increase his fame.

The doctor began to use morphine as he had begun to use whiskey, only once in a while when he was in desperate need. It was a far more effective stimulant than alcohol and had the added advantage that it did not taint the breath. The doctor did some really brilliant surgical work under its influence, and he felt sure he could use it with care and not hurt himself. He had had a long experience in the administration of hypodermics.

VI

The fact that he was an old and broken man became apparent to everyone else before he realized it himself. The first thing he noticed was a change in Emma's expression. The old look of affectionate admiration began to give way to one of anxiety, which she tried hard to hide. She had known little of his drinking and she knew nothing of his use of morphine, but she could see that he was failing in health, and that he was becoming irritable and crotchety. When she tried to make him take more rest he repulsed her almost angrily, so that she was afraid of him.

He lost patients slowly, for most of them were held by a strong feeling of personal loyalty, but every month or so he knew the agony of seeing some other doctor's car before a house which had been a part of his world for years. Then came the day when he broke down in the middle of an operation for appendicitis and Dr. Halstead had to be called in to finish it. He had risen at two in the morning to answer the call. At first he had been clear of mind and steady of hand. Then suddenly his vision wavered and he had been forced to quit.

It might have happened to anyone, he told himself—a sudden illness like that. But the story was broadcast by gossip in a few days, and with it went much talk about the doctor's secret drinking and his failing health. The Widow Cassell, he knew, was especially diligent in spreading these stories. Within three months his practice, which had been the largest in town, was all but gone, and he sat idle in his office just as he had done so many years before when he first came to the town. When he went out he saw old friends dodging around corners to avoid meeting him, and he was glad they did, for he dreaded to face them. He walked slowly and with a slouch, and his dress became more and more dowdy.

For a time he tried to pretend to himself that this was only a temporary indisposition, that he was going to regain his health and his practice. He thought of going away for a while and returning to make a new start. But he was not a man to live long on self-deception. There came a day when he looked at himself in the mirror and knew that he saw an old man, wrecked by overwork and drugs and whiskey. He knew that he was done. He took out, for the first time in years, the little Derringer pistol which he had bought when he first came West, full of romantic notions about the dangers of life in a wild country. This was the first time he had faced any danger from which it could save him. It could save him now from the misery which was eating his spirit.

He felt himself a man wronged by destiny. He had meant well, and more than that, he had done well. He had lived for his duty, both as a man and as a doctor. His faith had been that if a man does his duty all will be well with him. That was the faith in which he had been bred. And now it was dissolved in bitterness. He, the good man, who had served others and neglected himself, was a forgotten wreck, while the selfish throve. Halstead and the Widow Cassell had recently married. They were social leaders in the town. They were images of sleek, self-confident success.

It was the thought of Emma that made him put the dusty weapon away again. He realized now that he had done great wrong by Emma. For twenty years he had held her to a life of drudgery she detested. For twenty years she had cooked and scrubbed with so little interest in her task that she had never learned, in all that time, to make a decent pie! What right had he now to inflict upon her this last agony? He had none. That logic was decisive for the doctor.

There followed a miserable year in which they made a scanty living by renting two of the spare rooms in their house. The doctor almost lived in his office, seldom going out before dark. He faced life as long as be could stand it, and when the vision became unbearable, he had recourse to his soothing needle.

Neither of them had ever written Esther anything about their plight, but she had evidently found out about it somehow, for she got a six-months' furlough from her job as assistant editor of a woman's magazine and announced her intention of paying them a long visit. She was a strangely changed person, with a manner of complete self-confidence. For a few weeks she simply lived at home, cheering up her parents with talk about New York and her work. She had sold several short stories to the magazines and was at work on a novel. Somewhat tardily the doctor and his wife realized that Esther had done the thing they had dreamed of and foregone. She had invaded the great world and found a place in it. They were infinitely glad of her presence, a little in awe of her, a good deal ashamed of themselves.

When she had been there about a month, Esther announced quietly that she had made arrangements for them to leave town. She had found a purchaser for the house and the payments on it would give them a small income. She had also found a cottage in a little town in the mountains which was making some headway as a Summer resort. There was no doctor in

the place, and it wanted one very badly.

She presented her whole plan as though it had been agreed upon in advance. Cleverly she created the assumption that the doctor had been looking for just some such place, where he could retire to rest and recover his health. She encountered no opposition.

VII

The cottage stood in a narrow mountain valley where a silver brook rippled over red stones. There was an orchard behind it, where old apple and apricot trees littered the ground with small unwanted fruit, and bees grumbled over this fragrant spoil and a mocking bird sang. Red hills sprinkled with dark green cedars rimmed the place and seemed to cut it off from all the world.

Once they were settled the doctor found an unexpected peace. He knew now that he was done—that the struggle was over. He had no longer to face reluctant friends and former patients. He was glad that neither his dream nor his desire went beyond the red rim of the hills and that little from his old life came across it. He gave up drugs rather easily. Now that fear and hope were almost gone, he had little need of a nepenthe.

Nor was his life empty. Gradually he found many things to do. He made a garden behind the house and pruned the old orchard. He cleaned up the yard and painted the picket fence. His strength was small but it grew on exercise. When he was tired he sat on the porch and read. For twenty years he had been slowly accumulating medical journals and books which he had laid away against the time when he should have leisure to read them. Now for the first time he had leisure. True, he had little use for knowledge, but that made his reading the pleasanter. He read in a spirit of pure detached curiosity, untroubled by need or purpose. Patients came, too—only a few but enough to make him a living. There were less than a hundred people in the valley, but nearly all of them came to him soon or late.

In the evening the doctor and Emma used to sit on their porch and watch the red hills flare in the light of sunset, burn down to a black silhouette and slowly disappear in darkness. They talked little. Emma seemed to have captured something of the same contemplative calm that had come to the doctor. Now and then she would show a flash of her old exigent self and bother him mildly with her chatter, but for the most part she sat quiet and let him dream.

That was what he loved to do in the evening. His mind went always back over the past. Long-forgotten things bubbled up vivid and alive, but singularly purged of painful emotions. In his more active years, when he had looked back at all, it had been to criticize himself and to profit if possible by his mistakes. Memory then had always been pain. It was that no longer. More and more he saw his life simply as a pattern, not without beauty. More and more he came to comprehend the inevitable quality of human destiny—that he had merely walked a path without a choice of turnings.

Even the days of his decline and break, as he moved away from them in time, he could remember without bitterness. He could remember with pleasure some times when his magic needle had given him hours of a godlike sense of power. Every phase of his experience, it seemed to him had carried its own reward and its own disillusionment. The mountains of right and wrong, of wisdom and folly, which had towered over his youth, now were shrunk to ant hills, robbed of dignity and importance. It seemed to him there was little to regret, little after all that he would have had different. . . .

Yes, there was one thing. There was one misfortune which had followed him even into the peace of life purged of desire, which even now at times bit into his vitals. . . . He wished—with almost the passion of youthful longing—that Emma had been a better cook.

AFRAMERICAN, NORTH AND SOUTH

BY L. M. HUSSEY

Not many months ago, after I had printed a monograph wherein I had intimated that there were sometimes Aframericans of intelligence, there came to me, among other shocked letters from the white Southland, a note questioning me plaintively. Could it be, this correspondent demanded, that I was genuinely in earnest? Did I honestly believe that a man with any tincture of black blood in him could be veritably intelligent? Had I not, after all, simply perpetrated a joke—a dangerous and unhappy waggery, but a waggery nevertheless?

The memory of that question returns at this moment when I am about to undertake an inquiry dealing wholly with intelligent black men, and their contrasted status, North and South. Lest the ensuing survey be wholly unintelligible to readers in the Confederacy, it will be necessary at once to postulate my premise: that education and intelligence really exist in certain Negroes. The white Southerner, I fear, doubts it; he assumes its contrary *a priori*. But let it not be supposed that he grounds his assumption entirely upon mere prejudice. In a measure it has its roots in experience. In that experience he has never met, to use his own word, a nigger whose mind could be said, in any true sense, to function upon the higher levels.

But here, I believe, the habits of mind of the Southerner of Nordic blood lead him into error, and here, incidentally, I am brought at once to the first major point in my inquiry. That there exists in the South a small and scattered group of cultured blacks is true, but that it remains quite unknown to the indigenous white man is equally true. The fact is due I believe to the circumstance that no Southerner of any self-esteem will treat with a Negro save in the rôle of lord and patron. But the Aframerican of culture, living by force of circumstances south of Mason and Dixon's Line, is for his own part not wanting in equal qualities of self-esteem, and so he refuses to take the rôle of inferior. The result is that he avoids all contact with his white neighbors. In particular, he refuses to enact for them the part of subtle clown whereby his less fortunate and prideful black brother cajoles them, and so gains benefits for himself.

Renouncing this ignominious part, the intelligent black of southern residence becomes more and more a figure isolated and lonely. Unless he happens to dwell in one of the larger cities he may be without any intellectual communion at all—since he is obligated to seek such communion in members of his own race. The local white man is utterly unaware of his proximity, or, should chance bring his talents into notice, views him as a *lusus naturae*, like a five-legged calf or the idiot boy in the sideshow who plays Bach and Beethoven by ear. Lately one of these isolated Negroes, writing to me from his home in the South, confessed: "Lacking any sort of companionship that might amuse a man of my sort, I tend to withdraw more and more into myself. And there are plenty of others, in other places, like me. We are becoming too introspective, and at the same time we are becoming bitter."

I find this confession illuminating and important. It is illuminating because it illustrates a rather unguessed mental atti-

tude in certain of the Aframericans living southward. I say the attitude is unguessed because the African, of all men, has a superb capacity for laughter. Thus he does not readily become embittered, and by the cachinnous shrugging of his shoulders he has been able heretofore to shake off many a grievous affront. Now, however, scattered over the South, men of African blood abandon this racial gesture for a more dour mien. And the process is interesting, not only psychologically, but in its social implications. The social fabric of the South begins to feel, and will yet feel more emphatically, the impress of these dark-skinned malcontents.

II

To society in the South the effect of an embittering isolation upon Aframericans of talent and culture is twofold. Living in an inimical environment, the first impulse of all such harassed black men is to escape to surroundings less harsh. During late years there has been, as nearly everyone knows, a notable migration northward of Negro farm-hands, Negro laborers, Negro servants. Every day such terminal cities as Chicago, Cincinnati and New York receive their fresh quotas of adventuring negrillos in quest of a freer air. It is likewise well enough known that the Southern planters and industrialists, facing the consequent shortage of cheap labor, now pass restrictive laws to the effect that the exodus may be diminished.

It is not such common knowledge that there is yet another sort of black migration toward the North, less spectacular and hence less noted. This is the movement of Negro intellectuals from southern to northern cities. Largely it is ignored by the white Southerner. When a specific instance comes under his eye, when a black school teacher or a black journalist entrains for New York, he is commonly glad to be rid of an impudent and sniffish coon. For the most part he is quite unaware of the whole movement, but such part of it as he sees he views with satisfaction. It is an ill-founded, even, I fear, an idiotic satisfaction. It is intellectually akin to the antic pleasure of the imbecile who lops off one of his fingers with a cleaver to gratify a liking for the spectacle of red. Seeking to restrain the migration of the lower class blacks, the Confederate is quite willing to lose thereby all the better Negro blood.

One needs no very robust imagination to predict the consequences to the South. I do not allude, of course, to that long-postulated racial upheaval which alarmists envison, with the malignant blackamoors rising to shoot all the judges, burn all the court-houses, rape all the white women, and so put an end to Southern civilization. Instead, I incline to the more subtle outlook of my friend, Professor W. P. Dabney, editor of the Cincinnati *Union*, who holds that the flair of white gentlemen for ladies of swart complexion must inevitably lead to a thorough absorption of the dark by the lighter race, and so put an end, not to civilization, but to the whole race problem. But in spite of this view, there is admittedly a Southern race problem, and it is sufficiently acute in its present status. There are, in short, hosts of illiterate blacks who, while they can never attain to concerted action, can still initiate much local trouble. Their docility under the yoke depends upon the counsels that come to them from the more literate and articulate men within their own race. This leadership, if it is derived from the intellectual, the better civilized, and consequently the more temperate Aframericans, may one day save many a broken head and many a bankruptcy among the white overmen. Unhappily, the forced migration of the superior black blood northward deprives the South of such temperate leaders.

Plainly, however, every Negro in the South who has risen against harsh restraints to cultural levels has not left the Confederacy. Many of them cannot leave. What of those who must remain? Will they suffice to provide that temperate leadership for their less favored brethren that may

little by little lift the yoke without sudden disaster? One might answer yes to this query could one honestly view the remaining Negro intellectuals as conditioned by an habitually temperate mood. It is my conviction, however, that their mood is habitually otherwise. They are isolated men, they are snared men, and on the confession I have had, they are more often than not embittered men. Given the opportunity, they are likely to become, not exemplars of patience, but exemplars of belligerency.

This, then, is the first portrait I have essayed to paint in the present inquiry. This is the condition of the black intellectual who stays perforce in the South—and this is his bearing upon the South's racial problem.

III

What happens, on the other hand, to the intelligent Negro who does find his way North? Does he better his condition, or is he, in the end, disillusioned?

Most lofty questing ends in disillusionment. That is the poignant, common drama of life—the vanquishment of expectation by reality. Yet in many respects it seems to me that the black man of talent who journeys North, and also the talented black man born in the North, play together a rôle outside the everyday drama of lost aspiration.

What I am about to disclose may perhaps be made clearer by quoting at first the confidences of one of those intelligent Aframericans who did find his way North. I was seated at luncheon with this man in the city of New York. His avocation was literature, but he earned his livelihood as an executive in a strictly Negro enterprise. Thus he was identified with the blacks, although otherwise he was physically white. There was in him a trivial tincture of Negro blood, so impossible to discern by any reasonable scrutiny that to me his claim to be a Negro seemed rather an affectation. We were talking of the frequent passage of light-colored Aframericans into the white race.

"For some that may be difficult," I said, "but for you it would have been absurdly easy. Tell me, why is it you've never become a white man?"

"You understand," he answered, "that a Negro goes white for but one reason—to better himself economically and socially. And if he manages to stay white without detection he gets away, of course, from certain indignities. He doesn't have to take the worst seats at the theatres and in the concert halls, and he can go unchallenged into fashionable restaurants and so forth. Nowadays, however, some of us have discovered—I'm one of these—that an improved economic status doesn't necessarily follow a change of color. And by staying black we find there are certain benefits that outweigh the other benefits I mentioned a moment ago.

"Take my case, for example. I know well enough what my talents are. At any rate, I know what my achievement is to date. I consider myself an intelligent man and I think I've accomplished a few things somewhat out of the ordinary. At the same time, there are a considerable number of white men who have talents equal to mine, and who have done as much as I have. And most of these men are lost in the white race. They're almost unknown. Particularly, they haven't succeeded in making the connections, the contacts, the friends I have. I've found it easy to make notable contacts for one reason—because I've remained a Negro, because I'm avowedly a Negro. You know the sort of people that come up to my apartment—some of the best minds in the city. Would I know these men easily if I were white? I don't think so. They came in the beginning out of curiosity and perhaps also out of deference to a determination to put aside prejudice. 'Here,' they said to themselves, 'is an intelligent colored man who is doing something. He's a curiosity. We want to investigate him.'

"They came out of curiosity and they remained when they found I was a companionable chap with a reliable bootlegger.

In other words, they remained as friends, having forgotten the color question. As an avowed Negro I may not be permitted at all times to pay dearly in the gaudier restaurants for bad food—but losing this privilege, I find compensations that keep me in the Negro race."

Having set down the foregoing, I can now do no more than expand and clarify the curious situation related by my luncheon confidant. Moving from the hostile milieu of the South, the talented black man who reaches certain of the great Northern cities finds, not hostility any longer, but in all essential things an almost excessive amiability.

At this point I would not be misunderstood. I do not affirm that the North is pleasantly barren of racial antagonism. The intelligent black man still suffers indignities in his new environment—but they come from a class of whites that he can, out of philosophy and contempt, readily ignore. Here and there an impotent Klansman may glare at him, the waiter in a greasy tuxedo may snub him, the street-car conductor may prove sniffish. On the other hand, if his talents are in the least conspicuous, he discovers at once a body of sympathetic white men affably willing to assist him. Certainly he is no longer isolated, and certainly his talents are no longer regarded as impudences.

IV

Thus to the black man of accomplishment living in the North there comes an interesting reversal of his Southern status. His fortunes swing from an extreme of neglect to an extreme of notoriety. Perhaps not unjustly, he is excessively lauded.

Particularly is this true of the Negro whose activities are in the arts, major and minor. I recall the authenticated instance of a conspicuous white columnist on a Metropolitan daily desiring, in the excessive fervor of his escape from an erstwhile race prejudice, literally to kiss the hands of a particular Negro tenor who had just concluded a recital. The competence of this singer was undeniable, but it was also undeniably equalled by that of half a dozen white vocalists who would never be the objects of such osculatory enthusiasm.

Similarly it happens with Negro poets, Negro authors, Negro musicians. Indeed, I find these talented black men in a measure the victims of white sentimentalists. That is to say, they become victims when, no longer simply profiting by the sentimentalities of Northern sympathizers, they begin to sentimentalize themselves. Into this error all the Negro intellectuals fall occasionally, particularly of late. Taking color from their emotional white friends, they themselves exaggerate the black man's contribution to present and past American culture. For instance, observing a devoted interest on the part of white auditors in their spirituals, they very commonly assume that these spirituals are a lofty contribution to the world's music. Finding their poets between covers, and reading the reviews in the Northern white press, they fail to distinguish between rhymsters and authentic Parnassians—they are slow to see that for every genuinely fine piece of Negro poetry, such as James Weldon Johnson's "Creation," there are a thousand pieces of dialect doggerel, charming at times, but doggerel.

But if the Negro press is thus frequently clamorous to the point of downright belligerency in its praise of Aframerican accomplishment, there still remains a body of Aframericans sufficiently critical to understand that on this continent, neither North nor South, has the indubitable cultural urge of the black man found a genuinely free outlet. Great cultures come only from assured peoples, from peoples of abounding self-esteem. Only of late years does the Aframerican move toward that position of racial consciousness, of racial solidarity, that contrives the necessary racial self-esteem. And so, at the moment, the Aframerican's contribution to the culture of this planet, although occasionally unique, has been largely a succession of

gropings toward what may be eventually a clearly articulated expression.

Misled by white sentimentalists, some of the current blacks uncritically mistake the child for the man. But the Negro race, as a whole, is in no grave danger of over-sentimentalizing its attainments. No other race is so persistently or so sharply cynical. By virtue of this saving cynicism the intelligent black who has escaped the rigors of Southern isolation, having come North, accepts the excessive plaudits of white men with a concealed grin. He comprehends that the emotional fellow who would kiss his hand is actually doing penance for the virility of his earlier prejudices. He knows that the white sentimentalist still regards him, after all, as a kind of *lusus naturae*.

He sees that he is praised whenever his talents approach, imitatively, certain white talents, whenever his qualities match certain white qualities. And he finds the sentimentalist mute, saying nothing in praise, before his especial Negro gifts. His magnificent gift of laughter, his superbly cynical viewpoint, his regal gestures, his abounding capacity for play, his indifference to industrialism—who lauds these things? and who urges the Negro intellectual to give them cultural expression?

However, he takes what he can have. And he laughs. He laughs particularly at the strangely topsy-turvy civilization of the whites, wherein, as an intelligent man, he discovers himself at one or another of two poles. In the South he is ignored, he is isolated, he is driven to sour introspections. In the North he is over-praised, and, granted talent, he makes swifter progress than the white man of like talent.

These are the two pictures, strangely contrasted. This is the condition of the Aframerican when he rises to intellectual levels, North and South.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Cookery

POT AU FEU

By William Wallace Irwin

There is a meal of simple natural dishes that is served at least once a week in ninety per cent of all French homes, from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the profiteer. This meal owes its popularity to the fact that it costs little, is easy to prepare, is extremely nourishing and tickles alike the nostril, the palate and the eye. It consists of *bouillon de pot au feu*, *bœuf au gros sel*, *salade aux fines herbes*, *fromage* and *fruits*.

Let us prepare this dinner—this ABC of epicureanism—and see if we really have a sense of taste that will let us appreciate simple things. Assuming that we have four mouths to feed, we buy two pounds of very lean beef of the cheapest cut and one pound of beef bones. We request the butcher to give the latter a couple of clips with his cleaver, that they may more freely yield their store of savory juices. Choosing a vessel with a snug fitting lid, we pour in four quarts of cold water, in which we dissolve an ounce and a quarter of salt, and then add our meat and bones, making sure that they are entirely covered by the liquid.

Slowly, very slowly we commence to raise the temperature and as we do so we notice a gray scum that forms on the surface. If we wish our soup to be clear we must remove this by skimming repeatedly before the liquid comes to a boil. The skimming ended, we let the pot boil and add a pound each of well scraped carrots, turnips and leeks, and a little garlic. We season the whole lightly with black pepper, add a bay leaf and a pinch of thyme, put on the lid to keep in the perfume, push the pot to the back of the stove or turn down the gas so that it will barely simmer and—go and play golf for four hours or see a matinée.

It is now dinner time. We fish out the beef and vegetables, drain them carefully, arrange them on a plate and put them where they will keep hot. The soup we strain carefully to remove all morsels of bone. In every plate we put a small sample of each of the vegetables and a goodly slice of stale bread. Over all we pour the soup.

Did ever anything smell better? How the eye rejoices in the green of the leek, the gold of the carrot and the white of the turnip, all floating in the odorous amber fluid whose surface is speckled with gleaming "eyes" of fat from the bones! Taste it and notice how smoothly the flavor of all the ingredients has blended into an harmonious whole. Take a second helping and eat plenty of crisp French bread with it.

Now bring in the platter from the kitchen, making sure that it has been well drained. If anyone says all the nourishment has been cooked out of it, smile superiorly—he is merely ignorant, if anyone says it is not good, smite him and hurl him into outer darkness—he is a Philistine and there is no hope for him. With the beef and vegetables we serve a small saucer of ordinary rock salt that we have crushed with a rolling-pin until it is the size of coarsely ground coffee. When we sprinkle this on the beef plate you will be surprised to find how much it differs in taste from the fine purified salt that you are accustomed to use. Thin red wine is the proper accompaniment to this incomparable dish.

And now for the salad. What have you got? Anything green, tender and crisp will do: lettuce, dandelion, romain or chicory—it matters not. Pick it to pieces, wash it

well in running water, shake it dry as you can in the colander, then dump it in the middle of a tea-towel, gather the four corners together and whirl it at arms' length to get rid of all the water possible. Now put it in a bowl much too big for it and bring it to the table. There are few things in this sad world so provocative of profanity, so ruinous of tempers and tablecloths, as mixing a salad in a bowl that is just big enough.

You have previously taken half a dozen good sprigs of parsley and a morsel of tender young onion about as big as a one-story peanut and hashed these together fine, fine, fine—almost to a paste, and now you add them to the bowl. Take a tablespoon, hold it over the salad bowl and put in it a generous pinch of salt, a good dust of pepper and half a teaspoonful of German or French mustard. Now, add enough good cider vinegar to fill the spoon and with your fork mix the spices and vinegar well together. Sprinkle this mixture on the salad and at once refill the spoon twice to overflowing with the best olive oil that your purse can buy. Now mix the salad gently for a long time, until every leaf is smiling with the glistening dressing. Try that with some more crisp bread!

The cheese—ah! here is where America lags behind the rest of the world. In France alone there are produced more than five hundred varieties of cheese. Many of the best are so delicate that they cannot be carried more than a hundred miles without suffering; others appear on the markets for only a few weeks in each year, exactly like certain fruits; still others are produced in such small quantities that you never taste them outside of the small districts that produce them. But the meal we have been eating demands neither a heavy cheese nor a strong one, so if we can find a little Neufchâtel or, lacking that, a spoonful of thick, well drained *Schmierkäse*, we will serve it with some brown bread and jam.

Our little dinner must now be balanced and closed by some fresh fruit—an apple, a pear, a peach or an orange, according to the season. It will aid digestion and prepare our palates for the divine bitterness of a tiny cup of strong black coffee. So ends a perfect meal.

Military Science

THE DEFENSE IN MODERN WAR

By E. L. M. Burns

It is now obvious to every military engineer that it is useless to put a trench on the crest of a hill, or a little in front, as was usually done before 1914. Even though the riflemen in it can sweep the ground for a thousand yards in front of them, a barrage will keep their heads down—or blow them off—until the attackers are within fifty yards. It is similarly a waste of labor and material to construct concrete pill-boxes in an exposed position, no matter what its tactical importance may seem to be. They will be marked, and a day or so before the offensive is launched, a twelve-inch howitzer will discharge hundreds of shells at them, until a direct hit is obtained. Or, in the assault, the occupying machine-gunners will be blinded by a smoke barrage, and will have to content themselves with firing bursts at spots where they imagine the attackers are, waiting all the while for the enemy infantry to sneak up to their back door and toss a bomb inside.

The battle of the Aisne impressed these principles on both belligerents, and after it was over field works were never sited where enemy artillery observers on the ground could get a good view of them, if it could be helped. Nor did concealment end there, for other means of locating defenses than by looking for them from the ground were soon brought into use. The most important of these was that of ærial photography. A great deal could be learned by observation from an airplane, but it was always difficult for the observer to

mark accurately on the map the position of the enemy work he had seen. He could not hang for long over the hostile lines without great risk. But air photos supplied records which could be made instantaneously and studied at leisure. From them, trenches, gunpits, headquarters, and other centers of enemy activity were easily and correctly plotted on the map.

But in spite of this extensive use of the airplane and the camera, ground observers were not allowed to relax their efforts, and all arms, and sometimes special units formed for the purpose, established observation posts and noted every little bit of movement and every change, however slight, in the enemy defenses opposite. At night, bearings were taken on the flashes of machine-guns and artillery, and in some places a most ingenious and complicated apparatus was installed which could locate guns by their sound. The information coming from all these sources, together with that obtained from prisoners and deserters, was collected by the intelligence branch of the staff. The first thing any general did, before he prepared his plans for attack, was to summon his "I" *wallah*. This subtle man usually knew pretty definitely where the defending artillery was, the distribution to within a company or so of the infantry garrison, the location of the headquarters, and the routes by which reinforcements and supplies would be brought up, and he was often able to determine the most dangerous concentrations of machine-guns.

How, then, is the commander of the future, thrown on the defensive, to deceive his adversary? His first care will be to locate his artillery and his most important infantry defense works on the other side of the hill. But he cannot do this with safety unless he also has within his position some place from which he can get a view of the ground over which the enemy will have to advance to attack his lines. This means high ground, in the rear or on the flanks. If the commander is selecting the position deliberately, he will try to find one which affords good observation posts and also leaves covered ways of communication (behind rises, woods, and so on) between the garrisoned sections of his defensive zone. In other words, the defending commander must try to so contrive things that the enemy, when he comes up against the position, will find his communications commanded by hostile observation, but will himself be unable to see what the defenders are doing. Such positions are not often met with, but Vimy Ridge and the Wytschaete-Messines Ridge, held by the Germans up to 1917 in the World War, came up to the specifications.

Their strength lay in the good observation they gave. Nevertheless, when the well-prepared attack of the British was delivered, the Germans were pushed off the high ground in a few hours, and their precious observation was lost. A deeper defensive zone in front of the vital lookout areas might have enabled them to hang on, but this would have brought their defenses chiefly on the forward slope, which had to be avoided. Fortunately, there are nearly always small rises and folds in the ground—what are known in topography as under-features—and the advanced defenses may often be hidden in them. If there is absolutely no possibility of concealment, as may happen, the area in advance of the observation line must be held very lightly, and the bulk of the troops kept back for a counter-attack when the first force of the enemy assault is broken. A well-planned counter-attack may be expected to regain the better part of the forward zone that had been over run, if the attackers had been roughly enough handled by the defending machine-guns.

All this makes tangled business. One has to hide one's infantry, and yet one's gunners must be cocked up on a hill where they can see as much as possible, and to protect them the infantry must go out in front, often in open country. Even when all the important defenses are hidden behind ridges, the airplane can still spot them and record their positions. The man in the airplane, then, must be deceived.

The first step is to force him to fly high. Obviously, the higher he has to fly, the smaller will be the scale of the plan which is spread out below him, and the more difficult it will be for him, and to some extent for his camera, to pick up the minute differences of color or the tell-tale shadows which, if the camouflaging has been well done, are all there is to betray the location of the defending works. Anti-aircraft guns and machine-guns, and strong patrols of fighting machines can usually insure that the enemy reconnaissance planes keep a respectful height. As the late war went on, they had to fly higher and higher. But neither side can expect to be entirely free from overlooking. So there must be concealment.

It is comparatively easy to camouflage a dugout, a machine-gun emplacement, an observation post or a gunpit, if care and forethought are exercised, but with trenches, strong points, dumps of ammunition and supplies, and trench tramways it is almost impossible. The camouflage used is not elaborate. It is usually netting, with interwoven tags of cloth, or raffia, stained green or brown, or a combination of both. Its purpose is to make the ground, from above, look exactly as it did before the work was constructed. The color and texture of the camouflage must be the same as that of the original surface, and any new shadows that may be thrown by it must be eliminated or disguised. The attention paid to it must be unremitting. A day or even a few hours carelessness, and the best hidden battery or machine-gun may be spotted, and marked on the enemy intelligence maps, with the usual consequences of harassing fire or a destructive shoot.

The worst give-aways are the tracks which men or vehicles make in coming to an occupied position. It is quite extraordinary the way these tracks will show up in an air photograph. Even when one cannot detect them at ten feet on the ground, a thin white thread-like line will be registered on the plate. If a number of such tracks converge to a point, or if a track stops abruptly at a point, the enemy air-photograph expert knows that there is something there, and he uses his magnifying glass, and consults any other sources of information he may have, until he has solved the mystery. The way this betrayal by tracks is avoided is to have only one route leading to the work, if possible one which was in use before construction was commenced, or to make one which apparently leads *past* the site to some other likely objective farther on—sometimes a specially constructed dummy. But a great deal of attention to discipline is still needed; the enlisted man does not see the need of walking always on the one path, which may be muddy and often is roundabout, unless he has had the reason very forcibly explained or impressed upon him. Even then he may dismiss it as a fad of his officers, to be deferred to when they are present, but to be disregarded when they are absent. The British Tommy could seldom be got out of his habit of walking anywhere he pleased; Fritz apparently didn't stray nearly so much, to judge by the comparative infrequency of tracks on his side of the line.

Some kinds of works must be placed near crests, or on forward slopes, because they must have the enemy in view to function properly. Such works are machine-gun emplacements and observation posts. They must be built so as to escape detection from the ground as well as from the air. As their dimensions are small, this can usually be done. Much ingenuity was exercised in devising them in the late war. The shelter is commonly put behind some object which rises a few feet above ground, such as a clump of bushes or a hedge, and an inconspicuous loophole is made in the screen. But the greatest care must be taken that no movement is allowed nearby which will give the position away to the watchful enemy observers. Machine-guns in such emplacements remain silent until a really important assault is delivered. The routine harassing fire is done from positions which are only temporarily occupied.

If there is to be any security in the defense, every gun and machine-gun must have an alternative position to which it can move in a hurry if it is located by the enemy. Sometimes more than one can be provided. The more such emplacements there are, the more difficult it will be for the enemy intelligence service to decide where the weapons of the defenders really are. It is hard to distinguish between active and unoccupied positions. In addition to real alternative positions, dummies are constructed, and, of course, these must not be too obvious if they are to be of any use. There is unlimited scope for cunning in these ruses, and if they cannot always absolutely succeed, they add to the uncertainty of the attacking general and his artillery commanders. It should be made impossible for them to say with complete assurance: "Here is a field gun; there a machine-gun nest."

But trenches cannot be hidden, so the infantry who occupy them are made safe by digging more trenches than are actually garrisoned. The alternative position principle again. Those lengths which are not primarily intended for fire positions in battle are useful for communication, and sometimes for positions for flanking fire, in case of the capture of a portion of the defensive zone, and the consequent necessity of changing front.

These are a few of the principles on which the engineers of the defense work in order to preserve its effectiveness when it is tested by a serious attack. The object, in brief, is to surprise the enemy when he attacks, and to prepare this surprise by the most sedulous concealment beforehand. The success of the defense will depend chiefly on whether suitable ground has been chosen in the first place, and after that on the ingenuity and attention to detail of those responsible for the location and camouflaging of the works.

Language

YIDDISH IN AMERICAN FICTION

By Alter Brody

There arises, in the popular American fiction of the day, a new dialect, which, by analogy with Pidgin English, may be called Yidgin English. Its basis is theoretically Yiddish; in form it is ostensibly a translation of Yiddish into English. Actually, it is a purely imaginary language, logically related to neither of its parents.

"God from the world!" wails Anzia Yezierska continually, throughout her stories. Why? Because the preposition *foon* in Yiddish, like the German *von*, and like many English prepositions that have several uses, happens to mean both from and of, depending upon the context. In this phrase, in the Yiddish, it happens to mean of—which converts the picturesque "God from the world" into the drab and strictly grammatical "God of the world." If one wanted to go a step from literalism, a smoother and truer interpretation would be simply "God Almighty."

"Will you have a bite of eating?" is a casual query, spoken evidently in Yiddish, since the young lady addressed has just "got off from the ship." *Essen* (eating), however, also happens to mean food in Yiddish, as it does in German. So the phrase flattens into "Will you have a bite of food?" This, being redundant in English, can be reduced to "Will you have a bite?" "Mine own brother," exclaims Anzia elsewhere, "with the old shine from his eyes!" This, as it happens, is even more incorrect as Yiddish than as English. *Schein* (shine) is never used in that sense in Yiddish; but *licht* or *lichtigkeit* (light); which converts the sentence into: "My own brother, with the old light in his eyes."

The ancient Jews, whether they spoke the pure Hebrew of David, or the Aramaic Yiddish of Christ, probably managed to express themselves in tolerably grammatical form. But the Bible, according to St. Anzia and her school, ought to read some-

what like this: "*Oi weh!*" moaned David. "Mine son Absalom, Absalom mine son! God from the world! Better from far already I should have died, only if not he!" And Christ, in the Garden of Gethsemane, should exclaim: "*Oi weh!* So tired I am from the heart, till I could die! Mine Father from Heaven, everything it could be by You! So make it maybe I shouldn't have this bitter cup to drink!"

It remained, however, for a gentile, the late Myra Kelly, to outdo even Anzia Yezierska. Myra was a school teacher on the East Side, and recorded her experiences in a volume of stories called "Little Citizens." Her protagonists are chiefly school children, and are supposed to be talking in the typical class-room English of the Ghetto. But anyone who has ever observed a group of little East Side school-girls playing school, and aping their teacher's accent and deportment with uncanny perfection, will wonder when and where such gibberish as this was ever spoken:

> Isidore, yiss ma'am, he makes me dis here shiner. Sadie she goes und tells him she kisses him a kiss, so he makes me a shiner. He's love mit her, und she got kind feelings by him. Come Isidore, und he hit me a hack on my leg, so I couldn't to hold it even. So I fall und I make dis here shiner. Soon mine mama she puts medsin at a rag, and bangages up mine eye, und now I aint healthy.

The firm of Kelly & Yezierska is the horrible example. But there are others. I have before me one of Edward J. O'Brien's anthologies of "Best Short Stories," containing an East Side story by David Freedman. Freedman steers clear of the Scylla of italicized Yiddish,—but only to fall, all too frequently, into the contortions of Yidgin. Here, at the opening of his story, he is at his best:

> "What is a landlord? A bore! He asks you one question all the time—Rent! What is rent? A fine you pay for being poor. What is poverty? Dirt—on the surface. What is riches? More dirt—under the surface. Everybody wants money. Money! What is money? A disease we like to catch but not to spread. Just wait, Zelde! The time will come! I'll be a landlord on Riverside drive! We'll have our own home——"
>
> "In the cemetery!" Zelde said bitterly.
>
> "Not so fast," Mendel replied, sipping his tea. "Cheer up, Zelde! What is pessimism? A match. It burns the fingers. What is hope? A candle. It lights the way. You never can tell yet! What is life? A see-saw. Today you're poor and tomorrow——"
>
> "You starve!" Zelde muttered.

This is excellent—and it makes all the more inexcusable such lapses, later on, as: "Zelde, a glass tea," and "Zelde, it's a draught. Shut up the window." These phrases may sound quaint to Anglo-Saxon ears, but so would any English colloquialism literally translated. Imagine what metaphysical profundity a Brahmin might read into our casual: "How do you do?"

Bruno Lessing, like Freedman, belongs to the class of those who know better. One of his most successful adventures in Ghetto psychology is a story entitled "The Story of Sara." A rabbi goes a-marketing, and the tale turns on the transaction between him and a sentimental fishwife. We have a firm, fleshy narrative in untroubled English, as real and convincing as the fish the rabbi is fingering:

> "Are they fresh?"
>
> "They were swimming in the sea this very day, Herr Rabbi. They could not be fresher if they were alive. And the price is—Oh, you will laugh at me when I tell you—only twelve cents a pound."
>
> "Come, come, my good mother, tell me without joking what they cost. This big one, and that little one over there."
>
> "But Herr Rabbi, you surely cannot mean that that is too much. Well, well—an old friend—eleven cents, we'll say."

And so on. After thus showing us that he can get along without Yidgin, it is surely unkind of Mr. Lessing to offer such stuff as the following, in "A Swallow-Tailor for Two":

> Isidore, bah . . . never do I want that name to hear. Isidore, a loafer he iss, sure. Ve vas friends vunce, un don't I know vot a loafer he iss? Ven a man iss a loafer, nobody knows it better as his best friend. Don't you remember by the night uff der two Purim balls? Vot, no? Yes. Der vas two Purim balls by der night.

Comparing these two stories, it may be noted that Ghetto psychology is well-handled in inverse proportion to the amount of Yidgin a story contains. When a writer uses such crude means of laying

on local color he can afford to stop at the surface, but if he deprives himself of their aid he has to prove his points.

When one comes to the author of "Potash and Perlmutter," the question becomes somewhat involved. Obviously, Mr. Glass doesn't wish it to be inferred that his characters are using Yiddish, but rather their own particular brand of English. Nevertheless, one who is acquainted with both Yiddish and the cloak-and-suit brand of English will find it rather hard to classify his dialogue. It's too smooth for the English it is supposed to be, and its crudities are out of place if it is translated idiomatic Yiddish. Beside, the assumption that English rather than Yiddish is the language of the firm is in itself unsound. Unless it was part of their articles of partnership that all conversation be carried on in English, Mr. Potash and Mr. Perlmutter, whatever their degree of Americanization, would hardly have used it constantly as an intimate medium. The average Potash and Perlmutter, when they are sure that their daughters are away at college, and that there are no young Western buyers around, always relax gratefully from the strain of English into the comfortable easy-chairs of their Yiddish.

The really characteristic idiom of the elder generation of Americanized Jews is a Yiddish sprinkled with English. The corruption of Yiddish by this English invasion has for years divided the Yiddish press into two warring camps. In this battle, which overrides all party lines, the *Freiheit* (Communist) finds itself on the side of the purists, with the *Tag* (democratic); and the *Vorwärts* (Socialist) leading the Americanizationists.

Most Yidgin writers qualify their Yiddishisms with parenthetical English explanations. But not Fannie Hurst. She disdains such proximity, and it is well for her that she does. In one of her latest stories, her heroine speaks of going downtown to Hester street for some *blintzes* to re*jew*venate her nostalgic old father. Since Hester street is a pushcart and dry-goods center, one infers that *blintzes* are some sort of banana, or perhaps some kosher dry-goods. For the benefit of the *goyim*, it must be whispered that they are really fried cheese fritters, served at Jewish restaurants from Bensonhurst unto the Bronx.

No one, not even the Yiddish writers, understands the Jew better than Israel Zangwill. But sprinkled through his dialogue, like obscene allusions, are the leering italics. They have no place in the stories, because by their side in parentheses there are always perfect English paraphrases. All they contribute is a sense of indulgent recognition to the Jewish reader, who feels "in on it," and a vague sense of outlandishness to the Gentile. Neither of these reactions is æsthetically pertinent, but it is on them that Yidgin feeds. The average purveyor of it, brought up from his school days to look down on Yiddish as the language of his unschooled parents, gets the same satisfaction in using it in his English that a small boy gets in repeating half-understood indecencies. And the American public finds anything that is not American either irresistibly comic or profoundly pathetic. We do not think it comical that a Frenchman should speak French, but we have yet to learn that there is nothing comic in Jews because they happen to be expressing themselves in Yiddish.

Yiddish is too rich a language to be exploited superficially. In an age of standardized speech, it is emotionally fluid—a dramatic mine unequalled since Synge discovered Irish. But it is not an English dialect like Synge's Irish. It is an autonomous language. It is a Middle German dialect, which the German Jews adopted in the Middle Ages, and which their tongues moulded to their own peculiar rhythms. It has its own peculiar imagery, differentiating it from German more than its accent or grammar, and it is this that one must capture if one is to transplant it into English. There is no reason why it should be foreign to the genius of English, any more than the Hebrew of the Old Testament.

GUAM

BY M. S. LEA

TWELVE days lazy sailing to the East, and a little to the South, of Honolulu brings you to that island of the Ladrone group known as Guam. It might be called a little cousin of that other voluptuous paradise of missionaries and tourists, but it is a very ragged little cousin. Its face looks as if it would long, if it were a right minded urchin, for Saturday night to come. Its *camisa* hangs outside (there is nowhere else for it to hang) and it wipes its nose on its "white hat," bought or stolen from the American navy, because it has been told that it must be wiped on something and the hat carries itself—on the head. The arrangement is effortless and simple.

Guam, technically, is a coaling station for the Pacific Fleet. A high official in a military bureau in Washington once remarked of a junior who asked to be assigned to duty on the island, "If he's fool enough to want it, send him there immediately!" Everyone knew at that time, shortly before the outbreak of the World War, that only one steamer stopped there each month, and that one an army transport. This meant only one mail a month. It meant no theatres, no shops, no companionship outside the personnel of the naval station and a few civilians in charge of the cable. But there are always persons who like the compact life of colonial communities. Guam is still sought after by the new lieutenant and his bride, who are reluctant to relinquish each other for the dark distances of a regulation cruise. (It may be had, upon request, in place of two years sea-going.) And it is not disdained by the captain of ships for whom a fresh sensation lives in being made a governor.

It is a splinter of coral reef and cocoanut grove thirty miles long by nine across, at a casual approximation, delightfully without landscape gardening of any description. Its beaches are littered with robber-crabs and storm-torn branches; it faces typhoons with a chittering, gamin's smile. It is not big enough to be considered in the topographical scheme of things save as a pin point and a name, and it knows it. Its very sense of inferiority makes it intriguing.

"Here I am," it seems to say. "You will find Hawaii sensuous and Manila a little depraved. I am that derelict thing, a South Sea island in the raw."

"Oh, my God!" the passing tourist responds. "And people live here! Let's get back aboard, for Gossake!"

But such comments are not ruffling to the ladies in organdy dresses and a variety of fans, whose husbands are stationed ashore. They live quite nicely in old Spanish houses, made new with built-on verandahs and fresh whitewash. They belong to bridge clubs, and on clear afternoons they play tennis on courts laid out on the plaza, and on moonlight nights go on picnics and swim lazily in the convenient lagoons. Everyone knows what they have to say.

"Have you read 'The Red Petticoat'?"

"Oh, my dear! Isn't it the most—"

"But that woman! Do you suppose that such a creature could be—"

"I know what you mean. Like that dirty man in 'Norden.'"

"I can hardly wait to find out—"

"Oh, they don't, my dear! She kills herself!"

"Kills herself! Sounds like those awful Rússians. I'm glad I don't know anything or anybody horrible."

"No. Let's play a game of bridge."

Butterflies at play above a witches' cauldron, as you may see if you will look about you.

Down a broad, white street, between walls of mildewed adobe and golden thatch, a figure is coming toward you, walking. It is a figure in a drab, black skirt, in a *camisa* whose huge, bell-like sleeves fall limp from shoulders bent with dejection. A black head-handkerchief is folded in three points, and hangs at the back. An old woman, to all appearances, tottering on her way to sit in the livening sunlight on a dutiful son-in-law's doorstep. But what if she has no face? She is dressed as though she had a face. She walks about as though she had a face. Doubtless she would smile upon you and murmur "*Buenas dias*," if she had a face. But now she has nothing left with which to smile. Beginning at her throat and eating its way through her nose, gangosa has made of her a thing to chill one's blood. Pockets of dried, brown flesh, picked out as though by vultures; teeth fixed, through tears and laughter, in a lipless, implacable smile; a nose like the nose of death, yet resisting death.

II

Some years ago the doctors of the American navy found the cause of gangosa and a cure. It turned out to be a disease that had never been known to attack the white race —a species of yaws and not even hereditary. New cases were cured in their incipiency, and advanced cases were stopped at the point to which they had progressed. But some had progressed very far. They continue to walk the earth in Guam—appalling figures of death. They cannot smile at you, but they can still kiss the crucifix. This they do with devout regularity when they meet the priest in the plaza. The priest is an ample, ruddy-faced man with the flapping robe and sandals of a Spanish friar. His eyes are brown, and twinkle under his bushy brows, he offers his crucifix impartially to the mincing *mestiza* and the ghastly victim of gangosa. He is father to twenty little orphaned natives, for whom he has made a home at his rancho in the hills. If you know Spanish and care to listen he will tell you the story of Maria des los Cangrejos.

It happened, the padre relates, that on a certain night that was very black and very still, so that the fish in the lagoon were unwary, two fishermen took their spears and torches, and, stripping themselves of their clothes, waded out to see what fortune the dark would bring them. They had not been in the water long before they perceived two lights bobbing about on the waves, just across the teeth of the reef.

"Let us go and look," said one to the other, "to see what those two lights may be."

And so, slinging their strings of fish across their shoulders, they took long strides in the direction of the breakers. As they drew near to where the island's edge drops away to the bottom of the Pacific, they saw that the lights were candles, and that the candles were carried in the claws of two giant crabs, who were supporting an image of the Virgin between them. When the fishermen, who, as good Christians, were incensed, would have taken the image of God's Mother from them, the crabs reproved them, saying, "You are not clothed, wherefore you are not fit to receive so saintly an image. Go at once to your houses, and when you are garbed properly, return to this spot, where we will give you the image in order that you may give it to your priests."

So the fishermen returned to their houses to dress, and when they again presented themselves before the crabs they were given the image, just as had been promised. They carried it back to the shore with them, where the priests named it Maria des los Cangrejos, in honor of the good crabs who had cared for it. It may be

seen, today, in a little chapel all its own, on the far side of Guam. Maria des los Cangrejos is made of wood and is a foot or so high, with a mildewed air. Strangers scoff at her history and substitute a prosaic one of their own, concerning a tidal wave and wreckage from a neighboring island. But the natives love her as Mary of the Crabs.

These natives, known as Chamorros, are a child-like people, from whom fragments of strange lore may be culled if you will ask the question, "What is a *tao-tao-mona?*" For this has come down to them through the centuries and is their own. A *tao-tao-mona*, you learn, is a being of formidable proportions and disconcerting ways. Seven or eight feet high he stands, and is very black in color, although it is said that at will he can change himself to a white man. His hair is bushy and grows straight out from his head, while his eyes are round and his teeth resemble hatchets. You may look upon a *tao-tao-mona* in the open without fear, unless you presume to accost him, which is unwise, for he can deprive you of the power of speech for your temerity. Anyone regarding him from behind a window shutter or around a door immediately becomes ill, and probably ends by going blind. The *tao-tao-monas* live in the caves under Missionary Point and in the jungle in the interior of the island. Because of them, dark roads are eerie traveling at night; they have been known to pinch the arm of a little girl going harmlessly on her way to her grandfather's house at Piti.

If one among them desires friendship with a human being, that man is doomed to become an immortal without dying, for he must become one of them and go to live an ungodly eternity in the brush. Should he prove stubborn, choosing, instead, a human lifetime and a wife, the *tao-tao-mona* will spend long nights in his house, visible to the eye of the man who has refused acquaintance with him, but invisible to his consort—an uncomfortable seeming arrangement.

III

Glib-tongued America has divided the population of Guam into three classes, distinguishable at the feet. These classes are the shoe gang, the slipper gang and the barefoot gang.

The shoe gang is *mestizo* and is apparelled, when in public, in unbeautiful Western clothes and undoubtedly painful shoes, which it is said to remove, once across its own threshold, to enjoy again that natural ease which God ordained. It owns trading shops and occupies white collar jobs in the civil service. The slipper gang works on the roadways and hires out for domestic service. The barefoot gang lives on its ranchos, and corresponds to the coolie-class of China.

A fandango, or wedding feast, held in the house of a well-to-do member of the slipper gang is very well worth seeing. There was, for example, the fandango of Dolores, who lived with her mother, who was said to be her grandmother, and with her elder sister, who was said to be her mother, and with a number of other brothers and sisters whose origins one did not chance to hear. The house they inhabited was of rough, unpainted plank, topped by a peaked thatch in which sang many lizards, while inside a statue of Santa Maria was enshrined high on one wall.

On the night of the fandango Santa Maria, shyly beautiful in a new green, spangled robe (made from the gift of an old dance frock to Dolores' second sister), was massed about with paper flowers and lit with twinkling candles. A huge kerosene lamp, swinging from a rafter, threw uncertain shadows on to the brown, peaked ceiling and over the rough, brown walls. At one end of the room a sweating, swaying trio of musicians strummed mandolins and a guitar, drunk with the splintered, silver melody of their own producing, while about the floor circled the wedding guests, ragging to the measures of "The Grizzly Bear."

Dolores sat on the diminutive porch, with its one long bench, and entertained a number of Americans who had been asked to come to lend prestige to the festival. Her *camisa* was concocted of a fairy-like piece of *piña* cloth, appliquéd in sprawling velvet roses. Her skirt billowed and trailed about her in folds of bright pink silk. Softer than the jasmine-scented night were her little, yellow face and lovely, rounded throat. Her hair, with its suggestion of curl, with its hint of bronze at the ends, was caught back from her forehead in a single delightful knot. Her hands were like lemon-colored butterflies, at rest in her lap.

The hour was quick with romance, with suspense. For the bridegroom of Dolores was holding his fandango in another part of the town. Not until midnight might he come to reach possessive hands toward her, to bear her away to the cathedral beside the plaza, and the priest. The wait proved somewhat fatiguing to the restless American mind. "Action!" someone would cry. "Action!" But like a little honey-colored statue sat Dolores, her oblique black eyes fixed sightlessly upon the dancers, her lips moving now and again to answer, ever so gravely, some jocose word of the Americanos. She might not dance on her wedding evening until her true love came to claim her.

"He is late," said someone.

"He is not late. It is not time," responded Dolores, imperturbably.

"Perhaps he is not coming."

"He will come." Dolores did not stir.

"He has forgotten you! He has gone to sleep!"

The dark gaze of Dolores did not waver. Not so much as a little finger moved in the folds of the bright silk lap.

"He will sleep—but he will marry me first."

A sudden hum of voices along the road. Around the corner of the house, winding along the wide street, appears a line of women. No young, gold faces here. Women wrinkled and drab and old, whose raiment, utilitarian, native, hangs dispiritedly upon them. Upon their heads they carry trays piled high with loaves of fresh baked, steaming bread; they represent the family of the bridegroom, and come with symbols of plenty to the bride. Up the steps of the house they pass, sad-faced and oblivious to the dancers who make way for them. They move in trance-like fashion through the sala to the kitchen, in another building. If Dolores feels a chill breath of prophecy as they disappear, senses a goose wandering over her grave, she gives no sign.

Now a roar breaks out in another direction, along another road. This time Dolores starts, ever so slightly, with a blush that obviously hurts her love of the formal. All too well she knows the young, cockerel clamor of her bridegroom's train. She strives to hide her quick confusion. At last they come in sight, a boisterous, chattering crew with a figure like that of a slender, brown god hustled good-naturedly before them. In tribute to the occasion they have belted in their shirt-tails, and are brave in linen and alpaca and jaunty, flat straw hats. They do not walk noiselessly, like that snake of women, but clatter deafeningly in unaccustomed boots of audible newness. In a swarm they round the house and with delicacy fall silent on the threshold. Sweating from their late manhandling, but with the look of one welcomed at last to Olympus, the godling approaches his bride.

Now that he is close at hand, it appears that he is quite as flawlessly beautiful as she. Bowing above her hand, he hands her a box, oblong, wrapped about with tissue paper and narrow silver ribbons. She accepts it with a murmured phrase too low for the world to hear, not moving to undo its knots. This, alas, is too much for the woman from California, sitting next her on the bench.

"Open it," she cries. "Let's see what he's brought you!"

For a barely perceptible space Dolores hesitates.

"You may open it, 'spose you like,"

she replies politely, holding it out a trifle ceremoniously, smiling faintly upon her handsome lover. The box is not opened, and the Americans soon take their leave. They have not been asked to the actual wedding, for it is not to be solemnized until three o'clock in the morning. The music grows wilder as they disappear. From her glittering shrine, high on the dark, unpainted wall, Santa Maria smiles down upon the remaining guests, as they wish the young Olympians an overwhelming number of babies, all of whom are to be boys.

IV

The babies of Guam, by the way, a year or so after their arrival, invariably become afflicted with great fat stomachs, known picturesquely as banana bellies.

"From eating too many bananas?" you ask.

"From eating green bananas," their mothers respond serenely.

"Why do you eat your bananas green?"

"So nobody can steal."

If you are inclined, you may begin at the beginning again with, "If everyone eats their bananas green, why don't people steal the green ones?" But it becomes too involved.

The children of Guam play a very important part in the lives of the navy doctors. They occupy a great deal of space in the government hospital and require a great deal of attention when they arrive in Agaña, the capital, twice a year, to be treated, willy-nilly, for hookworm.

They come overland, from the hill villages, in trundling caribao carts. They come down the coast in navy cutters. By the squirming, wriggling armful, cartful, boatful, even by the shining Fordful, they come; and while they may not like the actual dosing, the party's a jolly one otherwise. If one comes by boat, flying fish race alongside with such intense friendliness that they may be caught in mid-air with the hand,—if one is not sea-sick and has a hand quick enough. And where there is so much lying about to do in a hospital, with nothing really to occupy one, wasps and centipedes prove admirable kites and trains, when properly brought to heel.

The usual method of procedure is to catch a wasp, the kind that doesn't sting (they know the difference), and then tie a thread about his middle and keep the other end. The sport of making trains from centipedes is a bit more dangerous. A centipede must first be imprisoned beneath a swift brown foot and his pincers removed with a single twist of a practised thumbnail. After which, all ten inches of him will follow, willingly or otherwise, at the end of a spool of thread.

It was a leper who discovered the earthquake hole, in the side of a small hill, near the site of what was, at that time, the leper settlement. (The lepers of Guam were later removed to Culion.) This hole is shaped like an egg, with the large end uppermost—blown open, possibly, to allow a *tao-tao-mona* to emerge. Its sides are black with some devil's blend of soot, while tide waters rise and fall stealthily fifty or sixty feet below, in the small end, which rests in the base of the hill. If you lie flat on your stomach and crawl carefully, an inch or so at a time, to avoid caving in the ground on which you are stretched, you may gaze your fill of the inky walls, against which trail ghostly, gray roots, grown through from the brush above. You feel that you have come upon perpetual motion at last as you watch the endlessly weaving, eternally circling bats. The earthquake hole was blown open in the earthquake of 1902.

If you are a true believer, you cross yourself upon leaving and think upon some holy matter, such as the padre's demonstration of the flight of Christ's spirit from the tomb by means of a pocket mirror concealed in one palm and flashing a spot of light along the walls of adobe and roofs of red tile across the plaza from the cathedral. Or you may go back of Easter and remember the procession of Corpus Christi.

The procession of Corpus Christi takes place on Good Friday, just before dusk floods the island in amethyst and rose. Before it is over, candles, set in brown window sills, have taken on the mystic beauty of captured stars, and a strange hush has fallen. Fat priests have passed, padding along in vestments stiff with gold and brocade. Plaster images follow or precede them, beautiful with the vision that Catholic Spain snared in them. Cherub-faced choir boys sing to the music of cracked fiddles. Men and women, sandaled or barefoot, follow; and little girls in trailing skirts, ear-rings and head scarfs of lace.

But your illusion of safety may be destroyed, a day or so later, by coming suddenly upon the islanders engaged in tying their houses to the world. They tie them to the world to keep typhoons from blowing them away, being warned by a cable from Yap whenever one starts in their direction. The process is not complex. They simply throw heavy ropes across the roof and make them fast to bamboo staves sunk deep into the ground. When the storm has passed, the house is untied, and may reassume its faith in God and the law of gravitation.

The electric lights in the American buildings, the modest supply of ice. These were the things that caused the Germans, coming in in those days before the war, to marvel and despair. For they had no such sybaritic perquisites in their own islands—for the most part, clusters of barren rock, peopled by cannibals. They came eagerly to American parties ashore, feeling, quite obviously, like guests in a moving-picture Babylon.

A year or so later they were to blow up the *Cormoran*, where she was interned in the harbor of Piti, with a nicety of calculation, a feeling for an historic gesture, that was to compel the reluctant admiration of many an American patriot and furnish the toy-like island nation with a second military episode to weave into its brief, fantastic history. For most people know of that other day upon which Guam was at pains to obtain gunpowder to return the salutation of strange, visiting ships, who proved themselves, within the hour, to be her western conquerors and no genial friends at all, although no one on the island had been so much as aware that Spain, the mother country, was at war.

The *Cormoran* had been interned. Europe seethed, but Guam drowsed peacefully under a brazen sun, her rest disturbed only by the sharp, wasp-like periods of the wireless. The ship lay in the reef-locked harbor, and the captain had been given a certain day and an hour at which to lower his colors. Two officers from the Naval Station had been assigned to go aboard and raise the American flag when the German flag came down.

Came the day, and the moment. The Germans manned the rail of the gray cruiser for the last time; the Americans, beside her in the lagoon, waited. It must have been a stirring sight, against that glittering sweep of sea, and sky, and lawless, littered beach. The German national air was played, and Germany, from captain to cabin boy, stood at salute. America was too hasty. She started to board the ship before the matter was accomplished.

Germany's flag did not come down in chastened curtesying to an enemy world. Somewhere a whistle sounded—and the *Cormoran* blew up. Blew up as every man aboard, at the signal, hurled himself, for his life, over the rail.

PORTRAIT OF A PIRATE

BY WALTER B. LISTER

Night before last one of the guardians of the public peace . . . arrested a little weatherbeaten man named Benjamin Dolliver. The accused talked about boarding pikes and cutlasses; spoke of bags of silver in the hold and diamonds and bags of gold dust. Dolliver's face looked like a piece of mahogany carved into human semblance. His nose was sharp and crooked enough to have served for a boathook in an emergency and his mouth, cheeks and throat were covered with a thick dark beard. . . . The police knew him to be one of the crew once under the command of the celebrated Lafitte.—*New Orleans Delta, July 11, 1847.*

A YOUNG buck of shrewd soul and rakish manner, Jean Lafitte turned up in New Orleans about 1808. The polyglot town heard that he was the runaway son of a Bordeaux merchant who had learned the sailing trade aboard a British frigate and had lately commanded privateers on the Spanish Main, but it was not curious; it took him at his face value, and his face, despite a squint, was handsome. He was a blacksmith, he said, and winked; he and his older brother Pierre kept the shop. The town snickered at the joke on the newly arrived American authorities. Congress had just forbidden the importation of slaves, yet you could buy slaves reasonably from among the black "workmen" in the forge of the brothers Lafitte; President Jefferson had decreed an embargo on all exports, yet the Lafittes would export goods for you; fine brandies paid high tariff, but not the fine brandies that came to the Lafittes' blacksmith-shop through the labyrinthine bayous from the coast.

Jean knew the politicians and he paid his graft. He knew the smugglers and freebooters whose stuff he sold, and was equally at home with them, so much so that, becoming more and more involved in their operations, he moved out to the buccaneers' camp one day and said—this slim, shrewd youth scarce thirty—"I'm boss!" and made it stick. The gang of Creoles, French, Portuguese and Italians, smugglers, privateers, and plain pirates was a hard lot, but Lafitte was harder. One old pirate defied him; Lafitte shot him dead.

After that his headquarters were a buccaneers' paradise. They were on the Gulf south of New Orleans, where Grande Terre Isle, a six-mile sliver of land, lay across the Bay of Barataria, blocking entrance to that snug anchorage except through a tricky pass at the western end. From the bay barges went up to New Orleans through any of hundreds of interlocking bayous, the despair of customs men, while to the west was the Bayou Lafourche, a perennially easy route to the upper Mississippi. Close to his market, secure from assault, Lafitte proceeded to raise the devil on the deep blue sea.

He himself had no great taste for sea fights but stayed ashore, disposed of the booty, and made plans for his captains to execute. Normally, his crews boarded only Spanish ships—they being the easiest marks. They displayed letters of marque from the Republic of Carthagena, no less, and took possession in that august name. Where, may you ask, was Carthagena? Why, a little seaport in Colombia, which declared her independence of Spain one Summer's day. Her commissions were for Lafitte the veil of legality which kept the noose away. As the Spanish prizes mounted, Carthagena was always welcome to the glory; Lafitte himself disposed of the proceeds.

Between the Spaniards and the slavers—which could no more complain than a hijacked rum-ship today—Lafitte did well. Great auctions were held on Grande Terre Isle; other spoils went up the bayous to retailers who made some of the large Louisiana fortunes; the Lafitte forces swelled to 400 men, and at least two intrepid captains, Dominique You and Reyné Beluché, were names that made Spanish seamen blanch. The citizenry rejoiced; Lafitte lowered prices—on goods that had neither first cost nor tariff—and preyed only on Spain. He sunned, gallivanted in New Orleans and was hailed as a proper fellow, or turned up at a country ball to dazzle the girls while swains begged to join his crews.

Now, all this riled the soul of William C. C. Claiborne, a conscientious Virginian whom Jefferson had appointed governor. Smuggling, said Claiborne, to say nothing of piracy, was against the law; *ergo*, it must stop. He so commanded, and ordered out the gendarmes. Their first act was to wrest some goods from a party of Lafitte's smugglers. The outlaws at once counter-attacked, beat up the customs men, and took back the goods. This moved Claiborne to fresh proclamations, and he put a reward of $500 upon Lafitte's head. Lafitte, in return, announced a reward of $15,000 upon Claiborne's head and continued to be seen in town. Claiborne sent a company of militia, commanded, it chanced, by a former lieutenant of Lafitte's, out to Grande Terre Isle. Lafitte "captured" them and sent them home laden with presents to spread his fame.

Claiborne, exasperated, now had both Jean and Pierre Lafitte indicted for violating the revenue laws. Jean took enough notice of this to go to town and hire lawyers. John R. Grymes, a roistering Virginian and the most brilliant lawyer in the State, resigned his post as United States attorney to defend Lafitte for a $20,000 fee. As associate counsel, at a like fee, Lafitte retained Edward Livingston, a studious New Yorker and Grymes' only rival at the bar, a former mayor of New York City who had resigned when his accounts were found short and come to Louisiana to make his fortune. He made it.

With such eminent counsel, the Lafittes were quickly liberated and Jean waggishly invited the lawyers out to the buccaneer camp to collect their pay. Livingston said to Grymes: "Grymes, as you are a well-known scapegrace you have nothing to fear from congenial spirits. But as to myself they might hang me for being so different from you and them." Grymes chuckled, agreed to collect Livingston's fee for ten per cent, went with Lafitte and stayed a jovial week. Lafitte was not the fellow to let slip such a connection. Grymes and Livingston continued to act for him.

The year 1814 came and still Lafitte was thumbing his nose at Claiborne. A customs force tried to break up an auction of 450 Negroes but only succeeded in getting their inspector killed. Claiborne begged the legislature to act; the solons languidly retorted that they had no money. And then, rather inexplicably, there came one of those sudden changes in public opinion. From looking upon Lafitte with complacent sympathy, people turned to raising a hue and cry against him and his men. The bankers led the pack, crying that the buccaneers' trade had grown so that it was draining the country of specie and ruining honest trade. A federal grand jury, unable to indict because Grymes' successor had not been named, nevertheless fulminated against the Lafittes for "moral effect."

Pierre Lafitte was clapped into jail, denounced as a procurer of piracies, and though the jailer and a doctor testified that he was ill, the court refused him bail.

II

The third of September, 1814, an armed brig anchored off Grande Terre Isle. Jean Lafitte and four men rowed out toward her and were overhauled by the brig's

pinnace, containing three British officers, who inquired for "Mr. Lafitte."

"He is ashore," Lafitte called, and waited until the two boats were beached before he disclosed himself. He had to quiet his men, who were clamoring for the arrest of the "spies," before he could lead his visitors to the Maison Blanche, as he called his headquarters building.

Once inside, the British introduced themselves as Captain Nicholas Lockyer, the brig's commander, a lieutenant, and Captain McWilliams of the army, and came to the point of their visit. They bore papers showing that they were concentrating for an attack in force upon New Orleans and a written offer from Colonel Edward Nicholls, British commander in the Gulf, promising Lafitte the captaincy of a British frigate and lands for himself and his men if the buccaneers, skilled in the maze of approaches to New Orleans, would aid. Captain Lockyer elaborated on this offer. He promised Lafitte a bonus of $30,000. He dwelt—or Lafitte later said that he did—upon the prospect of freeing Pierre by force. Lafitte listened courteously, affected to deliberate, and finally declared that he would give his answer in a fortnight. The British left, agreeing to return.

Now, as the commander of a score of vessels, Lafitte must have tittered at the offer of the captaincy of a frigate; and $30,000 was but the value of a silver cargo from Vera Cruz. But the information about the British attack he instantly seized upon as a basis for trading with the United States—a chance for a shrewd bargain to get both himself and Pierre into the clear. The next day he forwarded the British documents to Jean Blanque, a young friend in the legislature, with a note reading in part:

> Though proscribed by my adoptive country, I will never let slip any occasion of serving her or of proving that she has never ceased to be dear to me. Of this you will here see a convincing proof. . . . I may have evaded the payment of duties to the customhouse, but I have never ceased to be a good citizen; and all the offenses I have committed I was forced to by certain vices in our laws. In short, sir, I make you the depository of the secret on which perhaps depends the tranquillity of our country; please to make such use of it as your judgment may direct. I presume, however, to hope that such proceedings may obtain amelioration of the situation of my unhappy brother, with which view I recommend him particularly to your influence. . . . Our enemies have endeavored to work on me by a motive which few men would have resisted. They represented to me a brother in irons, a brother who is to me very dear, whose deliverer I might become, and I declined the proposal. Well persuaded of his innocence, I am free from apprehension as to the issue of the trial; but he is sick and not in a place where he can receive the assistance his state requires. I recommend him to you, in the name of humanity. . . . I am waiting for the British officer's answer, and for yours to this. Be so good as to assist me with your judicious counsel in so weighty an affair. I have the honor to salute you.
>
> J. Lafitte

That night Pierre Lafitte, the sick man, broke jail, escaping from a thick-walled, windowless dungeon and making his way back to Grande Terre Isle. Five days later Jean Lafitte formally tendered his services to Claiborne, in part as follows:

> If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my offenses I should appear to you less guilty. . . . I have never sailed under any flag but that of the Republic of Carthagena. . . . If I could have brought my lawful prizes into the port of this State I should not have employed the illicit means which caused me to be proscribed. . . . Should your answer be not favorable I declare to you that I will instantly leave the country to avoid the imputation of having coöperated toward an invasion on this point, which cannot fail to take place, and rest secure in the acquittal of my own conscience.

Blanque and Edward Livingston, genuinely alarmed, were calling mass-meetings and organizing militia. The authorities moved more slowly. Claiborne, inclined to accept Lafitte's aid, laid the matter before the military council of three. The militia general, of course, was all for Lafitte, but the other council members, Commodore Paterson of the navy, and Colonel Ross of the regular army, voted him down.

Paterson and Ross, it at once appeared, had plans of their own. Within the week they joined forces and attacked Grande Terre Isle at a time when the buccaneers were least expecting hostilities. Paterson and Ross took possession with little resistance, captured a handful of men, and returned to New Orleans with plenty of

booty. The Lafittes went into hiding on the coast. Then Andrew Jackson came to town.

Before his arrival Jackson, informed no doubt by Ross, had proclaimed the Lafittes "hellish banditti" and announced: "The undersigned calls not upon pirates and robbers to join in the glorious cause." But with the battle upon him, and with a doubtful five thousand men to oppose twelve thousand invaders, he was looking for aid wherever he could get it, drilling Negroes and Indians and opening jails. Livingston, who had known him in Congress and who was later to be his Secretary of State, was his right-hand man, and soon spoke a word for Lafitte. Jackson promptly reversed himself, sent Lafitte a safe-conduct, and asked him to rally his men. The buccaneers came a-running. They were the kind of men Jackson needed—veterans who could handle cannon and who were used to being under fire. They formed two batteries under Dominique You and Beluché, and earned distinction when the fight came on the eighth of January and Jackson won his famous victory.

After the battle Lafitte was cock of the walk again. He and Claiborne joked about their prices upon each other's heads. He attended a ball for Jackson's officers, and while there was presented to Brigadier General Coffee, Jackson's brother-in-law. Coffee hesitated, trying to place the name. Lafitte, furious at the fancied insult, stepped close and said between his teeth: "Lafitte, the pirate!" Coffee shook hands, apologized, explained.

President Madison daintily pardoned Lafitte and all his men, saying:

> It has been represented that the offenders have manifested a sincere repentance; that they have abandoned the prosecution of the worst cause for the support of the best, and particularly that they have exhibited in the defense of New Orleans unequivocal traits of courage and fidelity. Offenders who have refused to become the associates of the enemy in war upon the most seducing terms of invitation and who have aided to repel the hostile invasion of the territory of the United States can no longer be considered as objects of punishment but as objects of a generous forgiveness.

III

Respectability irked him; grew much too tame. He visited Washington, had a whirl at society, and spent $60,000. Then he fitted out a ship to return to his first love. Barataria, of course, was out of the question; his pardon was evidence that his acts there had been criminal, and he was too shrewd to flaunt his backsliding before the old home town. He sought new fields and a new story to tell the officers of the law.

In April, 1817, he anchored, with two allied skippers, in Galveston Bay. Encamped on Galveston Island at the time was the rearguard of an expedition led by one Luis Aury, a Mexican revolutionist who had gone off privateering against Spain. Lafitte bought out the man Aury had left in charge, made him his purser, and moved in. Six of the adventurers (Lafitte prudently being absent) met aboard a schooner and formed a government in the name of the Mexican Republic. Testified one Ramon Espagnol, the secretary of state, treasurer, and notary public, when later haled before a New Orleans court:

> The government . . . had neither knowledge nor belief in the existence of a Mexican Republic and the sole object and view of the persons comprising the establishment at Galveston were to capture Spanish property under what they called the Mexican flag, but without an idea of aiding the revolution of Mexico.

It was a flimsy pretext, but like most of Lafitte's it worked. A Spanish prize was valuable, no matter under what flag she were taken. To hell with the Republic of Carthagena—that's an old one; *viva* the Republic of Mexico, wherever and if ever she be!

The establishment swelled to thirteen ships and nearly a thousand men. Some hundred shacks sprang up, with groggeries and billiard halls where all hands staged carouses after cruises; women—white, black, and Indian—gave the touch of home. A headquarters building was put up, called the Maison Rouge; here sat the "Admiralty Court," gravely condemning prizes in the name of Mexico; here the booty was

stored until auctioned off to traders. Here also sat the governmental council in all its majesty, apportioning the spoils, each man sharing according to rank. Around the Red House ran a moat, with cannon at the corners to command entrance to the bay.

Lafitte had brought a girl along and kept largely to his quarters in a brig beached in the sand. His mistress was the daughter of his quadroon housekeeper in New Orleans—a willowy lass with straight hair and gray eyes who loved him devotedly, the story goes. He grieved genuinely at her death, two years later. He began to age about this time. From a slender youth he became a stout man; once so gay, he grew stern and taciturn. He seldom spoke to his men and but rarely joined in their debauches. Gone, too, was his old pride of dress; he generally wore a dirty green uniform of uncertain fit, with a forage cap cocked over his right eye. A naval officer described him:

> A stout, rather gentlemanly personage . . . his countenance full mild and rather impressive, but for a small black eye which now and then as he grew animated in conversation would flash in a way which impressed me with the notion that Il Capitano might be when roused a very ugly customer. He was evidently educated and gifted with no small talent for conversation.

But if his dress grew slatternly and his manner surly, his acumen did not dull. He raised havoc with the silver trade, and the more so because he was kind to crews. One of his captains would take a cargo of slaves from a Spaniard bound to Vera Cruz and let the vessel proceed. On her way back, laden with silver from the mines, she would likely be looted again.

He had little trouble with his men, but some of that little is entertaining. Witness the fate of Jean Batiste Marotte, one of his captains, who, when accused of omitting a box of gold watches from his inventory of booty, spat full in Lafitte's face. With his invariable love of legality, Lafitte merely ordered a duel; as the two took their places Marotte, knowing he faced a dead shot, fell on his knees in the sand and begged for pardon. Lafitte granted it, the tale runs, but cuffed his face, pulled his nose, kicked "a certain part of his person" and told him to clear out. He did.

Then there was the case of William Brown, who came down from Texas with a reputation as a bad man proud of his fame. Lafitte, after letting him cool his heels for six weeks, sent him out with two ships, telling him plainly to molest none but Spaniards. Brown, snorting at Lafitte's prudence as the cowardice of a land-lubberly milksop, boasted that he would show what a real pirate could turn his hand to, and was scarcely out of sight of Galveston before he fell on an American vessel. Unfortunately for Señor Brown the American revenue schooner *Lynx* was nearby and drove the would-be pirates to shore, where they made their way overland to Galveston. The *Lynx*, battling head winds, likewise went to Galveston, and her skipper, Captain Madison, started ashore with fire in his eye. As he neared land his eye was caught by a quaint object on the most adjacent point. As he got closer he saw it was a gibbet. He looked again and perceived a corpse dangling. It was Brown's.

Despite such cautions, the United States was more than once on the point of sending Lafitte packing, but Spain, no less, each time prevented it. Lafitte had chosen his base artfully, in that Galveston lay between the Sabine river, which Spain held to be the boundary of Texas, and the Colorado river, which the United States claimed as the Texas boundary. The Spanish ambassador's protests were founded on the fear that if the United States policed Galveston she would stay in possession. Better the loss of a hundred ships than the loss of an empire!

In the end an overbold lieutenant caused Lafitte's downfall by scuttling an American ship. The government investigation held Lafitte responsible, and early in 1821 Lieutenant Kearney, commanding the brig *Enterprise*, arrived at Galveston with orders to get rid of Lafitte. The discreet Jean went out to meet Kearney and entertained him lavishly at the Red House; it was of no

avail, however, and Lafitte finally had to promise to evacuate.

In planning his departure he invited Jim Campbell, a favorite lieutenant, to go with him. Campbell had been with Perry at the Battle of Lake Erie, drifted to a Sabine river ferry and married the ferry-tender's daughter Sally, later joining Lafitte at Galveston. Sally, hearing of the suggestion, put her foot down and told Jim to "coil up his rope and anchor on shore." Lafitte thereupon sent to New Orleans for Bill Cochrane, another staunch captain, dug up his treasure, paid off his men, boarded his best brig, the *Pride*, and made ready to sail. During a farewell dinner on the *Pride* just before sailing, and possibly in his cups, Lafitte ordered Cochrane to take a boat's crew, kidnap Campbell and bring him on board. Campbell somehow got word of it and had an iron in each hand when Cochrane found him.

"Well, Jim, I suppose you know my business," Cochrane began, according to the story.

"You want to smuggle me off to the brig," Campbell said, nodding, "but I won't go. If you persist, I'll kill you."

"But Jim," argued Cochrane, "you know the confidence Lafitte has in you; don't desert him now. Let's have a drink."

They stepped to a groggery and had a drink, but only one; the *Pride* sailed without Campbell. And here the portrait of Lafitte must blur.

IV

Of his men there are some records. Campbell became a staid citizen of Galveston, strictly forbidden by his Sally to "out with any secrets." Dominique You went into ward politics in New Orleans and his funeral in 1830 set a record for size. His tomb, still standing, bears an epitaph in French: "Intrepide guerrier . . . sans reproche et sans peur. . ." Beluché, on a certificate from Jackson, became commander of the Venezuelan navy. Bill Cochrane was captured by the Spanish, languished in a dungeon, and ended a Mexican commodore.

Lafitte sailed away from Galveston to an ending as hazy as his origin. A doubtful saga has him killed in a battle with a British man-of-war. Upon better evidence rests an account that he cruised the Spanish Main until 1826, was stricken with fever in Silan, a village in Yucatan, received "les secours de la religion," and sleeps in holy ground.

JOAQUIN MILLER

BY GEORGE STERLING

TIME: a Summer afternoon in the late eighties. Place: Sag Harbor and the long, green grass under a wild-cherry tree. Persons: two boys in their 'teens. One of them is reading aloud from a book, as the hungry robins and cedar lapwings come and go. The young voice brings out, perhaps, some of the music in the surging lines—

> Sierras, and eternal tents
> Of snows that flash from battlements
> Of mountains! My land of the sun!
> Am I not true? Have I not done
> All things for thine, for thee alone,
> O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?

"Gee!" murmurs the listener. "Do you 'spose we'll ever get to California?"

"Hot chance!" replies his companion, and the poem rings on:

> From other loves and other lands,
> As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
> Have I not turned to thee and thine,
> O sun-land of the palm and pine,
> And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
> Till Europe lifted up her face
> And marveled at thy matchless grace,
> With eager and inquiring eyes?

and thence to the splendid conclusion:

> Salute thy mountains—clouded Hood,
> St. Helens in its sea of wood,
> Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
> White storms are in the feathered fir.

And yet in little less than another year the reader was there, and in less than another his friend. And the first question of the latter was: "Have you gone to see Joaquin Miller yet?"

The elder boy—he was myself—was obliged to confess that he had deferred that pleasure. But the time was ripe.

"Here, you!" (this to another youth who had been born and bred in Oakland). "Where does Joaquin Miller live?" For we knew he lived not far away.

"Who? Oh! that old —— — — ——!" He grasped me by the shoulder, turned me around, and pointed out across the cougar-colored hills. Nearly to the crest of the long ridge walling the city was an oasis of green, in which we could discern the white fronts of three or four little cabins. It lay three miles to the southeastward, and at an altitude of about a thousand feet.

"Let's go there tomorrow!" my chum exclaimed. And on that morrow, a Sunday in August, we strode for it in a bee-line across the tawny slopes, where the ground squirrels squeaked and scattered, and the aromatic odor of the tarweed was strange in our alien nostrils. The morning was hot and we were unused to long ascents, but we won to our goal at last, the four cabins in their grove of acacia and eucalyptus. They lay before us, thirty feet back from the road, across a little rose-lined arroyo crossed by a tiny foot-bridge.

And there we halted. An unhospitable sign, the visual roar of the hunted lion, asserted at the gate:

NOT HERE: FURTHER ON UP THE ROAD

What was to be done? We were shy youths, quite lacking in the resources and effrontery of the tuft-hunter. We stood and stared, and staring, made out the form of a man lying propped up on a bed in the nearest cabin. The presence wore a red skull-cap. Yellow hair foamed out on the pillow. It must be our god of the western lyre.

It was. Suddenly a clear, resonant voice broke out. "Hey, you chaps," it ques-

tioned, "what are you standing out there for? Come on in!"

We obeyed with alacrity, and in a few seconds were standing at the threshold of the shrine. "Sit down!" it was commanded, and we sat in the doorway, looking up in mute worship at the divinity on the bed.

II

In those days there was little gray in the long, golden mane and in the streaming mustache and beard. The abundance of hair made the head seem huge and overlarge; but under the shaggy blond eyebrows twinkled two eyes of clearest blue, alert with kindly humor.

"What are you Easterners doing up here?" he demanded.

My first impulse was to ask him how he knew we were from the East, but young awe prevented, and we told him of our early adoration of his poetry and of our ambition to see in person the creator of such beauty, words perhaps the more flattering because of their awkward and timid expression.

He pretended to be slightly irritated by our homage, but we could discern that he was secretly pleased, and for half an hour he let us sit before him, while we bombarded him with questions about his early days, or answered such questions as he put to us. Suddenly—

"Hey! how do you suppose I'm going to get any work done today?"

He flung aside the gay blanket, and we saw that he was fully clothed, even to the tall, black boots that he always affected. He swung to the floor, stood erect, and strode between us to the bright outdoors. We followed, and he led us back into the road; but our dismissal was not to be so abrupt as it promised. He pointed to the top of a hill beyond, where the road came to a barring fence and, as Ambrose Bierce afterward said, "ended in a squirrel trail and ran up a tree." We saw the figures of two men there, who labored at piling loose fragments of rock into a ten-foot pyramid.

"That's young Bierce and Partington," he announced. "Fine chaps. Go tell them I said they were to show you the redwoods."

We went, and found the pyramid builders, if not overjoyed to welcome us, at least polite. We joined them at their task and afterward went with them to their rough camp at the edge of the four-hundred acre tract of second-growth redwoods that went on over the ridge and down into Contra Costa county. The land belonged then to the parvenu "Borax" Smith, of twenty-mule fame, but was subsequently to pass into the ownership of my uncle, thence to that of the city of Oakland, for a public park.

We learned from our new acquaintances that they were in the habit of coming to the redwoods every Saturday afternoon, from April to November, and remaining there till Sunday evening. We thereupon announced, without invitation, our intention of becoming campers too, and on the following Saturday I reappeared on the scene, though my companion on that occasion was not Roosevelt Johnson, but a joyous Irish youth, also from Sag Harbor, named Tom Mulligan. We bore beefsteaks and port.

Those were glorious week-ends, made the more delightful to me and Johnson or Mulligan because they were so foreign to all our previous experience. The camp was a three-quarter circle of redwoods, sprung from the circumference of some enormous ancestor. We came in our oldest clothes and slept on the bare ground, tentless, in tattered comforters, which, with battered tinware and grimy frying-pans, we hid in the nearest brush for the period of our absence. Our Saturday evening's meal would consist of the beefsteaks we had brought with us, broiled on sticks of green laurel over the coals of our campfire, and washed down with a quart lard-can of strong coffee. By ten o'clock we would stretch out, our feet to the replenished fire, and sleep peacefully till the first light of day. So slumbered Shakespeare's ship-boy!

We were not, however, all young in years. Our dearest friend and Nestor was a man old enough to be our father; but he had an ageless heart, and was in all ways as one of us—was even our best shot. He was Albert Bierce, an elder brother of Ambrose, and like him a veteran of the Civil War. He was a boy with us for those memorable days, though at last I had to write of him:

> Rest you, noble and strong and straight
> As the shaft of the redwood tree!
> It is not ill with the race of men,
> If a man like you can be.

So we sprawled, fed and at ease, under the boughs of our friendly redwoods, speculating sometimes on the stars that shone through the foliage. Beyond the small circle of our campfire's glow the night lay huge and hushed; then, almost invariably, we were aware of Joaquin, standing tall and silent at the outermost verge of light. We never saw him approach, so noiseless was his coming, and often, I dare say, he stood there listening for minutes before one or the other of us detected his presence. When seen, he would always join us, and, though he never remained for long, seemed happy to be of our boyish company, replying cheerfully, however veraciously, to our many questions about his romantic youth, he who had been successively miner, squaw man, cook, lawyer, pony-express rider, county judge and lecturer. He always carried a shot-gun, but I never knew him to fire it.

Sometimes he would appear on Sunday afternoons, always with an appreciable amount of moonshine under his belt. On one such occasion he volunteered to show us his skill in throwing the tomahawk, an accomplishment learned, we gathered, after a vast amount of practice among his friends the Modocs. He may have formerly been proficient at that now obsolete form of sport, but he was far from proving it on that occasion. Using our camp hatchet, he missed a large tree four times in succession, and when he finally hit it, he did so with the butt-end of the handle. Albert Bierce jeered him mercilessly, a thing we younger men were too timid to essay, and he withdrew from us his countenance, to pay us no more visits for the remainder of that year.

Naturally, he detested Ambrose Bierce, who was always a wasp at his ears. Eighteen years ago an imaginative stunt of mine, which I called "A Wine of Wizardry," appeared in the *Cosmopolitan*, and was extensively and disgustingly ballyhooed by that prince of sincerity, Arthur Brisbane. As part of the publicity involved, certain other poets were asked their opinion of the poem, and Miller replied with his customary surplus of praise. Bierce had been instrumental in having the poem published, which gave Joaquin a chance to add to his encomium: "I've always wondered why God made Bierce. Now I know."

III

Miller was never entirely at ease in the company of men, being keen-eyed enough to detect a certain scepticism as to his claims of hairbreadth adventure, and a poorly concealed irreverence toward his many poses. With women alone was he entirely serene, and then he blossomed out in his entire and very picturesque individuality.

I recall the tale of a fair member of the Pacific Coast Women's Press Association. That sisterhood had long been petitioning him to permit them a pilgrimage to his hillside shrine, till he finally granted the request, and one fine Sunday morning several score members of the association presented themselves. Joaquin appeared at once—clad only in the skin of a wildcat. There was consternation for a moment; then a younger member laughed, and the innovation was for the time accepted. A pity that the motion picture camera had not been invented!

With us, however, he was always on the alert for any lack of deference, and seems to have detected that failing in me during the earlier days of our acquaintance, for

one night, as we lay at ease about our fire, he appeared suddenly from the outer darkness, gazed down on me gloomily and announced: "Sterling, you look like a fool!"

Being already of that conviction, I was not greatly embarrassed, and replied: "That's old news. I was afraid I looked like a poet."

Joaquin glared at me in astonishment for a moment. Here was insurrection for you! Here was *lèse majesté!* Then, drawing himself to his full height, and taking a deep breath, he cried: "Yes! but not like a *great* poet!"

There is little doubt that he so ranked himself. Ambrose Bierce, who not infrequently poked fun at his poses and harmless fibs, was generous in his praise of Miller's poetry, and once wrote me: "No one has more delight than I in pointing out the greatness of Joaquin's great work, but no one than I has more austerely condemned his vanity. . . ."

Vanity? Granted. But it was a vanity so naïve and childlike as to be positively charming, and objectionable only to the inexorable Ambrose. Joaquin's own daughter delighted in it, and when he published a volume with a page of his photographs, depicting him in various scenes and in the occupations of his earlier years, she sent him the picture of a young woman, labeled, "Joaquin Miller as a Girl." Yes, he had his share of vanity. Without it, he would have given us fewer and feebler poems. It led him even to misrepresentation as to his real age: He always claimed that he was born in 1842. He was, however, born in 1835, and was twenty-one and not fourteen years of age when he first came to California. He died in 1913. It is even to be remembered that he wrote of himself:

> For I am of the lords of thought.

And yet, and yet, he may have had his misgivings. It was to be several years before I was to lift up mine own eyes to the foot-hills of Parnassus, but when that ill-inspired time was on me, and I lamented to him about the lack of leisure I found for versifying, he gazed at me solemnly for a moment, then said: "Ah, my boy! It isn't how much one writes, it's *what* one writes!" We had been discussing Poe, and I had an instant's impression that as he spoke he was comparing his own large output of poetry with the slender volume that holds Poe's quintessential magic.

At that, I think he had little to worry about. It is true that his is at present a fame partially in eclipse, as sophisticated man turns from natural beauty and normal sentiment to present or pore over his easy disillusions and cynical acidities. The consecrated John Gould Fletcher has even announced that Miller was "a failure." But failure attends only on attempt, and in what Miller attempted, the portrayal of the spirit and objective beauty of the West, he was successful to a splendid degree, and if the world now cares to neglect him in favor of poets who have been boiled harder in the waters of our hectic times, the loss is the world's and not the poet's. In his own State he is sure of a normal and unjaded audience. He touched too surely the harp-strings of our common humanity for that music ever to fail into complete silence. His songs of the Sierras may not be coterminous with their eternal snows, but they will be, I fancy, a longish time a-dying.

IV

I have spoken of Miller's poses and harmless fibs. All were indeed harmless. Whatever pretenses or exaggerations as to his early life he promulgated or allowed to persist as colorful legends, never could he have lied to inflict harm or pain. His deceptions and chicane were calculated with but one end in view—the amusement of his audience, either remote or at hand. He was truly the pleasure-maker, and to the extent of his fabulous inventions there was no apparent end. But he was not inexorably the trickster, and as often as not would admit the truth, if pressed, or prof-

fer a mystification whose jugglery was bound to be evident at its close.

His poses, moreover, were all premeditated, and with a view solely to personal picturesqueness. He knew to their precise degree the extent and value of his mannerisms. Miss Ina Coolbrith tells me of a revealing incident. Joaquin came, one day when in her company, on a full-rigged cowboy, whose yellow hat and long, black locks contrasted vividly with the poet's golden hair and big, dark sombrero. Joaquin halted him, inspected him gravely and in detail, then dismissed him with the comment: "Hell! Another damn fool!"

The most delightful of his stunts was to simulate a rain, which was thus performed: He would invite his company into his work-cabin (where he also slept) and then inform them that he had learned from the medicine-men of the Modocs a spell for the making of rain. Pressed to explain further, he would stand at the back of the room and begin a chant, with waving arms and uplifted face. I dare say that it actually contained certain Indian words, but a deal of it was pure invention as well, for I frequently made out the terms "Godda-damma" and "sunnabitcha!" He was having his joke at the ladies' expense.

Then, with an inescapable if momentary thrill, one was aware that rain was falling on the cabin's roof! That roof was covered with a thick growth of white climbing rose, which overhung the porch, and from that tangle of leaf and branch the drops began to fall in profusion. The effect of an actual shower was perfect—one doubted one's reason for a second; the ladies usually believed that the incantation had really worked. What he had done was merely to turn a watercock hidden by a curtain, whereupon a brisk jet of water sprang into being from the pipe that led to the roof. Simple enough, but what of the fascination of the chant and sheerness of the illusion he had one going for an instant!

Chief among his fabrications were the assertions, orally and in the printed word, that he had lived among the Modoc Indians and that he had been a member of Walker's filibustering expedition to Nicaragua. Neither claim was true. As to the former, I quote from a history of Siskiyou county, published in 1881:

> No one expects a poet to tell the truth, even when he makes a pretense of doing so, and when Miller wrote a book entitled "Unwritten History of the Modocs," no one acquainted with the facts was disappointed in finding it a bundle of falsehood and misrepresentation. He claims to have built the "lost cabin," when people were hunting it when he was wearing short pants in Ohio. He claims to have married the daughter of a Modoc chief, when he never lived within a hundred miles of the Modocs. . . . He lived with a McLeod River squaw, who still gains a precarious livelihood in the cabin of another squaw man, who seems to have stuck to it longer than the poet. A few years ago he took his half-breed daughter from the mountain wilds to be educated, an act for which he deserves great credit, contrasted, as it is, with the course pursued by many prominent men, some of military fame, who have families of uncared-for children in the mountains. In this respect he stands head and shoulders above them. In general it may be said of the above book that he has taken all the leading events of Northern California, most of which happened long before he appeared there, made himself the central figure, distorted the facts, and given them to the world as a truthful account of the dealings of the white men with the Indians.

As to all that, I can only say: What of it? One goes to historians for what one hopes are facts, to poets for romance; and if Miller was artist enough to give us the latter, so much the better for all but the dull souls who would grub for "facts" in the glowing pages of transmuted history. As for "the dealings of the white men with the Indians," God knows that the less said the better, if blushes for the early settlers and miners are to be spared. In that "century of dishonor," nowhere were the aborigines more shamefully treated than in California. Miller's heart went ever out to the under-dog. Spontaneously he became the advocate of the Jew, the Armenian, the Cuban and the Boer, and, long before that, of the maltreated, swindled and disinherited Indian. Bierce has written of him, and written truthfully, that he was "as great-hearted a man as ever lived."

That he was not with Walker in Nicaragua matters nothing beside the fact that

he gave us the noble and beautiful poem of that title. Who would not exchange a mess of factual pottage for a birthright in that unforgettable poem?

> I turned me down the olive shore
> And set a sad face to the sea.

As to the half-breed daughter, whose name was Callé Shasta, it is true that Joaquin had her venture down into "civilization." The education conferred, however, was no great matter, for she went merely to the public schools for a brief period. Such culture as she acquired was due to Ina Coolbrith, who was for seven years her foster-mother, and with whom she lived in San Francisco. Miss Coolbrith recalls a dramatic moment between father and daughter, when the latter, being reminded by him of past favors, cried out: "What have you given me? Your name and this blood! For both of them I curse you!"

Still, after the girl's marriage had proved a failure, she went to live with her father on The Hights, died there shortly, and is buried on the westward-giving hillside. I should like to record that Miller had no contrition for his youthful mésalliance, but repent he did, and that bitterly. A poor business.

V

When Miller bought those precipitous acres for his home, they were, on their western side, but a rocky acclivity, showing only patches of poison-oak and southern-wood. He made of the place a green paradise of roses, acacia and a hundred kinds of shrub, flower and tree. Much of this labor he performed himself; sometimes he had an assistant, whom he dignified with the title of foreman. At the lower end of his estate, which he called The Hights, bordering on the road, he built four cabins, or cottages, all facing the West. In the southernmost of these his mother lived; the next was a guest-house; the next a combined dining-room and kitchen; and in the last he himself slept and worked. And always under the bed lay a small keg of moonshine whiskey, the semi-annual gift of a Kentucky admirer.

Well I remember that clear and potent liquid, for I was to feel its power more than once. The happiest of those occasions was perhaps when I drove up to his home to select a Christmas tree in the green acres farther up the road. I had as companions Jack London and Herman Whitaker, the novelist, and drove an ancient horse of great size and strength, called Ungabungus. Our vehicle was an ordinary wagon such as grocers used at the time, and we occupied its wide front seat.

It was late afternoon, and Joaquin was engaged in watering some of his rosebushes near the front fence. Naturally, he saw us and called us in, and in a few minutes we were making merry over the moonshine—"and then some, and then some," as the slang of the day had it, till, before we were aware, the spires and turrets of San Francisco lay dark against a royal sunset. We embarked, and proceeding to the redwoods, cut our tree, one not more than twelve feet in height, and thrust it in the wagon.

Joaquin was waiting for us in the purple twilight, as we made to repass his hospitable door, and insisted on a saddle-cup. We had it, and more. He assured us that there wasn't a headache in a gallon of the stuff, and accepting his statement as though from the lips of a prophet, we bade fair to prove it, whether or no. Indeed, we rose to great heights, all four of us, that evening, and I would that I could recall even one thing we said. But it grew darker and darker outside, and at last we exchanged our farewells and departed, chanting hymns of victory. It was a wild ride homeward. I gave the venerable beast the rein, and he fairly leapt, with all the fervor of manger-longing, down the long slopes. It was a wonder that we came to no ill end; as it was, when we stopped at last to leave our Christmas tree at London's home, we found we had lost it en route! A dependable Portuguese was assigned the job of procuring a new one on

the morrow, while our headaches abated.

To write of redwoods is to remember the poet's handwriting, as shall appear. I have a notion that, after Horace Greeley's, his was the worst on record. He wrote to me now and then, and his letters were a source of unfailing joy to my uncle, whose private secretary I was for so many years. The whole office-force was called upon to decipher the communication. Each of us could make out a word here or there, words quite cryptic to the others, and by our combined efforts the screed was finally made plain. He wrote with a quill, a very stub affair, which made the interpretation no less difficult. And I grieve to state that this illegibility was but another of his poses. His land adjoined my uncle's, and was covered with second-growth redwoods on its eastern slope. About three weeks before their Redeemer's birthday, many predatory Christians would convince themselves that there was a glorious opportunity for obtaining free Christmas trees, and would lift up their eyes to the hills, select axes, and hie thence. Some even went with large wagons, with the thrifty notion of procuring enough trees to go into business with them. So it was our custom to set guards on the property by the first of December, and Joaquin, whose own arboreal estates could not but fall under their protection, invariably wrote to inform us of the approaching date. Alas! those letters, all conducive to his own advantage, were as legible as one could wish!

I think that he wrote only in the forenoon, propped up on his pillows and with the temptation to look out on the splendid panorama of San Francisco bay and the sea and mountains beyond. I do not know his methods of composition, nor whether he wrote with facility or not. I should assume the former, for there is an effortless flow to his ringing lines that seems to belong to spontaneity rather than application. He recited magnificently, and it was a real pleasure to hear him, erect and booted, with his golden-gray hair tossing, pour forth the resonant stanzas of "Columbus" or the soft onomatopeia of "The Voice of the Dove," when his throat reproduced the very moan of the bird. He never kept a book, even a gift-book, after reading it, but passed it on. Photographs, however, he retained, and the walls of his small room were lined with the autographed pictures of the great and near-great. He was no shirker of hard work, but labored often and diligently among his flowers and shrubs, a fact that may have helped his system to resist so long the inroads of our Lady of the Corn.

VI

His mother lived in the largest of his cottages till the day of her death, and his devotion to her was beautiful and profound, shining like a star in the murk of his tangled and debatable relationship with other women. He left undone nothing within his power to make happier her quiet existence, and was at her side at many moments of the day or night. Her word with him was actually law, I think, and a large portion of his life was based on her tastes or needs. There comes to mind an incident at once illuminating and amusing.

He was in the habit, when in Oakland, of visiting the wine-rooms of our mutual friend, Charlie Cutter, now dead, but prior to his coming to Oakland the editor of a newspaper in Northern California—a man of wit and wisdom. Cutter kept a tokay that seemed to our untutored taste a wine of exquisite virtues, and Joaquin seemed to prefer it even to his moonshine.

I was in Oakland one fine forenoon, and came on the poet a block or two from the City Hall. Naturally, I asked him to come and sample Cutter's rare old vintage. He gazed sorrowfully at me for a moment, then said, evident sincerity in his voice: "My boy, I've promised my dear mother never to take a drink in the morning."

I was disappointed, but remained at his side for some time, as we discussed friends and affairs. Miller was nothing if not in-

teresting in conversation, and the time slipped by at a faster rate than was well for my own duties. And then, suddenly, he grasped me by the shoulder and swung me around, so that I faced up Washington street, and pointed to the big clock in the tower of the City Hall. No words were necessary: it was noon, and we strode down the street to Cutter's.

It was not long after that that several of us planned to camp for a month in the redwoods. We were all young, and made a band of twelve or fourteen. London was one of our number, and for cook we had a friend who preferred that occupation to the slightly more hazardous one of working in the powder-mills.

Joaquin was a caller by day and night, and two of my sisters used to ride out on their horses for daytime visits. He had no sooner set eyes on the younger of the two, a blonde girl of unusual beauty, than his heart seemed lost forever. He would wait for her to pass his home, then appear soon after, and stare at her in almost abject adoration. As she was of tender years (fourteen, I think), though a large girl, and he was close to seventy, the situation was at once embarrassing and comic. "Go comb the sunshine from your hair!" was his daily cry to her, varied by the murmurous assertion, "the one fair woman!" —both dicta which he addressed to all blondes whom he met.

The child was at once flattered and made uneasy. Joaquin's blue eyes blazed on her with unmistakable meaning. He came with his pockets full of rose-petals, which he would dump on her head on the first occasion when he found her attention diverted. Also he had, and wore, a buckskin coat that had been presented to him by admirers in the Klondike, the five buttons of which were nuggets as large as one's thumb, banded with copper and tied with scarlet ribbons. He had parted with all but the top button to other feminine objects of devotion, and now insisted on giving my sister the last one. She accepted it and subsequently sold it! Not long afterwards, the schools opening, we pulled stakes and returned to Piedmont.

But the end was not yet. On the following Saturday, Joaquin, arrayed in his Sunday best, presented himself at my mother's home in Piedmont. He came as a suitor. And for several successive Saturdays he donned a long black coat and wide-brimmed hat, harnessed his venerable steed to his even more ancient wagon, and drove forth on his quest of the golden girl. She was somewhat embarrassed by the attention, and no great conversationalist, but never shrank from the meeting. It may be that she saw other nuggets as a possibility. When, however, Joaquin finally came to the point and asked for her hand, addressing her mother, he was met with the objection that there was too great a discrepancy in ages.

It is to be reported that he took his medicine bravely. He bowed himself out, with regrets, and came no more. Just before the time of his death we found that he had a wife then living! How he expected to get away with anything like that will always be a mystery to me. It would have been a pity to have had to go gunning for the dear old rogue.

VII

Not long after that I went to Carmel to live, and thenceforth saw but little of Joaquin. But one day the message came over the hill from Monterey: "I am here with Stoddard. Meet us at El Adobe." I departed in haste, and found him in that dude saloon with his old friend Charles Warren Stoddard. He was on one of the lecture-tours which provided him with the sinews of war, and was to hold forth in Monterey that evening. But it was still early afternoon, and the wine was red, howbeit my elders stuck to whiskey.

After a while we set forth to inspect the waterfront, and came on a strolling photographer. He knew Joaquin, at least by sight, and insisted on taking the three of us. Who he was and whether or not he

still lives I cannot say, but the picture now hangs in a Monterey cigar-store. I occupy the mid-position, with an arm around the shoulder of each; a patronizing pose, but they insisted on it. And a glance is enough to assure the beholder that we were all happy, very happy.

Being in that state of benevolence, we were convinced that it was our pious duty to visit the old Mission at Carmel. A two seater was chartered, and with my friends in the back seat, I drove proudly to my home among the pines. Here Stoddard was, figuratively, gathered to his fathers, and we laid him on a bed in my work cabin, he meanwhile feebly moaning that he wanted "his baby," whoever that was. Joaquin and I went on to the Mission.

There he would, no doubt, have been impressed by the shadows and relics of California's golden past, but the old Portuguese sexton's daughter, who accompanied us with a great key, was a most attractive young imp, and Joaquin devoted his entire attention to trying to catch her off her guard. She was, however, too alert and active for him, and we had to leave without his obtaining the desired kiss. Back at my home again, we found Stoddard peacefully slumbering, flat on his back.

"Leave him there," ordered Joaquin. "And you'd better stand by with a drink when he wakes up." So he drove back to Monterey alone, and the last that we saw of him was his long hair blown outward by the speed of his flight. The lecture was, by report, a great success.

That was the last time I was to see him on his feet. Though I spent rather more than half of my time in San Francisco and Oakland, our trails never crossed, and I was next to hear of him as ill in an Oakland hospital, the Fabiola. Thither I hastened at my first opportunity, to find him looking down the last long slope. They had, he bitterly complained, cut down his ration of whiskey, and without it all was vanity and he but a broken reed. As long as I was in the North I visited him often, always smuggling to him some brandy. On my next visit to San Francisco, I learned that his wife and daughter had come from the East, and that he had been removed to his home on The Hights. I lost no time in going there.

It was a superb as well as a pathetic sight that met my eyes. He was now in the cottage formerly occupied by his mother, and with his wife and daughter in constant attendance. He lay propped up, as of old, on his bed, the red skull-cap on his head and the great golden-gray beard spread on his breast. Due whether or not to diet and practical denial of alcohol, his complexion was that of the traditional school girl, and his beautiful blue eyes were those of a healthy child. I have never seen a more imposing sight. Truly he looked as we like to imagine that one of the Hebrew patriarchs should have looked.

But tragedy was to follow. His daily dole of whiskey was brought in, and taking the little glass in a trembling hand he held it up and said: "There, Sterling—what do you think of that? What sort of a drink is that to give a sick man—and only once a day?" My heart went out to him in sympathy, and I assured Mrs. Miller that if they wished to keep him alive they would better increase, and that handsomely, his daily allotment. The advice was not followed, as I feared, and in a few weeks he had taken the sunset trail.

I was in Carmel at the time, and, fortunately, was unable to attend his funeral. He had built, with his own hands, two stone towers on The Hights, one dedicated to Browning and one to Frémont, the Pathfinder. In addition to these he had also built a pyre of rock, on which he wished to be cremated.

That order was carried out, and to the occasion came the great American mob in all its vileness. There were few acts of vandalism that they did not perpetrate, the final outrage being the theft, by several Yahoos, of bits of his bones!

Several weeks afterwards, I was informed that Joaquin had left me his quill-

pen. Pleased and impressed by the honor, I took my first opportunity to obtain the keepsake. My pride, however, was short lived: before long I found that he had left similar pens to half a dozen other scribblers! I passed my own gift on to one who would appreciate it more deeply. There are degrees even among minor poets.

VIII

So at the last the Sierran singer slept well, and whether or not he is to be ranked among the very great, what a success he made of mere living! Think of it—nearly sixty years in California when California was unspoiled by the ravages of the bigot and the Babbitt! He did not have to see the coming of the dry law; he did not even have to endure the Great War. He passed away loved and honored, and though the daughter of the vine came not to lift the pall from his final months on earth, those months were few, and not too slow, let us hope, in their flight. True, his widow now makes elocutionary incantations over the relics in his old cabin, but he is unaware that his memory is so made absurd; and even that will cease in time.

He seems to have been immune to jealousy of his fellow-bards, a rare quality, at least in those days, when poets were able to admire one another. He was, in fact, lavish of his praise to an almost absurd degree, and, too tender-hearted to inflict the smallest pain; he gave his commendation to any sort of jingles, provided he did not have to do so in print. Again I quote Bierce:

"As to Joaquin, it is his detestable habit, as it was Longfellow's, to praise all poetry submitted to him."

But Joaquin was not above showing a flash of even sharp wit when he felt that its recipient was sufficiently tough of fibre. I recall asking him, once, to autograph for me his latest book, a request that he granted promptly, inscribing it as follows:

Yours, since you paid for it!
JOAQUIN MILLER

As is patent enough, his work was strongly influenced by Swinburne and Byron. He used the metres of the former, without any recourse to his eroticism; the spirit of the latter, without much of his misanthropy, though he wrote:

Fear God, and love not any man.

Like Swinburne's also, his poems lend themselves to a general æsthetic impact rather than to quotation of particular lines or passages. He was not a maker of great lines, and his perhaps most magical ones were not his own creation at all, but written and given to him by his first wife, Minnie Myrtle:

And ever and ever His boundless blue,
And ever and ever His green, green sod,
And ever and ever between the two
Walk the wonderful winds of God.

I doubt if Joaquin ever admitted his obligation in the matter. I had the information from a woman who had been one of Minnie Myrtle's closest friends.

His dedication of his Collected Poems to that debaucher of legislatures, C. P. Huntington, came as a shock to even his intimate friends. The dedication cites that the unscrupulous old monster had "done the Greater West and South more enduring good than any other man." If one will bring to mind the California of the splendid idle forties, of the romantic fifties, of the thrilling sixties, even of the full-blooded seventies, and contrast it with the California that was to follow, one can get a fairly adequate idea of the "good" that was to be inflicted on the most gorgeously romantic of the States. California of the sixties—and California of today, a-swarm with realtors, Ford tourists, profiteers, uplifters, dry agents, censors, movie actors and militant hen-clubs: take your choice! We have become respectable, boredom is one of the virtues, and our bandits occupy leather-lined chairs in offices looking out on the green waters of San Francisco Bay.

But Joaquin sleeps in safety.

GOUDY

BY ROBERT O. BALLOU

Frederic William Goudy is the occasional proof which sharpens the teeth of the old saw about better mousetraps and the path the world beats to their maker's door. Fifteen years ago he was an obscure designer of advertising ornaments, a letterer, a printer making little books at his Village Press, known only to the initiate. Today you introduce him to the most obscure printer in America and he asks, "Are you related to the Goudy who drew all those wonderful types?" Goudy has made better types; that is why. He is a curiosity in printing history. Other type designers have made one, two, perhaps three, good type faces. Goudy has made half a hundred—all of them, with one or two possible exceptions, excellent. A dozen or more are famous wherever the Roman alphabet is printed.

One thinks of the date of a man's birth as his beginning. As a matter of fact, the determining factors in his personality are in the annals of his ancestors, in their physical beings, their impulses, the fortunes which drove them here and there. In the case of Goudy one sees a long line of solid, hard-working men wandering about restlessly, expressing now and then a creative urge somewhat repressed through the need to earn a living, loving learning more than material success. Such a history will inevitably produce at least one school teacher. In the Goudy family it was John F., the father of Frederic and the husband of Amanda, who bore Frederic at Bloomington, Illinois, on March 8, 1865.

What was printing like in 1865? Ottmar Mergenthaler was eleven years old and had not yet begun to think about "the significance of the slug." Mechanical paper-making, as we know it, was in its infancy. Fourdrinier, inventor of the *deus ex machina* of the paper mills, had died but eleven years before. Power presses were only half a century old. William Morris was a boy; there was no Kelmscott Press. Printing had hardly become conscious as yet of the doldrums into which it had drifted. It was the period of which Douglas C. McMurtrie, in "American Type Design," has written:

> American typography, like that of all the European countries, passed through a dark and discouraging period during the last half of the Nineteenth Century. This was the age of types abnormal in every particular, of the decorated monstrosities that made printing in general, and display composition especially, hideous.

Not that abnormal or hideous types bothered any member of the Goudy family in those days; least of all the Goudy baby. John F. Goudy, superintendent of schools at Bloomington, was a harmonious part of the age in which he lived. Between 1865 and 1870 he and his family lived in four different towns, and in one of them twice. Young Frederic's teens found him at the Butler, Illinois, school, a janitor at sixteen, earning ten dollars a month.

Here he became marked for an engineer, or at least a mechanic. For his first ten dollars went into a lathe, which he bought from Perry Mason of Boston, publisher, then, of the *Youth's Companion*. Right away he started to make a steam engine of his own. It couldn't all be wood, and he had no boring machine to make a metal cylinder. But he found that Babbitt metal could be melted and poured, so he turned a mold and a core of wood, poured Babbitt

metal into it, and had a cylinder. His steam engine ran. That's the way he has been ever since. If he finds it impossible to get the right tool to cut his type matrices he uses what is at hand, and ends by making the most satisfactory tool he has ever used out of a rat-tail file.

But Fred Goudy never became an engineer. Ten dollars a month was evidently not enough spending money for him, for a bit later on, while in the Shelbyville High-school, he took to helping a local paper-hanger. The Sunday-school was being papered, and he was asked to give the finishing touches. There were some panels about the wall which looked rather empty, and the young consultant thought that some Bible texts would look well there. Before he had finished, he had the whole place pasted up with texts made of letters which he had laboriously cut out of brilliant wall paper, redrawing the ornamental letters he needed from specimens in an old Bruce Foundry specimen book borrowed from a local print-shop. Those panels would make an interesting picture now, placed beside specimens of Forum, Kennerley, and Garamont. Perhaps they were good letters. But they have long since disappeared.

In 1883 John F. Goudy went to South Dakota, where three years later he became probate judge and a real-estate operator. In his office Frederic became partner, clerk, bookkeeper and advertising manager. Here he did his first layout work. But he was restless and soon he left Dakota for the city—Minneapolis. Here he kept books again, for a few months; then, unexplainably, he went to Springfield, Illinois, where he stayed a little longer than he had at Minneapolis. Wanderers go home now and then, and Goudy started back to South Dakota. But he never finished the trip. He stopped off in Chicago.

Up to this time Goudy had been doing other things beside keeping books. Beginning with his experience with printers in South Dakota, in writing and laying out real estate advertisements, he had discovered in himself an interest in advertising, and here and there had dabbled in it. When he found himself in Chicago, in 1890 or thereabouts, this interest was crystallizing. He booked a few commissions to write advertisements, and while hunting for others he found a vivid young person who gradually interested him more than the men who paid his bills. Her name was Bertha Sprinks. Today she is Bertha M. Goudy. She set most of the books printed by the Village Press.

II

About this time Goudy drew the first Goudy type. He wanted not only to use types, but to create them. He did not know anything about it; that is, about the technique of making type designs. But his skill with the pencil, which had shown itself back in Shelbyville when he had won first prize at a county fair for copying a wood-engraving, coupled with the fascination which types now had for him, could have but one outcome.

One evening he drew an alphabet of capitals in letters half an inch high. When he had finished them he folded them up and put them in an envelope and sent them to the Dickinson branch of the American Type Founders Company, asking if they were worth five dollars. A letter came back enclosing a check for ten dollars, and Goudy thought that if he could make money as fast as that he had better give up bookkeeping and cashiering forever.

But he soon found that he could not make a living drawing alphabets. So he connected himself with a Chicago real-estate concern, and while working there he met C. Lauren Hooper, then a teacher of English. They became fast friends, and Hooper soon learned of Goudy's love of printing. The two decided to establish a press in which fine booklet work could be done. In 1895 they opened the Booklet Press, subletting space in a printing establishment in South Dearborn street, with an 8 by 12 Gordon press, a stone, and a

half-dozen fonts of type. Thus Goudy became a printer.

About this time Stone and Kimball came to Chicago from Harvard with the *Chap Book*. They somehow heard about Goudy and his love for good printing, and asked him if he would print the *Chap Book*. He consented and, with a steady monthly job to do, hired a printer to help him in the shop. It was soon evident that new type was necessary. The *Chap Book* needed to put a great deal on one page because it was small, but Goudy didn't wish to risk ruining the appearance of the page by printing it in too small a face. The one which pleased him best was the McKellar, Smith and Jordan Original Old Style. He had a fount specially cast, and made the old-time printers who looked at the *Chap Book* wonder how he fitted his type so closely. He was already doing good printing.

Some of the men who knew him in Chicago at that time—Oswald Cooper, who has since made Cooper type, and others—like to tell stories of the way Goudy did his work. A customer would come into his office, perhaps at two o'clock in the afternoon, with a job that must be completed the next morning at eight o'clock. Goudy would take it on and give the most solemn promise in the world, planning to devote the rest of the day to the job. But about the time the customer's footsteps died away, one of the boys would come in and suggest gallery seats at the Majestic, and Goudy would go. Then it would be dinner time and there would be some friends to talk to. About bed time the eight o'clock promise would be remembered, and Goudy would go back to the office and start his work; perhaps at two o'clock he would leave with the job finished.

Meanwhile another young enthusiast had joined him. Will Ransom, who had come to Chicago to learn how to design types, had gone expectantly to the Art Institute, where he had been told that there was an art school. But it had no courses in type design. By chance he wandered into Goudy's office, and there he stayed at a drawing board. Here, then, were two enthusiasts. The result was inevitable. They established a private press. On a hot July day in 1903, in the barn back of Goudy's house in Park Ridge, the Village Press was born.

The first piece of printing done by the Village Press was an announcement, dated July 24, 1903, of which seventy-six copies were printed and distributed to friends of the printers. "The founders of the Press," it tells us, "intend to make beautiful books of those things in literature which they enjoy. Each book will be planned and executed in what manner seems most appropriate to the character of that book, and the decoration will be considered in relation to the printed page rather than to the intent of the matter. By 'book' in this connection is meant a piece of artistic handicraft, and not its literary content. Generally speaking, the books which the printers have in mind will be strong and dignified; beautiful, too, but of the whole rather than of any one part. This strength will be a feature of their production."

In this announcement was the first showing of the now famous Village Type, "a letter," as the announcement says, "generous in form, with solid lines and strong serifs, and without preposterous thicks and thins. Legibility of the text as a whole was the first consideration, and the founders of the Press trust that the letter will prove acceptable to the readers of their productions." In March of the following year the Village Press was moved to Hingham, Massachusetts, and two years later to New York City, where Goudy established himself in the building then occupied also by Mitchell Kennerley. Here Goudy and Kennerley met and entered into a friendship which has lasted ever since.

In 1907 the Village Press, still in the Parker Building, went at the work of printing books with new energy. One of Goudy's most ambitious projects was begun here: the Sermon on the Mount, with illustrations by R. Anning Bell, and borders

and initials by Goudy himself. But, before it was completed, the Parker Building burned, the only complete set of Village Press publications burned, the Sermon on the Mount burned, and a gorgeous collection of Goudy initial letters and border designs burned. The only Village type which had ever been cast became little lumps of metal somewhere in the ashes that filled the basement. The drawings for the Village type were gone. In brief, the Village Press was obliterated from the world.

III

What was to be done next? There wasn't any money in the Goudy family; there was no press to print anything on; there was no type. Goudy tells how, the day after the fire, some society for the help of the worthy poor called and told him that they could arrange to give him a small amount of money, and he says that when it was refused there was a noticeable surprise in the voice of the person who offered it, which showed, perhaps, where Goudy stood in the popular mind of 1908.

One evening, after the destruction of the Press, he and his wife took a street car out to Brighton Park. Walking along the beach Goudy suddenly stopped. Who has ever looked at the Atlantic from an American shore without looking beyond to the Old World? Goudy did it that night. In his mind was the roar of London which he had never heard—and the British Museum; the land of William Morris and Caxton, and the Caslon Foundry; and he said:

"I wish I could go to Europe."

"Well, why don't you?" asked Mrs. Goudy.

As they rattled home that night a plan was perfected. Goudy was to earn enough money by July, not only to pay his expenses to Europe and back, but to leave enough in New York to take care of Mrs. Goudy and Frederic, Junior, while he was away. Their wants were modest enough, and the plan was jovially entered into. On July 9, 1909, Goudy sailed for Europe.

Not a great deal of significance in the history of type design happened on that first trip abroad. Goudy was still interested less in type design than he was in bookmaking as a whole. He was still primarily the booklover rather than the type designer. Returning in August, 1909, he took an office and continued his work in lettering. But two years later he designed the lovely Kennerley type, which B. H. Newdigate has called "the most beautiful type put within the reach of English printers since the first Caslon began casting about the year 1724."

In nothing which Goudy had done before had his clear vision of letter forms so shown itself as in this Kennerley. The response from discriminating printers was almost instantaneous. It is doubtful if any face, with the exception of Caslon, has achieved such a wide popularity so quickly, and such high praise from eminent typographers. It has been paid the tribute of imitation both in America and abroad. In March, 1924, thirteen experts in America and England were asked to list the ten best types available to English-speaking printers. Of these, seven put Kennerley on their lists.

The rest of Goudy's story is a story of success, begun as so many successes have been begun, outside of the country of its origin. In 1913 the Caslon Foundry in England bought the right to cast Kennerley Oldstyle, Forum Title, and the type which he had originally named Goudy Oldstyle (later renamed Goudy Antique and called Ratdoldt by the Caslons). The Caslons also agreed to buy a black letter which Goudy had begun to draw, but this has never been cut nor cast in the twelve years which have followed because its designer is not yet satisfied with it! The next year Goudy sold the Caslons five new type designs in a fifteen minute interview.

Recognition in Europe was the beginning of recognition in America. The American Type Founders Company asked Goudy to draw a face for them and the types now known as Goudy Oldstyle and Goudy

Italic, the father and mother of the Goudy family, were the result. Realizing the excellence of the type, the foundry not only cast the two parents but also enlarged the small capitals of the font to make Goudy Title, commissioned Goudy to draw special initials for the italic to make Goudy Cursive, had Mr. Benton redraw both Roman and italic with a little added weight to make Goudy Bold, and tooled a line out of Goudy Bold to make Goudy Handtooled.

For a time following this Goudy worked under an agreement with the American Type Founders Company which provided that he deliver a specified number of designs every year. Under this agreement he gave the foundry several new designs, only one of which, National Oldstyle, has yet appeared. In 1920 he made a new and fortunate alliance. He was retained by the Lanston Monotype Machine Company as its art director, under an agreement which gave him general supervision of all matters pertaining to its typographic designs and the company assurance that he would create a specified number of new designs yearly.

As a result of this connection, the Monotype Company announced eight Goudy types for machine composition. The first type produced was a sensation in printing. It was Garamont, the type which you are reading now, and which has been used by The American Mercury since its first issue. The other Goudy types which have been put on the monotype are: Goudy Heavy; Kennerley, with Roman and Italic; Kennerley Bold, with Roman and Italic; Forum title; Goudy Modern, with Roman and italic; Goudy Open, with Roman and italic; and Italian Oldstyle, with Roman and italic.

As a group, they are without any doubt the most distinguished group of machine-set types ever offered to printers. A good printer could do all his printing today with monotype Goudy types and all of his printing would be adequate. Goudy will probably be remembered longer for these monotype faces than for those which were cast to be handset.

But he is still at it. A few weeks ago, on a Friday, he called me from a Chicago station saying that he was in town. I went down and found him with a complete set of drawings for a new font of type, which he had brought to Chicago to have cut. The idea had occurred to him about noon on the previous Monday. He had begun work immediately and had left New York Thursday morning with the work completed. I think it is one of the most beautiful letters he has ever drawn. It is not yet named nor has it been shown. The drawings for Hadriano were made between noon and three o'clock the following morning. But he is still working on that black letter, begun in 1913!

Sixty miles or so up the Hudson from New York Goudy has now settled down (he hopes) for the rest of his life. For years he has wanted to cast types of his own design in a foundry of his own. Today the Village Letter Foundery is casting Goudy types in an old mill over a beautiful stream at Marlboro-on-Hudson. Much of the manual labor necessary to the many processes of matrix-cutting and type casting he does himself and probably he gets more fun out of it than out of anything else which he does. He is essentially a playboy and he will remain one to his death.

CLINICAL NOTES

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

No. 18.—One can't but look with a humorous pity upon those deluded souls who are confident that the Eighteenth Amendment will be repealed during their time on earth and that once again the lithograph capricornus, the free lunch, the basket of pretzels, the soaped mirror, the white apron, the dish of cloves, the brightly shined foot-rail and the succulent dill-pickle will appear to gladden the street-corner. Politicians may change all they want to, but so long as human nature doesn't change the Eighteenth Amendment stands no more chance of being stricken from the national legal bible than the Thirteenth. In order to get rid of Prohibition, an immense amount of lucre would be needed to bribe, buy up, shanghai and blackmail the dry members of Congress, and such an amount of lucre will never be forthcoming during our lifetime. And for a very simple reason.

Every American who is well enough off in worldly goods to contribute so much as even a measly ten dollars to any cause, or to the cause of the wets in particular, today has all he wants to drink or, if he hasn't, knows where he can get it either simply by lifting the telephone receiver off the hook or walking around the corner to a convenient blind-pig, "club" or restaurant back-room. To persuade this contented fellow to grow sufficiently excited to contribute a nickel toward the alcoholic happiness of men less fortunate than he is to have a respect for human nature that centuries of experience with human nature hardly warrant. Since Prohibition doesn't bother him in the least, he has ceased to have any concern with it the one way or the other, and doesn't give a tinker's dam whether the Eighteenth Amendment remains on the books or not. And so, filling up another glass of excellent stuff got in by his bootlegger by way of Canada, Bermuda, Cuba or crooked revenue officers working the North Atlantic coast, he allows the brewers idiotically to campaign themselves to death with negligible amounts of money, the newspaper editorial writers vainly to get writer's cramp and the parched paupers of the country to protest all they want to and go thirsty.

Never since Prohibition went into effect has it been so easy to get good, drinkable *Schnapps* at fair prices as it is now. And it is constantly getting easier. On that day when a man with a double Daiquiri cocktail in his fist feels his heart breaking because some yokel out in the farm-tractor belt hasn't got one too, on that day will the Eighteenth Amendment feel the ground under it getting weak. But until that day comes, it is founded upon the Gibraltar rock of human nature that doesn't give a hoot so long as it itself has got a bottle hidden in the book-case. Prohibition could doubtless be soon got rid of with a hundred million dollars. But the hundred million necessary dollars, unfortunately or otherwise, happen to be in the pants of men who know of Prohibition only by hearsay.

The War and Sex Morals.—The attributing of the present looseness of sex morals to the late war seems to me to be for the most part nonsensical. While it is unquestionably true that the war inspired sexual nonchalance among women more or less directly concerned in it, such, for example, as volunteer nurses, young women resident within sound of the guns and others close to the actual scenes of conflict, I doubt

that the reasons assigned for the indifferent chastity of these quite cover the case of women far removed from the fighting countries. That the spirit of loose sex morals has animated these latter as well as their sisters, no one will deny, for not in the memory of three generations has the world seen women so free in this respect as they are today. But if the war and the effects of war are not responsible for the freedom, what is?

It is my guess that the universal looseness in sex morals is the direct result of the more or less recent looseness in conversation, and that the latter, in turn, was the direct result not of the Freudian psychopathology, as some maintain,—not more than one person out of every ten thousand was even aware that such a gent as Freud existed,— but the direct result of the wholesale influx into the English, American, French and German languages of fresh and lively slang words and phrases, many of which were synonyms for words and phrases which couldn't be used in general conversation before. It is possible to carry on a conversation today about many things one couldn't mention ten years ago without being boxed on the ear or booted out into the street. This has been brought about by the birth of the slang in point which makes possible the implication and expression of many things, most of them hitherto verboten, without mentioning them by name. In addition, since the spirit of slang is a humorous one, the freedom in conversation becomes doubly safe, since one may with impunity speak humorously where if one said precisely the same thing without humor one would be frowned upon.

I thoroughly believe that, if there had been no war, we should have had the current sexual picnic just the same, and that slang would have been the responsible agent. It is slang that has broken down the former barriers of reserve; it is slang that has made quick intimacy possible; it is slang that has made a boy and girl feel at complete ease days and even months before they used to feel at complete ease with each other. Viewing the situation in America alone, we can't but face the fact that the speech of a generation ago was largely its own chaperone, whereas the speech of today is a quick-worker if ever there was one. Twenty years ago, after a young man had met a young woman at a party and had spoken with her for an hour or two, he asked her politely if he might call on her. Today, after a young man has met a young woman at a party, they know more about each other at the end of five minutes' conversation than their fathers or mothers will ever know.

Muscle and Mentality.—College presidents are in the habit of defending the late usurpation of the scholastic curriculum by the gymnasium and athletic field with the old Latin whangdoodle about a healthy mind in a healthy body. The two actually seldom go together. The fine minds are generally to be found in bodies that are more or less constantly on their way to the drugstore or family doctor. Fully two-thirds of the greatest geniuses the world has produced have been physically defective. There isn't a life insurance company in existence today which, assuming they were still in mundane coat-tails, would take a chance on Michelangelo, Beethoven, Shakespeare, Heine, Mark Twain, Schumann, Molière, Robert Louis Stevenson, Goethe, Stephen Crane, Cervantes, Swinburne, Strindberg, Ibsen, Chopin, Mozart, Händel, Gluck, Samuel Johnson, Verlaine, Nietzsche, Lafcadio Hearn, De Quincey, de Musset, Huneker, Paganini, Swift, Sardou, Ulysses S. Grant, Grover Cleveland or any one of a thousand other men whose names have gone into history's pages. All of these were of the sort that the MM. Lionel Strongfort and Earle E. Liederman presently address themselves to; not one of them could, in their lifetime, have made even a college freshman quoit-pitching team. College athletics may turn out successful realtors, bond salesmen, automobile agents and salesmen of steam pumps, but if they turn

out or ever have turned out minds one-hundredth so spectacular as their stock of biceps and calf-muscles I'd like a list of names and dates. The body is always developed at the expense of the mind, and all the eloquence of college presidents to the contrary convinces no one but the mentally deficient among the student body and the writers of sport news.

Letters.—If ever I am called as a juror in a divorce case, or a suit for breach of promise, or a marriage annulment case, or a suit for separation, I shall cast my vote, whatever the general run of the evidence, against that one of the parties to the trial who has carefully preserved evidence over a long period of time in the form of letters written by the other. There is always something phoney about the person who saves potentially incriminating letters against a future day. His very anticipation of their usefulness is the mark of his premeditation and guilt. His act shows conclusively, it seems to me, his plan toward trouble. No honest man or woman in affairs of the heart preserves other of the other's letters save those that signify nothing but an affection that is and has been very beautiful. Letter-files are for business men and business women; the furnace is the only letter-file for honorable men and women when the subject before them is love.

The Crime Wave.—That the recent tremendous spread of crime in the United States is due to any one or all of the reasons assigned, I seriously doubt. The responsibility has been placed upon everything from the late war to the modern novel, from Bolshevism to bad booze, and from insufficient police protection to the automobile and the easy means of escape provided by the latter. That these have been the mainspring of the crime wave does not convince me. Unless I am uncommonly mistaken, the responsibility lies in a different quarter and that is the enormously increased number of shady, but shrewd and competent, shyster lawyers who have sprung up like mushrooms all over America. These fellows, out for notoriety and money and willing to do anything to get them, have opened offices in almost every other block of every American town of any size. And their trade consists in large part of taking on as clients gentlemen who have illegally gotten away with swag of one kind or another and in getting as much of it as possible for themselves. They have nothing to lose and everything to gain. If they can prove the innocence of their clients or even merely that their clients no longer have the swag in their possession (whatever may happen to the clients after that), they are down in their luck if at least half of the cabbaged boodle doesn't find its way into their pockets. If, on the other hand, their clients go to the hoosegow, they are out only a little gab and time.

The crooks have been trained to know these shysters and to put confidence in them. And that confidence has been well repaid. Twenty years ago, a criminal had difficulty in getting a lawyer to handle his case for him. Today, a dozen are waiting for him when the patrol-wagon backs up to the police station. These shysters, as I have said, are not merely charlatans; many of them have legal minds devious, sharp and immensely cunning. Look at the newspapers any day and you will read a sufficiently illuminating record of their successes. Against the overcrowded and tired court mind, a mind that has utterly no time to do justice to the prosecution, their own alert mind has a comparatively easy job. Only in the case of murder do they experience any difficulty and even here the statistics show a remarkable record of good fortune for them.

This new genus shyster is a fellow far superior in trickery to his brother of the past. He has made a study of it and has mastered it. The old shyster was simply a snide lawyer with a couple of political friends upon whom he had something, who were hence in his power and whom he could use to his client's advantage, plus a

shabby Prince Albert and a loud mouth; but the shyster of today is no such low fowl. He knows criminal law inside and out, chiefly inside, and he is privy to the means as how best to jockey it in his client's favor. The criminal classes read that he has succeeded in getting Abe Flopbaum off easily by proving that Abe was dropped on his head when three years old and was therefore not in his right senses when he forged the check for $30,000, that he has managed to free Luigi the Wop by proving that the mulatto whose body was found in the sewer was the one actually responsible for the seduction of the little Swedish servant girl, and that he got Aloysius Mulcahey, Jr., out of Sing Sing by showing that one of the jurors who convicted him was a Ku Kluxer, and they thereupon hitch up their trousers, get out the old family six-shooter and go out and beat up another Columbus avenue jeweler and make off with another quart or so of diamonds.

In any city where there are as many lawyers as policemen, crime is in high feather. The towns that have few lawyers in them are invariably found to be happy, peaceful, law-abiding communities.

Truth and Age.—Young men tell the truth much more than older men. As a man grows older, he grows more and more hypocritical, and embellishes the truth with pretty and convenient knick-nacks of this or that sort. He has to, if he would get on comfortably in the world, for the world has an axe out for the persistent and unashamed truth-teller and is not loath to swing it. The young man is full of impudence, courage and indifference and doesn't particularly care if the world makes him comfortable or not. But the older man thinks of his wife, his family, his neighbor, his business, his standing in the Mystic Shrine, the man who rides downtown with him in the subway every morning and his old Uncle Felix, now down with acute anterior poliomyelitis as a result of an indiscretion in "The Black Crook" days, and so thinking, he carefully dresses up the truth in pink baby ribbons. If all the men in the United States over the age of sixty were to begin to tell the truth as Ed Howe, for example, presently tells it, granting them the ability to tell it as Ed does, the graveyards would soon be chockablock with tombstones inscribed *b. circa 1865*.

NOTES & *Queries*

Queries and answers should be addressed to The Editor of Notes and Queries, and not to individuals. Queries are printed in the order of their receipt, and numbered serially. An answer should bear the number of the query it refers to.

QUERY NO. 123

Will some kind soul be good enough to supply me with a complete version of a ballad of which the following is an incomplete and probably inaccurate version:

Did you ever hear tell of sweet Betsy from Pike?
She crossed the Missouri with her lover Ike.
With one yoke of oxen and one yellow dog,
An old Shanghai rooster, and one spotted hog.

. . .

They traveled along 'till they came to Salt Lake.
When Brigham saw Betsy, he said, "I will take!"
But Betsy grew frightened and ran like a deer
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

My father picked this up in Utah in the late eighties. It has a touching tune.

ANDREW S. WING, *New York City*

QUERY NO. 124

Some years ago there appeared in the columns of *Vanity Fair* a long parody on Robert W. Service's poems. Can someone acquaint me with the volume and number in which this appeared, or supply me with a copy?

DOUGLAS S. PERRY, *Hartford, Conn.*

QUERY NO. 125

Here is a chance for some politician to make himself immortal at one stroke: to have a law passed making it a capital crime to offer any applause whatever at any musical concert. This quack-clapping of the fakes who infest the musical auditoriums must enrage all genuine music-lovers to the point of homicide; I know it just makes me gnash my teeth and foam at the mouth. All I ask for in compensation for this lift to immortality is the pleasure of listening to the Philharmonic play Brahms' Second Symphony—with Carnegie Hall all to myself, and all the doors bolted from within. . . . Ah, how lovely it would be!

ARISTOCRAT, *New York City*

QUERY NO. 126

Will someone be kind enough to give me a list of the best English translations of Aristophanes now in print? I would also like to know what translations of the Greek tragedies are considered to be the best.

GEORGE B. GARROTT, *Washington*

QUERY NO. 127

Can anyone give me the names of books dealing with the arts and crafts of the Huguenots? I am particularly interested in the works of woodcarvers, wrought-iron workers, stonecutters, watchmakers and engravers. If any specimens of their work are available, I would like to know exactly where they may be found.

L. T. H., *New York City*

QUERY NO. 128

Can any reader acquaint me with all the verses of the ditty about Christopher Columbus, one line of which goes thus:

He knew the world was round-O!

I should also like a complete version of these masterpieces: "My Name is Samuel Hall" and "John Henry and the Crab."

CALVERT CLUTTS, *Laurel, Md.*

QUERY NO. 129

I have just returned to New York to live after an absence of seven years in Europe. Because of Prohibition the life of the town has changed; and, naturally, the change is more marked to me than it would be to one who has been living continuously here. What I would like to know is, are there any old-time German Places of Business where a fellow can get a decent glass of beer and hear some good music? I don't mean jazz; I mean music. Isn't there some place in or near New York where you can sit down to muse over a *Seidel* of contraband malt and listen to, let us say, "Die Fledermaus," or "The Dollar Princess," or the Summer-house duet from the second act of "The Merry Widow," or the letter duet from "The Chocolate Soldier," or some of the arias from "The Geisha" or "San Toy" or "The Runaway Girl"? Can a man no longer weep a few salty nostalgic tears between *Schlücke* as an orchestra plays "The Blue Danube" or "Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald"? Such a place must be hidden on the island. Oh, God, speak up, and slip me its address!

FORMER UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICER, *New York*

QUERY NO. 130

Where can I find complete and accurate information regarding Christophe, the founder of a Negro kingdom in Haiti?

WILLARD R. WOLFINBARGER, *Independence, Mo.*

QUERY NO. 131

Can someone tell me whether the Mohammedan peoples are really total abstainers from alcohol or whether, like their Christian enemies, they are merely great pretenders?

H. H. M., *Holly Bluff, Miss.*

QUERY NO. 132

What is the origin of the word *Gotham* as applied to the City of New York? Since when has it been used in this connection? New York is a city of many appellations, and most of them may be traced to Dutch or Indian sources. Perhaps this one is also Indian or Dutch in origin.

I am also in search of a list of reliable books on the folklore of New York and the Highlands of the Hudson, especially the West Shore. I have already delved into the works of Irving, only to come up begging for more. Guiterman's "Ballads of Old New York" has also proved interesting and useful, but it does not seem to exhaust the subject.

EVELYN R. AHREND, *New York City*

Answers

ANSWER NO. 54

I know of no biography of William Marion Reedy. After his death I reread the bound files of Reedy's *Mirror* and had copied those articles and poems I thought worthy of preservation. Mitchell Kennerley agreed to publish these under the title of "Uncollected Writings of William Marion Reedy," in two volumes. He expects to have them ready for sale in the near future.

GEORGE J. TANSEY, *St. Louis*

Save for Reedy's "Law of Love," published by the Roycrofters, I believe, none of his work has appeared between covers. Plans were made, a year or so ago, for a two-volume edition of his writings, but to date I have not seen it. Sara Bard Field, of San Francisco, is at present engaged in writing a critical estimate of Reedy's work.

WILBUR KLINEFELTER, *Glen Rock, Pa.*

ANSWER NO. 56

It may interest Stephan Ilya Kouprenoff to know that Woodrow Wilson was an ardent devotee of vaudeville and of detective stories. He rarely missed reading any of the better detective yarns, and the great-

est favor a friend could bestow on him was to present him with a copy of the latest publication of that type. His almost weekly attendance at one of Keith's theatres in Washington gave reason for the management to name that theatre "The Playhouse of the Presidents."

HUGH R. HAMILTON, *Washington*

ANSWER NO. 58

The saying, "Lay rows to catch meddlers," is still used in Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana to nonplus inquisitive childhood's annoying questions. It is simply a way of evading an answer to a direct question. An analogous saying used in other parts of the country for the same purpose is, "Something to make little children (or fools) ask questions." Either of these sayings will serve as an equivocatory reply to such a question as: "What's in that package, daddy?" I have been unable to trace the origin of the phrase but have been told that the words "Lay rows" mean "traps" or "snares."

F. H. SCHOOLCRAFT,
Kansas City, Mo.

"Larrows catch meddlers," the Negro mammy's rebuke to inquisitive Southern children occurs in Norfolk, England, as "Larrows for meddlers." Both my grandmothers used it, but my wife, who was born in Norwich, says that she never heard it when she was a girl. I cannot discover what it means, or whether its origin is English or American. We have borrowed many locutions from the Americans, and "Larrows for meddlers" may have been imported by Moore and Burgess or the Christy Minstrels, or even earlier. There were American Negro songs in England long before the burnt cork days, as the old song sheets show.

H. W. SEAMAN, *Liverpool, England*

ANSWER NO. 59

"The Rise of David Levinsky," by Abraham Cahan, is not primarily a religious novel, but perhaps it will fall within C. H. Grattan's classification nevertheless, for it discusses some of the religious problems of an orthodox Jew. It is one of the best novels printed in America in twenty-five years.

GARLAND DECATUR, *Chicago*

Mormonism has inspired an extensive literature. The most ambitious Sherlock Holmes story, "A Study in Scarlet," has a Mormon setting. So has "Riders of the Purple Sage," Zane Grey's most popular book; the Mormons also appear in at least one other novel of Grey's. Joaquin Miller wrote a play called "The Danites." About five years ago Pierre Benoist, a French Sax Rohmer, wrote "Le Lac Salé"; it was translated but was not widely read. Mark Twain devotes two chapters of "Roughing It" to the Mormons, and they appear, also, in two of Artemus Ward's sketches.

Many entirely insignificant novels and short stories devoted to the Mormons have appeared and vanished. If Mr. Grattan will write to me, explaining in greater detail what he wants, I may be able to help him. Let him understand, moreover, that the production still goes on. The Wild West magazines use Mormons instead of stage-robbers as villains whenever variety seems desirable; I should say that this source provides about fifteen stories a year. *Short Stories*, a journal of this type, serialized a thriller, whose name I have forgotten, by one Dane Coolidge during the Summer of 1925. Even the movies contribute. Some years ago they produced "Riders of the Purple Sage," Mormon villains and all. This year a revised version of the same movie appeared—censored so that the word Mormon did not appear and nothing suggested the identity of the religion portrayed. There is an almost incredible quantity of fiction by Mormons, describing the earthly and celestial bliss of the sect. And, of course, all sorts of poetry, including a full-length epic. The Mormon Church publishes several magazines partially devoted to this stuff. Nearly all of them are unreadable.

None of the literature mentioned above has ever had any influence at all. The anti-Mormon literature that helped to excite the corn belt and the Congress of the United States was made up almost wholly of salacious personal exposés of polygamy gathered by virgins of both sexes.

BERNARD DE VOTO, *Evanston, Ill.*

ANSWER NO. 61

I suggest that *gypo* bears some sort of relation to *gyp* and *gippo*. Both are terms of opprobrium. The former is applied at the English universities to a female servant; the latter is an old English term for varlet. Both seem to come from *gipsy*, though the route is very obscure. *To gyp* means to swindle.

LEXICOGRAPHER, *Princeton, N. J.*

The word *gypo* was first used by team hands and hard-rock men when they were building the transcontinental railroads. They applied it to the small contractor who "subbed" from a "main" contractor. The *gypos* traveled from one job to another in the fashion of gypsies; the word doubtless originated from this fact. Like *haywire*, another team-hand word, *gypo* has come into general use among the sawdust savages only during the past ten years. *Gypo* is also used as a verb. In this usage it has no relation to *gyp*. There was once an animal called the gypo, but it impaired its appetite by eating red-tailed wobs.

JAMES STEVENS, *Tacoma, Wash.*

ANSWER NO. 62

I would advise "Manufacturer" to send his idiot son to Harvard. I am a recent Harvard graduate myself, and I wish to assure him that there is no university in the country where it is easier to get by with a minimum of work. It is an actual fact that throughout my entire four years I read no more, in the aggregate, than fifty small pages of large type, and that I skipped eighty per cent of the lectures I was supposed to attend. I not only did not fail to get through; I graduated *cum laude!*

HARVARD '21, *Providence, R. I.*

To the father whose 19-year-old son has turned out to be a damned fool and who now wants to know what college to send him to, I offer this counsel: consider first the boy's embarrassment and pain should he go to a college where there are intelligent fellows. What should be done is to canvass the field of schools and find one where he is unlikely to find boys of any sense whatsoever—students whose ignorance could comfortably fit in with his own. Hence, I suggest the Union Theological Seminary.

SON OF A BISHOP, *Mexico City, Mexico*

ANSWER NO. 64

I suggest that your correspondent, Bible Student, who says that he aspires to a D.D. degree, write to the Rev. William H. Woodfin, D.D., president of the College of Divine Metaphysics, Inc., 4226 Olive street, St. Louis. This institution confers the D.D. on correspondence students. Laymen must take four courses: those in Metaphysical Bible Interpretation, the Master Key System, Metaphysical Healing, and Comparative Religions. The first costs $100 cash, the second $36, the third $50 and the fourth $20, or $206 in all. Those who desire to pay on the instalment plan must pay $21 more. Upon the conclusion of this four-part course students "may be ordained to the ministry by the college," which is a "regularly chartered and incorporated school" under the laws of Missouri, "with the full legal right to grant diplomas and degrees." Students who are already ordained may obtain the D.D. on the completion of one course only: that in Metaphysical Bible Interpretation. The cost to them is thus but $100 cash. The same college offers a course in the Psychology of Business Success at $50 cash, leading to the degree of Ps.D. The course in Metaphysical Healing, which costs $50 cash and leads

to the degree of P.T., includes lessons in Mental Surgery, the Mental and Spiritual Cure of Tuberculosis, the Cure of Indigestion and Constipation, Treatment for Easy Childbirth, and the Cure of Female Troubles.

JOHNNY WALKER, *St. Louis, Mo.*

"Bible Student" is approaching the problem of getting a D.D. with the least expenditure of trouble and money from the wrong angle. Why go through all the trouble of paying even fifty dollars in cash or studying at all? Why not take up a pastorate in some place like Podunk, Ohio, or Ashkonshet, Mont., and preach a couple of good, red-hot sermons for the Virgin Birth and against cigarette smoking and rolled stockings, and then make known this fact to some one-building denominational university in Arkansas or Wyoming? I have known many clergymen who have done this sort of thing and not one of them has failed to obtain his D.D. In fact, I know one or two who have obtained two or three D.D.'s.

EX-PASTOR, *Albuquerque, N. Mex.*

ANSWER NO. 65

The best Klan paper used to be the *American Standard*, of New York. It died with the year 1925. The editor, until toward the end, was the Rev. C. Lewis Fowler, D.D., LL.D., a Baptist clergyman. The *American Standard* was well written, and full of news that never got into the newspapers. For example, it published a series of articles on the death of William Jennings Bryan, at Dayton, Tenn., showing how he was put out of the way by the Jesuits. It also accused them of dispatching the late W. G. Harding. Of the Klan papers still living a good one is the Dearborn *Independent*, published at Dearborn, Mich., by Henry Ford. Two others are the *National Kourier* and the *Fellowship Forum*, both published at Washington.

KLANSMAN, *Jackson, Miss.*

ANSWER NO. 74

Abraham Lincoln held a liquor license in partnership with a certain Berry. The truth of this statement when first published by the wets was vehemently challenged by the drys. Thereupon photographic copies of the original license and bond on file at the Illinois capitol were made and distributed in large numbers. So far as I recall, this laudable piece of historical research work was done at the instigation of Mr. H. F. Davenport of the Brunswick, Balke, Collender Company, Chicago. I myself handled dozens of copies of these authenticated facsimiles. A line to Mr. Davenport or to Mr. H. F. Fox, 50 Union Square, New York City, may elicit more detailed information.

HARRY RICKEL, *Mt. Clemens, Mich.*

ANSWER NO. 75

None of the individuals J. D. G. mentions were Christians. The following are pertinent extracts from Joseph McCabe's "A Biographical Dictionary of Modern Rationalists" (Watts & Co., London, 1920):

> *R. L. Stevenson:* "Stevenson had discarded his Christian faith, if not all religion, at Edinburgh. Mr. F. Watt in 'R. L. Stevenson' (1913) states that he was destitute of fixed creed or belief and is properly described as an agnostic." *Nathaniel Hawthorne:* "Puritanism was discarded by him at college and he never afterwards went to church. He was so far from association with any Christian sect that 'his own family did not know what his religious opinions were' (F. P. Stearns—'Life and Genius of N. Hawthorne')." *Edgar Allan Poe:* "'Eureka,' which Poe published a year before his death, embodies a pantheism which is not far removed from agnosticism. He says that the idea of God, Infinity, or Spirit 'stands for the possible attempt at an impossible conception.'" *Thackeray:* "He did not accept Christianity in the doctrinal sense . . . and was indifferent to Christian assurances. L. Melville in his 'Life of Thackeray' quotes the latter as saying, 'I leave my future life to the disposal of the awful Father.'" *Schiller:* "In 1796 Schiller established the *Musenalmanach* to which Goethe contributed. Both of Germany's great poets were aggressive rationalists. They published 'Die Xenien' in which religion and its representatives were pungently satirized."

George Eliot: "She translated Strauss's 'Life of Jesus' (1844–6) and became a prominent and highly esteemed figure among the great rationalists of her generation. . . . She was an agnostic with a leaning to positivism." *Longfellow:* "W. D. Howells, who was intimate with him during his later years, says: 'I think that as he grew older his hold upon anything like a creed weakened, though he remained of the Unitarian philosophy concerning Christ [*sic!*]. He did not latterly go to church' ('Literary Friends,' 1901)." *Herman Melville:* "Melville was in later years an intimate friend of Hawthorne, and his rationalism is often noted in Hawthorne's diary and letters."

I. Levy, *New York*

ANSWER NO. 76

Hoosegow is a fairly accurate presentation, in English spelling, of the Spanish word *juzgado*, meaning a tribunal or court of justice. In colloquial Spanish the *d* in terminations in *ado* is always slurred over, giving the sound *ao*. In all except the larger cities the jail is lodged in the building used as the *juzgado*. The use of the word is fairly common on our Southwest border. Its appearance farther North seems to date from the Mexican unpleasantness of 1916, when so many of our National Guard troops were utilized in that region.

Theodore Bitterman,
Washington, D. C.

ANSWER NO. 86

The term *realtor* was coined by Charles N. Chadbourn of Minneapolis, and by him presented to the Minneapolis Real Estate Board, which in turn conveyed it to the National Association of Real Estate Boards. It is legally a membership designation. Incidentally, it may be interesting to note that in the seven instances where our trade right in this membership term has been tested in the courts, the association has been successful in every case in maintaining its exclusive right.

National Association of Real
Estate Boards, *Chicago*

Realtor is a compound word, the first syllable of which is a good English word, which means *genuine*, while the second syllable, *tor*, is derived from the Latin, *taurus*, meaning *bull*. From which we get "*genuine bull*," which is certainly a good description of the realtors of the Florida variety.

Hugh Kinchley, *Augusta, Ga.*

ANSWER NO. 94

Mr. Slade speculates as to whether my name may not have been derived from that of Shakespeare's Falstaff. He says that Falstaff was a real person, that for some reason he fled to Berlin, that while he was there his name was changed to Valstadt, and that later one of his descendants moved to this country, where the name was changed to Volstead.

So far as I have been able to learn, none of my ancestors ever lived in either England or Germany. Personally, I have never taken any interest in tracing my ancestry, and should have known only my immediate forebears had my attention not been called to a history of the section in Norway from which my father came. If I am not mistaken, Falstaff was Sir John Falstaff, and I presume that I ought to be proud of descent from the nobility of England, but I disclaim all such honors even though the greatest of poets has made the name, from which mine is supposed to have been derived, immortal. If ancestry counts, I have a better claim to distinction than descent from a drunken nobleman who for his vices and crimes had to flee from his country. The history I refer to gives an account of my father's family running back beyond the time of Shakespeare. But I do not claim any credit for what they did or what positions they held. The only ancestry in which I take any real pride is my parents. To them I owe my profoundest gratitude.

Andrew J. Volstead,
St. Paul, Minn.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

The Feast of Noël

Since Mr. Noël Coward appears presently to be the figure occupying most greatly the attention of English and American Solons of the drama, the phenomenon may perhaps with a mild profit be made the subject of inquiry. In London, Mr. Coward has stirred up more profound critical excitement than even the latest American Charleston hoofer at the Piccadilly cabaret. His plays have been praised in a few quarters in terms that the English critics customarily reserve for books of children's verses by contributors to *Punch* and denounced in many more in terms that the same gentlemen customarily reserve for the better American novels. He has been dubbed, on the one hand, the most talented writer of comedy that England has known since the already forgotten genius who was last year dubbed the most talented writer of comedy that England has known, and, on the other, he has been stigmatized, because of his themes, as the greatest smear on the fair name of the London stage since a translation of Wedekind was last shown on a Sunday up an alley. In America, Mr. Coward has for the most part fared better. Here, the critical gentry has seized him to its bosom with all the passion hitherto husbanded for Mr. Martin Flavin, John Barrymore and the Four Marx Brothers. Indeed, not since Duse, pitiably ill from a hemorrhage, gave what she confessed was the worst performance of her whole career in Gallarati-Scotti's "Cosi Sia" at the Century Theatre, has anyone been the recipient of such sweeping and abundant acclaim.

One of the things that seems especially to impress the commentators about Mr. Coward is his age. Is it not remarkable, they say, that this young man of twenty-five or so should already actually have written and had produced four plays and a dozen music hall numbers? When one politely, if somewhat timidly, hazards the rejoinder that, for that matter, Mr. Coward's fellow English playwright, Mr. William Shakespeare, similarly had written certain of his little things in his twenties and that Mr. Coward's fellow composer, Mr. Wolfgang A. Mozart, had published six sonatas at the age of nine, one is dismissed as a fellow of deplorable wise-cracking proclivities. For we live in a critical age when a performance in the arts is rated according to its impresario's years, when the death of a second-rate poet at twenty-six is the occasion for more tears than the death of a first-rate poet at sixty, when the Nathalia Cranes steal the first pages of the literary reviews from the Robert Frosts and Carl Sandburgs, when the Philip Barrys are eulogized in proportion as the Pirandellos are gracefully let down, and when the *Bookman*, the *Dial* and the *International Book Review Digest* lead off with Stephen Vincent Benét, John Dos Passos and Johnny Weaver and bury Cabell and Dreiser somewhere in the back among the advertisements of unexpurgated editions of "The Adventures of the Marquis de Faublas."

Another thing that deeply moves the critics about Mr. Coward is what is described as his "keen dramatic sense and remarkable gift for theatrical effect." Analyzing this, in the light of his recently disclosed plays, what do we find? We find, first, that this keen dramatic sense of his consists for the major part in the old trick of reducing dialogue to monosyllables and that, secondly, this remarkable gift for theatrical effect consists for the same part

in pumping up the aforesaid monosyllabic dialogue in a violent staccato to a bursting point and then bringing it up with a sudden jerk by causing one of the speakers either (*a*) to grab a piece of bric-à-brac, hurl it to the floor and smash it to bits, or (*b*) to turn on the other speaker, the immediate subject of a crescendo denunciation involving every epithet known to longshoreman and fishwife, and with lightning-like abruptness to make a fervent protestation of undying love. The dialogue that Mr. Coward writes is nervous and terse, but its nervous terseness is less suggestive of that of life and actuality than of the nervous terseness of moving picture sub-titles. One detects, in one's mind's eye, the arbitrary and wholesale use of supposedly breath-taking dashes and exclamation points. One feels that the characters are speaking the language of human beings not so much as the language of a playwright grimly determined to make a record in the way of verbal economy. This sort of theatrical dodge is all very well in the kind of plays in which detectives snoop around in haunted houses with pocket flashlights looking for the spitzbub' who has been passing himself off as the ghost of the murdered banker, but it becomes travesty when an attempt is made to employ it in high comedy. This, surely, should be known to Mr. Coward by this time despite his youth, for the device has served as the basis of many a burlesque both in his own England and our America.

Mr. Coward's act climaxes, already alluded to, are quite as arbitrary in their ready-made effectiveness as his dialogue. Nor can one find in them much inventiveness or originality. Surely such a device as the smashing of a piece of pottery, which brings down the curtain on the second act of his "Easy Virtue," is quite as rococo as the theme of the play itself, both the theme and the act climax in point having been employed literally in the remote yesterday of the theatre by Pinero. The dramatic climax to the second act of another of Mr. Coward's plays, "The Vortex," and largely responsible for the theatrical success of that play, to wit, a crescendo musical accompaniment to a scene of mounting dialogue, has similarly taken its place in the catalogue of stage tricks since Henry Irving and the day of "Waterloo." Passing from these phases of Mr. Coward's dramatic craftsmanship, we come to the matter of his atmosphere, as the word goes. While never for a moment suggesting the jewelry-salesman manner of his contemporary, Arlen, in his effort to inject "tone" into his plays, while, to the contrary, contriving his airs with entire ease, acquaintance and conviction, Mr. Coward nevertheless periodically gives one the impression of straining himself to overawe his more doodlish auditors with divers schnitzels of the *beau monde*. A slightly too nonchalant allusion to Marcel Proust, a condescending voucher for the Ritz, a titbit about this or that recherché interior decorator, a reference to jade bathtubs, such morsels as "she's giving a dreadful reception at her dreadful house for some dreadful Ambassador," with the rejoinder, "How dreadful!", casually inserted mentions of Debussy, Ravel, Gabriel Faure and Reynaldo Hahn, much to-do about "Cachet Faivre" and such like, references to fashionable Paris couturiéres and to Caron's "Narcisse Noir" and other currently smart smells, elaborate intimacy with various Continental salons and watering-places, passing mention of tennis, cricket, bridge, mah jong, bezique, Russian music, Claridge's, the Embassy Club and Monte Carlo, numerous calls on our old French friend, *chic*, information as to the vogue in Paris parlor games—these he rolls on his tongue with something of Arlen's relish. . . . We come, finally, to the meat of the Coward *opera*. Save in the case of "Fallen Angels," which has not yet been shown in America and which contains a fresh and amusing theme, Coward seems to go regularly to the attic for the ideas of his plays. Thus, we find "The Vortex" to be little more than a paraphrase of Maugham's "Our Betters," "Hay Fever" to be an echo

of St. John Ervine's "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary," and "Easy Virtue" to be a readily recognizable grandchild of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" and the dozens of plays of similar theme that followed in its wake.

But if all this is true of the young man's plays, how are we to account for the attention that he has attracted on both sides of the Atlantic? Unless I am in error, this attention has been due to his stratagem of making old stuff seem lively and up-to-the-minute by the George M. Cohan dramaturgic and theatrical device of writing and playing it as if it were a cross between a special delivery letter and a hurry call for the police. One need only glance at the printed texts of his plays to catch the secret. Where the playwright of yesterday went at a Coward theme as if he didn't expect his audience to arrive at the theatre until the beginning of the second act, Coward rips off his shirt and begins pulling corks at once. He doesn't bother with preliminaries; he gets promptly to business. This, of course, is a procedure that generally brings the less meditative critic to believe that a playwright, however empty, has so much of importance to say that he can hardly wait to say it and that he feels he must begin to say it at once if he is to crowd all his vast fund of ideas into the meagre two hours at his disposal. I do not insinuate that Coward himself has any such foolish idea in his head when he writes his plays, for he gives no sign of posturing or pretense. What I say is that Coward's critics, hornswoggled by his cunning and practical knowledge of theatrical hocus-pocus, are brought very tidily to the view of Coward that Coward wishes them to have. Yet Coward, though I may seem to have indicated otherwise, is by no means to be confused with such currently prosperous dramatic charlatans as Arlen. Below his obvious parlor magic, his box-office delicatessen and his mummer card-sharping there is discernible a talent of some real quality. Now and then he shows a gift for quick character analysis—there are two excellent instances in "Easy Virtue"; now and then he fashions a scene instinct with life and reality; now and then he discloses an eye that has clearly and honestly appraised human beings in all the nakedness of their souls. More, he is without sentimentality, and there is courage of a sort in his make-up. If thus far he has written nothing of importance, there are yet in his unimportant plays indications that one of these days he may justify at least a measure of the commendation that has already been bestowed upon him by critics who have mistaken his merely effective theatre for sound drama.

"Easy Virtue," the most recently produced of Coward's plays, seems to me to show more promise than either of his two antecedent pieces. It has a simply written and convincing first act, and its second act, up to within twenty minutes of its curtain, has suggestions of merit. The play from that point on, however, is cheap stuff: the ancient whangdoodle wherein the somewhat blemished woman, her back to the wall, drives her irony against her persecutors and in the end packs up her bags and returns to the life their bigotry has driven her to. But, as I have said, certain characters are manoeuvered observantly and truly and through the intrinsic banality of the theme there peek out now and again hints of a sympathetic discernment of the human psyche. Miss Jane Cowl is admirable in the leading rôle.

II

O'Neill's Latest

Four years ago, Eugene O'Neill let me read a play of his called "The Fountain," a very beautiful play, centred in the legend of Ponce de Leon, that told of man's eternal quest for yesterday, only to find at the end of the troubled trail that yesterday is ever in the hands and hearts of the youth of tomorrow. Four weeks ago, I saw a play by Eugene O'Neill called "The Fountain"

acted on the stage of the Greenwich Village Theatre, but it was not the play I had read. This other play, though much of the beauty was still in it, had become a worn and tired thing out of apparently endless re-writing. Divers producers had in the four years considered it, had even gone so far as to promise its presentation—but always with a string attached. This one had that change to recommend; that one had another. And O'Neill, oddly enough for a man who is the most independently minded writer for the American theatre, had seemingly listened to each of them; and not only to each of these producers, but to the very producers who now at length have put his play on for him.

The changes that O'Neill was persuaded to make—these suggestions and hints from men who were no more competent to make meritorious suggestions to O'Neill than a beer-keg is competent to give Annette Kellerman swimming lessons—have done the play no end of damage. One can see plainly the confusion in which the dramatist found himself. Where originally there was simple loveliness and clarity, there is now a disconcerting repetitiousness and, in the concluding act of the play, an imagination become so helplessly tangled up in itself that what comes out of it, in its central vision scene, is little more than a John Murray Anderson Music Box Revue number played behind a sequin-embellished scrim. This last act of "The Fountain," even in its original draft, was not of the quality of the preceding acts, but surely, unless my memory has gone back on me, it was in no sense or degree the flat and uninspired piece of dramatic writing that is presently being played.

Of the original play, several of the earlier episodes have been left intact, and these are as rich in a poetic imagination crossed with a biting mockery as anything our American theatre has offered. In them the poet that is ever at the heart of O'Neill's bitterest god-damn takes wings. But in certain of the subsequent episodes the attempt at poetic expression takes weak refuge in golden sunsets, azure heavens, trees laden with golden fruit, dreamlands, moons, flowers and all the similar stencils of the petty versifier. That this is to be attributed to a mind and fancy become sterile from the enervating task of ceaseless revision of the manuscript and that O'Neill simply became so worn-out that he was not himself is clearly apparent to one who has read his more recent and as yet unpresented play, "Marco's Millions." In this latter, which comes from O'Neill's hands exactly as it was originally conceived and unimpaired by helpful advice from solicitous and kindly, if blockheaded, mentors, we find all the hues and lights of imagery and invention that certain critics, unfamiliar with the tampering to which "The Fountain" was subjected, have argued the poet O'Neill incapable of.

Yet, though "The Fountain," as it comes eventually to us in the theatre, is a disappointment, it contains much to attest anew to the fact that in its author we have the first dramatist of high position that this country has produced. Against its shaky dramatic structure which ends up on a philosophic chord as banal and conventional as a Tin Pan Alley ballad's, we have that counterpoint of sentiment and irony which O'Neill alone of our American dramatists is master of. Against the leaky imagination of the concluding episodes of the play, we have such episodes as de Leon's challenge aboard the flagship of Columbus and the uncommonly lovely scene of meeting between the grown-old adventurer, his heart toughened to love, and the glamorous young daughter of the woman he forsook at Granada those years ago to follow the fortunes of a sword against Cathay. And against the periodic triteness with which the theme has been handled, we have such intermittent bravery of dramatic mind as has gone into the creation of the scene wherein the Indian Nano informs his people on the meanness of the Christian ethic and the scene wherein de Leon, now governor of Porto Rico, holds out against the Church in behalf of

a great and pragmatic mercy. Faults there are in the play, and many, but what virtues it has are virtues that one encounters nowhere else in the American drama save in that part of it which O'Neill writes.

Robert Edmond Jones has designed the settings and dress of the play with much fine feeling, but he has been less successful in producing it in a manner to quicken it into theatrical life.

Among the criticisms of the play, I note a dissatisfaction with the American Indian as O'Neill has presented him. O'Neill has seen fit to give his Indians a measure of intelligible discourse. This has come as a great shock to those of my colleagues who, since their Edward S. Ellis and "The Girl I Left Behind Me" days, have been firmly convinced that the only things American Indians were capable of saying to one another were either "Ugh!" or "Big Chief Bushwah has spoken!"

III

"*Moral*"

Many years ago, as the crow's feet fly, I wrote of Dr. Ludwig Thoma's "Moral" and hinted that it might be a good idea for the theatrical managers of the time to produce it instead of such creachy tripe as "Daddy Dufard," "Everywoman," "Maggie Pepper" and "Strongheart," to which they were then with a whole heart devoting themselves. But, being then quite as sagacious as they are today and appreciating that if they produced the kind of plays I like they wouldn't have enough money on Saturday night to pay off the scrubwoman, they wisely paid no attention to me and astutely went on rolling up a comfortable bank balance with gems like "The Governor's Lady," "The Bird of Paradise," "Stop Thief" and "Hawthorne of the U. S.A." With the passing of years, however, there came over the horizon a new order of producers. This new order shuddered at the very thought of making money. Rather than produce anything like "The Lion and the Mouse," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "Arsène Lupin" or even McIntyre and Heath in "The Ham Tree" and contaminate themselves with filthy and objectionable gold, they preferred to achieve a gravy of starvation, one collar a week and kudos with the sort of plays that were to the fancy of certain well-fed critics who had utterly nothing to lose and who very magnanimously allowed them to do all the dirty work and go hungry.

One set of these eminently worthy gentlemen, grouped under the name of the Actors' Theatre, lately dug back into my old files, saw therein mention of the Thoma play and proceeded to put it on. The production of the play was promptly made the occasion, on the part of a number of my colleagues, of considerable ironic comment at my expense. "What ho!" they observed, not without a measure of obvious self-satisfaction over their own sagacity in never having heard of the play; "Here is an opus highly recommended by the M. Nathan that yet plainly belongs to the theatre of yesterday and is now completely outdated." That the charge made by my friends is more or less sound, I do not presume to deny. But equally sound would be the charge that Della Fox, whose good-looks I recommended at the same time I recommended "Moral," has dated even more. When I wrote of Thoma's play, it was a fresh and kicking comedy with an original theme and with an original humor. In the years that have elapsed, a hundred and one playmakers have cabbaged not only its central idea, but most of its humor as well. In the last three months alone we have had two steals from it: first, in certain of the comedy details which Molnar plus the Theatre Guild pilfered from its second act in order to brace up the scanty third act of "The Glass Slipper," and, secondly, in the theme and various embroideries of Lynn Starling's paraphrase called "Weak Sisters." And so it is that what was once a comedy that would have delighted the American theatre was, after these many years of neglect, properly found to be a

somewhat wilted affair. I privilege myself to believe, however, that a more careful treatment of the casting, direction and manuscript by the Actors' Theatre would have made the play seem infinitely less dated than it did seem. Read the original manuscript and you'll still find considerable fun in it. That fun did not come out of the recent presentation.

IV

Merchants of Foreign Glory

The Theatre Guild is still hard at it in an attempt to prove left-handedly that there is no such thing as an American drama. It rejects Eugene O'Neill's "The Fountain" and lets the Greenwich Village directorate do it. It makes no effort to find "A Man's Man" and leaves the job to the Stagers. It allows a young woman producer, Miss Rosalie Stewart, who came upon the scene a year or two ago, to bring out George Kelly's "Craig's Wife"; it lets a so-called commercial manager find the merit of the vaudeville dancer, Harry Delf's, "The Family Upstairs"; it doesn't exert itself, save in the direction of giving out frequent statements that there are no new American plays worth producing, to unearth such things as "What Price Glory?" or "Sun-Up," or "Desire Under the Elms," or "Close Harmony," or anything like them. Instead, it contents itself with having in the past put on a couple of second-rate box-office successes by Americans and with the further reassurance that it is all very well for the critics to point to certain plays of O'Neill's, Stallings', Anderson's and Kearney's but that these particular plays were tied up elsewhere and so were not available to the Guild even if the Guild had wanted them. That the Guild's endeavor to get out of an embarrassing situation in this wise is not as graceful as the Guild may believe it to be is apparent to those of us who know that the Guild has rejected two of O'Neill's plays, that O'Neill is so little bound hand and foot to the Guild's rivals in Greenwich Village that his next play is to be produced by Belasco, that the same rivals have Stallings' newest play, and that, if the Guild wants advance information, it may be informed that the author of "A Man's Man" is currently busy on a play that may be worth at least a careful reading.

The latest exhibit of the Guild's is yet another importation, the work of the French Pagnol and Nivoix, called "Merchants of Glory." It is an indifferent composition that, for all a pleasingly ironic approach to a contemplation of war, fails to come off. The aim of the authors is to show, in terms of the species of derision so skilfully employed by George Birmingham, the manner in which war is capitalized to their own political, financial and psychical advantage by men cunning enough to entrust its fighting to others. This aim is not realized for two reasons. In the first place, the authors lack the sharp wit necessary to drive their idea home in sufficiently persuasive theatrical terms and, in the second place, like any number of contemporary French playwrights, they vitiate the force of their play by emotionalizing it into a disturbing sentiment at the very moment when ironic shrapnel is, out of its intrinsic nature, the thing it most obviously and loudly calls for. Just as the interested auditor, by virtue of what has directly gone before, properly expects the theme to burst in the heavens with the fire of a hundred hissing, sardonic rockets, the authors drop everything with a thud by introducing a lachrymose scene out of the old front-parlor drama between the long-lost soldier-son and his gray-haired mother. And just as the spectator, prepared for an explosion of sublime ridicule, sits on edge to watch the authors blow up self-seeking and hypocrisy in the name of patriotism, he is dumped back into his seat by a perfectly conventional scene out of the Enoch Arden mush in which the returned soldier confronts his wife and, after the usual histrionics, learns that she has become the wife of another man.

THE LIBRARY

BY H. L. MENCKEN

Fides Ante Intellectum

A SCIENTIFIC MAN AND THE BIBLE, by Howard A. Kelly. Philadelphia: *The Sunday-School Times Company*.

THE author of this astounding book is emeritus professor of gynecological surgery at the Johns Hopkins, and one of the most celebrated surgeons now alive in the United States. This is what his own university says of him in an official document:

> His contribution to the development of genito-urinary surgery for women has been unparalleled. Step by step he unravelled the diseases of the bladder, ureter and kidney. . . . His methods of examination revolutionized gynecological diagnosis.

And much more to the same effect. In brief, a medical man of the first calibre: when he speaks of himself as a scientist, as he does very often in his book, he has every right to use the word. His life has been devoted to exact observation, and that observation has been made so competently and interpreted so logically that the result has been a series of immensely valuable improvements in the healing art and craft. And yet—and yet— But how am I to make you believe that such a man has actually written such a volume as this one? How am I to convince you that one of the four men who laid the foundations of the Johns Hopkins Medical School—the daily associate and peer of Osler, Welch and Halsted—is here on exhibition as a Fundamentalist of the most extreme wing, compared to whom Judge Raulston, of Dayton, Tenn., seems almost an atheist?

Yet it is so—and I go, for the depressing proof, behind the book and to the man himself. I have known Dr. Kelly for twenty years, and at different times have seen a great deal of him. Hours on end I have discussed his theological ideas with him, and heard his reasons for cherishing them. They seem to me now, as they seemed when I first heard them, to be completely insane—yet Kelly himself is surely not insane. Nor is there the remotest suspicion of insincerity about him. It would be of vast benefit to him professionally to throw over his great cargo of supernatural rubbish, and trim his course as his colleagues trim theirs. If he did so, the Johns Hopkins would be illuminated with Roman candles, star shells and incandescent bock beer signs, and the very cadavers in the dead-house would have their backs slapped. But he will not budge. He believes that God created the world in six calendar days, and rested on the seventh. He believes that God caused forty-two little children to be devoured by she-bears because they made fun of Elijah's bald head. He believes that Jonah was three days and three nights in the belly of a whale (*Physeter macrocephalus*), and then came out alive. *Medicinae doctor* though he be, he believes that the hallucinations of John on the island of Patmos were real. An LL.D. of Aberdeen, he believes (Exodus xxii, 18) that witches exist and should be put to death. An honorary member of learned societies in Paris, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Leipzig, Bucharest and Moscow, he believes in both the Virgin Birth (Matthew i, 18–25), and in the descent of Jesus from David through Joseph (Matthew i, 1–17). All this, and much more, he believes absolutely without reservation, as a Tennessee hind believes it. "I accept the *whole* Bible," he says, "as God's Word." And he adds something that even the hind balks at: he believes in the Second Coming—"at any moment"!

In his book Dr. Kelly offers powerful argument for his amazing credo, but I can only report that, in cold type as *viva voce*,

it leaves me full of what the lawyers call reasonable doubt. His logic has a curious habit of going half way to a plausible conclusion, and then blowing up completely. For example, he starts off, in one place, by showing how the early criticism of the Gospel of John has broken down—and then proceeds gaily to the assumption that proving an error in criticism is identical with proving the complete authenticity of the thing criticized. Again, he denounces the effort to raise up doubts of the Mosaic authorship and divine inspiration of the Pentateuch—and then clinches his case by showing that the Bible itself "claims in all its parts" that it is "the very literal Word of God." But the record of a personal experience exhibits the workings of his mind even more beautifully. Early in manhood he had to give up his medical studies on account of ill-health, and went West to recuperate. In Colorado, during a blizzard, he was beset by snow blindness, and had to take to his bed. Suddenly there came upon him "an overwhelming sense of a great light in the room." How would any ordinary medical student interpret that great light? How would any ordinary ice-wagon driver, or chiropractor, or Methodist bishop, or even catfish interpret it? Obviously, he would refer it to the violent conjunctivitis from which he was suffering—in other words, to a purely physical cause. But not Kelly. After forty-four years of active medical practice he still believes that the glare was due to the presence of God! This divine visitation he speaks of very simply as "the chief event" of his life! It surely was—if it was real!

What I'd like to read is a scientific review, by a scientific psychologist—if any exists—of "A Scientific Man and the Bible." By what route do otherwise sane men come to believe such palpable nonsense? How is it possible for a human brain to be divided into two insulated halves, one functioning normally, naturally and even brilliantly, and the other capable only of the ghastly balderdash which issues from the minds of Baptist evangelists? Such balderdash takes various forms, but it is at its worst when it is religious. Why should this be so? What is there in religion that completely flabbergasts the wits of those who believe in it? I see no logical necessity for that flabbergasting. Religion, after all, is nothing but an hypothesis framed to account for what is evidentially unaccounted for. In other fields such hypotheses are common, and yet they do no apparent damage to those who incline to them. But in the religious field they quickly rush the believer to the intellectual Bad Lands. He not only becomes anæsthetic to objective fact; he becomes a violent enemy of objective fact. It annoys and irritates him. He sweeps it away as something somehow evil.

This little book I commend to all persons interested in the mysteries of the so-called mind of man. It is a document full of fascination, especially to the infidel and damned. There is a frankness about it that is refreshing and commendable. The author does not apologize for his notions, nor does he try to bring them into grotesque and incredible harmony with scientific facts. He believes the Bible from cover to cover, fly-specks and all, and he says so (considering his station in life) with great courage.

A Master of Platitude

THE LIFE STORY OF ORISON SWETT MARDEN, by Margaret Connolly. New York: *The Thomas Y. Crowell Company*.

"If Dr. Marden had not written his first book," said the late Frank A. Munsey "he would have been a millionaire." By Munseyan standards, praise could go no higher—and Munsey knew his man, for they were fellow waiters in a Summer hotel fifty-five years ago and kept up friendly exchanges until Marden's death in 1924. Both sprang from the hard, inhospitable soil of Northern New England, both knew dire poverty in youth, both got somewhere a yearning for literary exercises, and both cherished an immense respect for the dol-

lar. But though fate brought them together when they were young, they chose different paths later on. Munsey, with "Afloat in a Great City," "The Boy Broker" and other inspirational master-works behind him, abandoned beautiful letters for the stock market, and eventually gathered in so much money that he could afford to butcher great newspapers in sheer excess of animal spirits, as lesser men butcher clay pigeons. Marden, going the other way, abandoned the hotel business, for which he seems to have had genius, for the pen, and devoted the last thirty years of his life to composition.

His bibliography runs to a hundred or more volumes—a colossal, relentless, overwhelming deluge of words. All his books have the same subject: getting on in the world. That was, to him, the only conceivable goal of human aspiration. Day in and day out, for three decades, he preached his simple gospel to all mankind, not only in his books, but also in countless pamphlets, in lectures, and in the pages of his magazine, *Success*. The success of that gospel was instantaneous and durable. His first book, "Pushing to the Front," went through hundreds of editions, and was translated into a dozen foreign languages. It remained, to the end, his best-seller, but it had many formidable rivals. Altogether, his writings in book-form must have reached a total sale of 20,000,000 copies, including 3,000,000 in 25 tongues other than English. In Germany alone he sold more than 500,000 copies of thirty volumes. He remains today the most popular of American authors in Europe, and by immense odds. I have encountered translations of his books on the news-stands of remote towns in Spain, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia. In places where even Mark Twain is unknown—nay, even Jack London, and James Oliver Curwood—he holds aloft the banner of American literature.

I lack the stomach for the job myself, but I think a lot could be learned about the psychology of *Homo boobiens* through an intensive study of Marden's vast shelf of books. Those I have read seem to be exactly alike: no doubt all the rest resemble them very closely. What they preach, in brief, is the high value of hopefulness, hard work, high purpose and unflagging resolution. The appeal is to the natural discontent and vague aspiration of the common man. The remedy offered is partly practical and partly mystical—practical in its insistence upon the sound utility of the lowly virtues, mystical in its constant implication that matter will always yield to mind, that high thinking has a cash value. An evil philosophy? Surely not. A valid one? There it is not so easy to answer. Marden is full of proofs that what he preaches works—but only too often those proofs show the incredible appositeness and impeccability of patent-medicine testimonials. How many false hopes he must have raised in his day! One imagines humble hearts leaping to his gaudy tales of Judge Gary, Beethoven and Edison in the darkest reaches of Montenegro, Norway and Idaho. Down went the dose, but was the patient actually cured? Well, perhaps, he at least *felt* better—and that was something. Marden was not to be pinned down to clinical records; he was, in his way, a poet, and even more a prophet. A religious exaltation was in him; he knew how to roll his eyes. The first article of his creed was that it was a sin to despair—that pessimism was a black crime against the Holy Ghost. He reduced the Beatitudes to one: Blessed are they that believe in their stars, and are up and doing.

His influence was immense, and perhaps mainly for the good. He soothed his customers with his optimistic taffy, and made them happier. It is, indeed, no wonder that eminent figures in finance and industry admired him greatly, and gave his books to their slaves. He turned the discontents of those slaves inward; instead of going on strike and breaking windows they sat up nights trying to generate inspiration and practising hope and patience. He was thus a useful citizen in a democratic State, and comparable to the Rev. Dr.

Billy Sunday. He preached a Direct Action of a benign and laudable sort, with Service running through it. His mark shines brilliantly from the forehead of every Y. M. C. A. secretary in the land, and from the foreheads, too, of most of the editorial writers. Many lesser platitudinarians followed him—for example, Dr. Frank Crane and the Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke—, but he kept ahead of all of them. None other could put the obvious into such mellow and caressing terms. None other could so completely cast off all doubts and misgivings. When he spit on his hands and let himself out, the whole world began to sparkle like a Christmas tree. He was Kiwanis incarnate, with overtones of the Salvation Army. In early manhood he had cast off the demoniacal theology of his native hills, but one treasure of his Puritan heritage he retained to the end: he knew precisely and certainly what God wanted His children to be and do. God wanted them to be happy, and He wanted them to attain to happiness by working hard, saving money, obeying the boss, and keeping on the lookout for better jobs. Thus, after a hiatus of 137 years, Marden took up the torch of Poor Richard. He was, in his way, the American St. Paul. He carried the gospel of American optimism to all the four quarters of the world.

Miss Connolly's biography of him is full of lyrical admiration. She plainly believes that he was a very great man. His early sufferings—he was an orphan, and bound out to heavy farm-work in rocky New Hampshire—cause her to shiver with horror, and she is immensely enthusiastic over his early successes as a hotel-keeper. The collapse of *Success*, as she depicts it, was due wholly to false friends. Her hero, taking a swig from his own jug, bore it philosophically. Presently he was reviving the magazine, and I believe that it still survives. A bachelor until he was fifty-five, he then married imprudently—the bride was less than half his age, and had musical ambitions—and lived to turn the gamble into an extremely happy marriage. A more industrious man never lived. Always he was writing and writing—the same old story in ever-new words. How much he got upon paper in his time I don't know, but, as I have said, his published work ran beyond a hundred volumes, and shortly before he died he told Miss Connolly that he had 2,000,000 words of unpublished manuscript in his desk. Let his heirs get them into type! The world still yearns for words of hope. It will go on hoping until the final bugle blast. The last sound to issue from a human gullet will be three cheers from the last optimist.

The Aframerican: New Style

THE NEW NEGRO: AN INTERPRETATION, edited by Alain Locke. New York: *Albert & Charles Boni.*

This book, it seems to me, is a phenomenon of immense significance. What it represents is the American Negro's final emancipation from his inferiority complex, his bold decision to go it alone. That inferiority complex, until very recently, conditioned all of his thinking, even (and perhaps especially) when he was bellowing most vociferously for his God-given rights. It got into everything that the late Booker Washington ever said or did: the most he could imagine was a Negro almost as good as a white man. It even got into the bitter complainings of the tortured Dr. W. E. Burghardt Du Bois: he seemed to be vastly more intent upon getting Negroes into Pullman cars and Kiwanis than upon finding the Negro soul. Here, at last, it is thrown overboard, without ceremony and without regret. The Negroes who contribute to this dignified and impressive volume (including Dr. Du Bois himself) have very little to say about their race's wrongs: their attention is all upon its merits. They show no sign of being sorry that they are Negroes; they take a fierce sort of pride in it. For the first time one hears clearly the imposing doctrine that, in more than one way, the Negro is superior to the white man. "Suddenly," says Dr. Locke, the editor, "his mind seems to have

slipped from under the tyranny of social intimidation, and to be shaking off the psychology of imitation and implied inferiority."

Well, where is the evidence to support that superb contumacy? I believe that a great deal of it is to be found between the covers of this very book. Go read it attentively if you still think of the black brother as Sambo and his sister as Mandy—or, indeed, if you think of him as Booker Washington. Here a Negro of a quite new sort, male and female, comes upon the scene—a Negro full of an easy grace and not at all flustered by good society. He discusses the problems of his people soberly, shrewdly and without heat. He rehearses their achievement in the arts, and compares it dispassionately to that of the whites. He speculates upon their economic future with no more than a passing glance at the special difficulties which beset them. He makes frank acknowledgment of their weaknesses. He pokes fun at their follies. And all this he accomplishes with good manners and in sound and often eloquent English. Not once is there any intimation that the thing is being done by people of an inferior race—that the world ought to marvel because such people print a book at all. The whole thing is a masterpiece of self-possession. If it had no other merit, it would be notable for that one alone.

As I have said, go read the book. And, having read it, ask yourself the simple question: could you imagine a posse of *white* Southerners doing anything so dignified, so dispassionate, so striking? I don't mean, of course, Southerners who have cast off the Southern tradition: I mean Southerners who are still tenaciously of the South, and profess to speak for it whenever it comes into question. As one who knows the South better than most, and has had contact with most of its intellectuals, real and Confederate, I must say frankly that I can imagine no such thing. Here, indeed, the Negro challenges the white Southerner on a common ground, and beats him hands down. I call to mind some of the leading sub-Potomac masterminds of the orthodox faculty: Henderson of North Carolina, Gonzalez of South Carolina, old Williams of Mississippi, the editors of the Atlanta *Journal*, the Richmond *News-Leader*, the Jackson *Daily News*, the Nashville *Banner*—and I range them beside Locke, James Weldon Johnson, Walter F. White, Rudolph Fisher, Kelly Miller and half a dozen other contributors to the present volume. The contrast is pathetic. The Africans are men of sense, learning and good bearing; the Caucasians are simply romantic wind-jammers, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.

How far the gentlemen of dark complexion will get with their independence, now that they have declared it, I don't know. There are serious difficulties in their way. The vast majority of the people of their race are but two or three inches removed from gorillas: it will be a sheer impossibility, for a long, long while, to interest them in anything above porkchops and bootleg gin. Worse, there is a formidable party of Negro intellectuals which shrinks from going it alone. They have enjoyed, for many years, the patronage of sentimental whites, and they are certainly not likely to cast it off. Nevertheless, I believe that this patronage has done far more to hinder the emerging black than to help him. It has forced him to be tenderly considerate of Caucasian *amour propre*, of all sorts of white prejudices, and so it has hampered his free functioning as his own man. The advanced wing of Negroes, having cut the painter, must be prepared to break their backs at the oars. They will find it lonesome in their little skiff, and often dangerous. They will be tempted more than once to turn back. But no race, I believe, ever gets anywhere so long as it permits itself to think of turning back. It must navigate its own course, in fair weather and foul, and it must see its shallop as a dreadnaught, carrying all arms and ready for any combat. Let us, then, sit back tightly, and observe what the colored brothers do next.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

ROBERT O. BALLOU *is assistant to the general editor of the University of Chicago Press. He has been an editorial writer on the Chicago* Evening Post, *was for two years editor of the* Ben Franklin Monthly *and occasionally publishes a book.*

JAMES D. BERNARD *is a newspaper man who is now devoting himself chiefly to sociological investigation. His study of the Baptists will be followed by a similar study of the Methodists.*

ALTER BRODY *has been a frequent contributor of verse to the magazines, and is the author of "A Family Album," a book of poems. He is now at work on a series of one-act plays dealing with Jewish life.*

E. L. M. BURNS *is a captain in the Canadian Army and an instructor in military engineering at the Royal Military College at Kingston. He served throughout the late war.*

HARVEY FERGUSSON *is the author of three novels, "The Blood of the Conquerors," "Capitol Hill" and "Women and Wives." A new novel of his will appear in the near future. He was born in New Mexico and still calls it his home.*

DR. MORRIS FISHBEIN *is the editor of the* Journal of the American Medical Association. *He is the author, with Dr. Oliver T. Osborne, of a "Handbook of Therapy" and of many professional papers.*

GAYLORD M. FULLER *has had twenty years of newspaper experience in half a dozen American cities. He lately retired from journalism to enter business.*

L. M. HUSSEY *is a Philadelphia chemist. He is now in South America. In his leisure he writes fiction, and his first novel is soon to be published.*

WILLIAM WALLACE IRWIN *is a Philadelphian, but spent years in the Northwest as assayer, rancher, miner and cow-puncher. Later he served as one of the editors of the New International Encyclopedia. He is now living in Paris.*

IDWAL JONES *is on the staff of the San Francisco* Examiner. *He has been at various times an engineer, miner, gun expert, scene builder and machinist.*

DON KNOWLTON *was born in Cleveland and graduated from Western Reserve University in 1914. He is now engaged in bank advertising and publicity work.*

ARTHUR KROCK *is assistant to Ralph Pulitzer, editor of the* World. *He was formerly Washington correspondent for the Louisville* Courier-Journal. *He edited the collection of Col. Watterson's editorials published after the latter's death.*

M. S. LEA (MRS. K. C. MCINTOSH) *is a native of New Orleans and has printed a number of short stories under the pen name of Mack Kilty.*

WALTER B. LISTER *was until recently managing editor of the Houston* Press.

VIRGINIA MOORE *is a Southerner and a graduate of Hollins College in Virginia. She also has an A.M. from Columbia. Her first book of poetry, "Not Poppy," will appear in April.*

GEORGE STERLING *is the well-known poet, now living in San Francisco.*

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD *is the editor of the* Nation. *He has had long experience in journalism, and is the author of many books, including the standard biography of John Brown and "Newspapers and Newspaper Men."*

By the Author of
GOD'S STEPCHILDREN

MARY GLENN
by Sarah Gertrude Millin

"A MASTERPIECE in its characterization and its restraint. Modern fiction can show nothing more poignant, more moving."—*London Evening Standard.*
"This short study of a woman's life and character is important for its sincerity and restrained but acute emotional feeling. . . . Mrs. Millin has worked on a big canvas and has made a beautiful thing of it."—*London Times Literary Supplement.*
$2.00

The Enemy's Gates
by Richmond Barrett

RAPTURE, Mr. Barrett's previous novel, was a most interesting first novel. It has gone into three editions. Mr. Barrett is a real writer. He gives us here a story of an aristocratic Jewish family, extraordinary in its sympathetic understanding. It has taken a Christian to portray the rich tapestry of the life of the Morgenthal family. $2.00

A Casual Commentary
by Rose Macaulay

Author of POTTERISM, TOLD BY AN IDIOT, Etc.

THIS is not a profound or solemn book to settle the fate of nations. It is not the trivial and forced nonsense that emanates from so many contemporary satirists. It is one of the most intelligent and humanly ironic book minds of our time, speaking itself on some of the aspects of contemporary life—a book of essays, spirited, keen and always entertaining. $2.00

BONI & LIVERIGHT

GOOD

BEATRICE CENCI
by Corrado Ricci

Translated by Morris Bishop and Henry Longan Stuart

"THE book, although it is a work of the most profound erudition and industry, reads like a novel of terror."—William A. Drake, Herald-Tribune.

"It is a book that is based upon the truth rescued from the innumerable husks of sentiment, prejudice, myth and fictionalizing."—New York Times.

"A magnificent history. The author tells us: 'I found myself engaged in an undertaking which consumed five years of ceaseless activity.' The result all lovers of truth will agree is commensurate with the effort."—N. Y. Sun.
2nd Edition, 2 Vols., boxed, $10.00

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"

The Illuminating Diary of a Professional Lady

by ANITA LOOS

Intimately Illustrated by RALPH BARTON

"THIS gay book is filled with uproarious and salubrious mirth. It is a farce . . . but farce full of shrewd observation and devastating irony. There are pages that made me stop reading to bawl."—H. L. Mencken, The American Mercury.

"This is a profound book. It is sufficiently profound that I shall read it again, and I intend to profit by its lessons. It ranks as a work of art."—Carl Van Vechten, Book Review.

"Is the funniest creation since Ring Lardner's conceited baseball player wrote home. . . . She is Jack Keefe's sister to the life but more subtle."—G. D. Eaton, N. Y. Telegraph. 5th Edition. $1.75

61 W. 48th St., N. Y.

BOOKS

The Pathos of
AMERICANA

EVERY month American Mercury readers have their laugh in "Americana," over the amazing exhibits of the American mind it affords. But the situation has its pathos as well as its humor. The existence of these phases in American life makes for consistent and inevitable tragedy wherever they come in conflict with new conditions or with human variability. It is Dreiser's achievement in his remarkable new novel to show "Americana" in its tragic play with life in

THEODORE DREISER'S

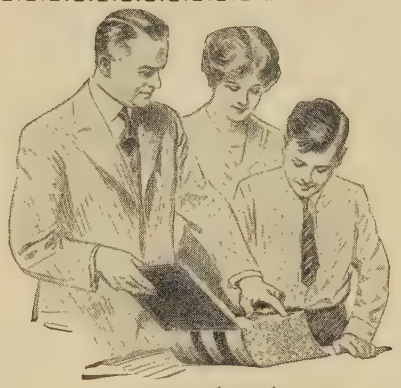
First Novel Since 1915

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY

H. L. Mencken says of Theodore Dreiser: "I know of no American novelist who seems so secure or likely to endure."

How universal this feeling is is shown by the extraordinary reception the American public has given Mr. Dreiser's new book. The first very large edition has been exhausted, and deep inroads have been made in the second very large edition, while the limited autographed edition was spoken for long before publication.

2 Vols., boxed, $5.00



Consult the "Supreme Authority"

whenever you want to know the meaning, use, spelling, or pronunciation of a word—whenever you want to secure facts about some character in literature or life, some historical event, some geographical point—whenever you need to verify some detail of science, art, industry, or other subject. You will find

WEBSTER'S NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

The Merriam Webster

a whole library in one volume, answering your questions about words, people, places. In its 2,700 pages are 451,000 entries, including 407,000 *vocabulary terms*, 32,000 *geographical subjects*, 12,000 *biographical entries*, 100 valuable *tables*, 6,000 *illustrations*.

Constantly Improved and Kept Up to Date. Copyright 1924. Thousands of New Words such as ***audio-frequency vitamin, paravane.*** New Gazetteer entries like ***Kenya, Vimy, Hejaz.*** New Biographical entries like ***Pershing, Hoover, Galli-Curci.***

Cross Word Puzzle workers should be equipped with Webster's New International for it is used as the authority by puzzle editors.

FREE—If You Send the Coupon

Sample page of *New Words*, specimen pages on Regular and India papers, booklet, "You Are the Jury," and set of pocket maps. No cost or obligation.

G. & C. MERRIAM CO.
Springfield Mass.

Get the Best

G. & C. Merriam Co., Springfield, Mass.
Send me without cost or obligation sample page of new words, specimen pages of Webster's New International Dictionary on Regular and India papers, booklet, "You Are the Jury" and set of pocket maps.
(Mercury 2-26)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

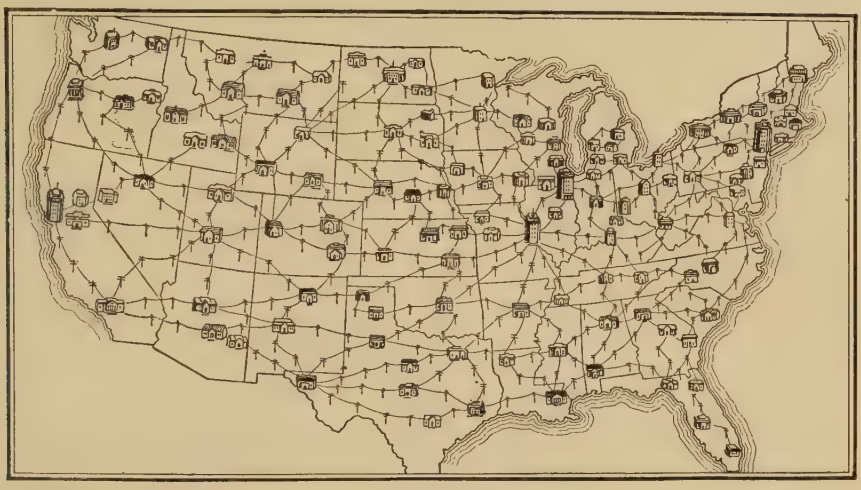
Editorial NOTES

Mr. Bernard's article on the Baptists in this issue is the first of a series of surveys of the salient Christian sects of the Republic. The second will deal with the Methodists, and will probably be printed in April. Mr. Bernard will confine himself to those sects which propose to put their theological notions into general laws, binding upon believers and non-believers alike. During the year THE AMERICAN MERCURY will print various other articles on the religious situation in the United States, with special attention to the constant warfare between the more obscurantist sects and the forces of enlightenment and decorum. Readers interested in the series are invited to suggest additions to it. There will be plenty of room for contributions by volunteers.

The following tale of woe comes from Mr. Martin Beardslee, of New York:

> My father graduated from the Hartford Theological Seminary in 1879 and tutored there for two years following graduation. In 1888 he returned to the seminary as a teacher and remained there for 26 years until his death in 1914.
>
> Of my six older brothers and sisters, one brother graduated from the seminary in 1908, another in 1912, and both followed their courses with two years of post-graduate study. The older of these married the daughter of another seminary professor. A third brother graduated in 1915. A sister married another graduate of 1915 and went with him to India. Another sister was for two years a member of the class of 1917 and then withdrew to marry and go to Turkey. Her husband has taken courses at one of the schools of the Hartford Seminary

Continued on page xx



The Future of the Telephone

IT WAS fifty years ago that Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, and yet this anniversary is but a milestone in the progress of telephone development. As the giant oak with its complicated structure grows from the acorn, so a nation-wide system has grown out of Bell's single telephone instrument.

The interconnection of millions of telephones throughout the land, regardless of distance, has not come about easily. It has resulted from a series of scientific discoveries and technical achievements embodied in a telephone plant of vast extent and intricacy. Great economies have already been gained by such technical improvements and more are sure to follow for the benefit of telephone users everywhere.

There are still to come many other discoveries and achievements, not only in transmission of speech, but also in the material and construction details of every part of the network of plant.

The future of the telephone holds forth the promise of a service growing always greater and better, and of a progress—the end of which no one can foresee.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY
AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

BELL SYSTEM

IN ITS SEMI-CENTENNIAL YEAR THE BELL SYSTEM LOOKS FORWARD TO CONTINUED PROGRESS IN TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION

BORZOI BOOKS

THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL

By RUTH SUCKOW

author of Country People

MARJORIE SCHOESSEL is a "nice girl," daughter of a small shopkeeper, who strives from childhood on to escape from the confining environment into which she has been born to a more independent and finer life which she knows lies just beyond her horizon. She reaches out eagerly and pathetically for the glamour of her dreams, restrained always by the inescapable inhibitions which are the fabric of her inheritance.

$2.50

The New Republic says of

COUNTRY PEOPLE

"Recalls Flaubert's A Simple Heart. Miss Suckow has beaten the Frenchmen at their own game." $2.00

ALFRED A. KNOPF

730 Fifth Avenue, New York

BORZOI BOOKS

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xviii

Foundation. Another brother, a member of the class of 1920, finished one year at the seminary before the draft took him into the army and to fight for democracy in France, where he died.

I prepared for college at the schools in Hartford and at Phillips Andover. I finished freshman year at Amherst before being drafted into the army and sent overseas. After the war I did not return to Amherst, but went to work. Later I entered the so-called Labor College at Brookwood, Katonah, New York, taking the full two-year course and graduating in the first class in 1923. After graduation I went back to work.

Upon my application for admission to the Hartford Seminary last Summer the faculty voted, with one dissenting vote, that I be accepted, but that I be put on probation because of my incomplete college record. Care was taken to point out to me that it was not thought that my course at Brookwood had done my scholastic standing any good.

But when it was discovered that I was married *and that my wife kept her own name* I was called into consultation and told that the faculty would have to reconsider, since it was the ideal and purpose of the seminary "to give a normal man a normal training for a normal ministry." After reconsideration the faculty decided unanimously that it was not justified in admitting me as a member of the student body.

Honor thy father and thy mother, but most of all the Keepers of the Gates!

These remarks regarding Dr. W. E. Dodd's article, "Napoleon Breaks Thomas Jefferson," in the July, 1925, issue, come from Mr. A. H. Krappé, of Minneapolis:

Dr. Dodd refers to Napoleon I as ill-educated. While I am no admirer of the emperor, I will say that if Dr. Dodd means by education what the Germans call *allgemeine Bildung*, Napoleon had more of it than the late Dr. Wilson. But I suppose that such estimates must necessarily be relative, and I protest only because Dr. Dodd's statement as it stands may easily give rise to misunderstandings, especially among people not familiar with European standards.

Further along in the article I read: "There quickly ensued the campaign which broke *Ba-*

Continued on page xxii

FRANCE *through the eyes of her Immortals*

FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL

"Empire of the Sun . . . of Solace and of Cheer Whose very name brings joy into the World." — "Poème du Rhone"—Mistral

The Rhone hurries gaily

through Provence, the land of the Troubadours. Through old Avignon, City of the Popes. And past Nimes with its impressive Roman arena.

Then down to the Riviera! Where the Corniche road twists fantastically far above the sea. It's a ride that will become a precious memory . . . as imperishable as the memory of Paris and its gayety, or Brittany and its charm!

But not more precious than the memorable trip to France on one of the de Luxe French liners, the *Paris,* or *France* . . . or on any One-Class-Cabin boat, the *De Grasse, Rochambeau, La Savoie* or *Suffren.* Up "the longest gangplank in the world" . . . and into a miniature Empire of the Sun.

For a de Luxe French Liner means six delightful days to Plymouth, England . . . with a few additional hours for the trip to Havre, the Port of Paris. The one-class-cabin boats go direct to Havre. No bobbing to shore in tenders; a special boat-train waiting; Paris in three hours.

Interesting illustrated brochure of France on request.

French Line

Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, 19 State Street, New York

Offices and Agencies in principal cities of Europe, Canada and the United States, or ask any travel or tourist agent

AMERICANA

By MILTON WALDMAN

Associate Editor of the London Mercury

The first authentic work in its field and one so well-planned and carried out that the publishers expect it to remain the standard. It covers the source materials of our national history and literature and brings together all the authentic data, much of it never before published, on all the early books, letters, and documents which are included in any of the important collections of Americana. Questions of authenticity, reliability and importance are examined. The wanderings of many early printed books are traced before they came to their museum homes. There is also a chapter on fine American printing and a discussion of early maps, some of which are reproduced for the first time. The book should prove invaluable to students of history and a standard work of reference to bibliophiles. But it will appeal as well to the intelligent layman. It is in no respect a catalog, but a fascinating problem in clearing away the mists which have heretofore obscured the subject. The volume in itself will be a distinguished contribution to the relatively small group of finely-made American books.

$5.00

At all better bookstores or from the publishers

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY 19 West 44th St. New York

Editorial NOTES

Continued from page xx

varia [italics mine] and Prussia in 1806." Let me say that Bavaria was never "broken" by Napoleon, either in 1806 or previously. Early in 1805 Max Joseph, then Kurfürst of Bavaria, avoided an encounter with the Austrian troops who entered Bavaria, and a little later openly joined Napoleon and the French, as did the princes of Württemberg and Baden. From that time on to Napoleon's fall Bavaria was the loyal ally of the French.

From a learned customer in Florida comes the following:

Your editorial in the October issue overlooks the motive that dominated William Jennings Bryan in his last years. After he realized that he never could be elected President, he determined to get into the Senate. He thought he saw his opportunity by changing his citizenship from Nebraska to Florida. He gave out as the reason for the change his wife's health, which, of course, was a mere excuse, as he could have maintained his citizenship in Nebraska as he had done while spending his Winters in Florida. He "announced" (the term now used by all Southern politicians) in the last primary, but he found Trammell stronger than he had anticipated, so he withdrew and began building his fences and laying his pipes to defeat Senator Fletcher in 1927. All his Sunday-school teaching in the park at Miami and his harangues before State legislatures, as also his appearance at the Scopes trial, were to get himself elected to the Senate from Florida by the votes of the crackers. I don't think there was a moment of his life for the last two years that he relaxed his effort to be elected Senator. He made friends with Prof. Murphree, president of Florida State University, and induced Murphree to appoint him at the head of a committee soliciting funds for a clubhouse at the university for Protestants, the Protestants having become alarmed that the Roman Catholics (who had a very popular priest at Gainesville) were proselyting the youth of the State. Bryan took the position merely to get acquainted with the people of Florida without expense. He embraced every opportunity to get into the Florida newspapers. He never once lifted his voice against the deplorable conditions which existed in Miami, where the Negro was abused and restricted most disgracefully.

Main dining room, S. S. LEVIATHAN

The best cuisine on the North Atlantic

THE SIX SHIPS that comprise the United States Lines fleet offer you a service to Europe that is unsurpassed for comfort and money value. They offer you the finest cuisine on the North Atlantic. Read down this column and plan your summer vacation NOW.

To Europe and back for $170
(special round trip rate)

Tourist III Cabin accommodations on United States Lines ships provide economical travel at its best. Commodious staterooms and comfortable public rooms. Music, dancing and deck sports. Excellent food. One way rates from $95 according to ship selected.

To Europe for $140

For this modest sum you can travel on the S. S. Republic, or for $145 on the S. S. America, S. S. President Harding, or the S.S. President Roosevelt. They are the finest American type cabin liners, each offering you the freedom of the entire ship.

For $136.25 you can enjoy the real, solid, homey comfort of Second Cabin on that great favorite the S. S. George Washington. Second Cabin on the huge S. S. Leviathan costs but $147.50.

To Europe for $231

This is the First Class minimum rate aboard the luxurious S. S. George Washington. First class aboard the S. S. Leviathan, flagship of the fleet, and the most famous ship in the world from $290.

* * *

Get complete information now from your local steamship ticket agent or write to address below.

* * *

All rates quoted above are minimum. First class rates quoted are effective April 1st. Rates are lower now.

United States Lines

Operating:—The LEVIATHAN, GEORGE WASHINGTON, PRESIDENT HARDING, PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, AMERICA *and* REPUBLIC, *to Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, Southampton, Cherbourg and Bremen. Agents in all Principal Cities.*

UNITED STATES SHIPPING BOARD

General Offices:
45 Broadway
NEW YORK CITY

UNIQUE
and interesting
BOOKS

FANTASTIC TALES
by Arthur Machen

A book full of Pantagruelism. Now for the first time done into English. Privately printed, limited edition, signed by the Author. $15.00

ARABIAN NIGHTS
Burton's Unabridged Translation

With Supplemental Nights, Terminal Essay and Notes.. Illustrations by Lalauze, Letchford, etc. 17 volumes, limited edition, original price $75.00. Special price $43.50.

BEATRICE CENCI

Unabridged translation, from the Italian of Corrado Ricci, by Bishop and Stuart. The most important contribution to personal history published in years. 2 volumes, $10.00

Many other unusual and curious books. Catalogs issued. Books bought.

HARRY F. MARKS' BOOKSHOP
31 West 47th Street
New York

BORZOI BOOKS

SAÏD THE FISHERMAN

By MARMADUKE PICKTHALL

"It appears to be brand new only in this American edition, but if Pickthall is new to you, as he was to us, you had better sample him. Saïd is at once a real Arab, a romantic superior to Knobloch's Hajji and the makings for a possible Syrian Peer Gynt. You will not need E. M. Forster's assurance that Pickthall's Near East is genuine."—*The New Yorker.*

In The Blue Jade Library $3.00

ALFRED A. KNOPF
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

BORZOI BOOKS

Check List of NEW BOOKS

THE FINE ARTS

TIMOTHEUS *or The Future of the Theatre.*
By Bonamy Dobrée. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$1 6¼ x 4¼; 68 pp. *New Yo*

In two hundred years from now, the author think the science of psychology will have so developed tha the playwright will be able to manufacture plays fo psychotherapeutic purposes, and governments wi use them to influence the public on important politic questions.

PERSONALITIES IN ART.
Ey Royal Cortissoz. *Charles Scribner's Sos*
$3.50 8¼ x 5; 444 pp. *New Yo*

The greater part of this book is devoted to rath interesting sketches of the more important painte in Europe and in this country, past and present. Th first few pages deal with art criticism; an ignoramu reading them would remain an ignoramus. There a many excellent illustrations.

TRANSLATIONS

THE HISTORY OF THE DAMNABLE LIFE AN DESERVED DEATH OF DOCTOR JOHN FAUSTU 1592.
Edited by William Rose. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$3 7¾ x 5; 327 pp. *New Yo*

This is a reprint of the English Faust Book of 159 with the spelling and, occasionally, the punctuatio modernized. The second report of Faust, containir his appearances and the deeds of his disciple Wagne is also given in this volume. There is a long and ver interesting introduction by the editor dealing wit the historical personage of Faust and the way which the Faust legend gradually was put into prin There are a number of illustrations and a bibliograph

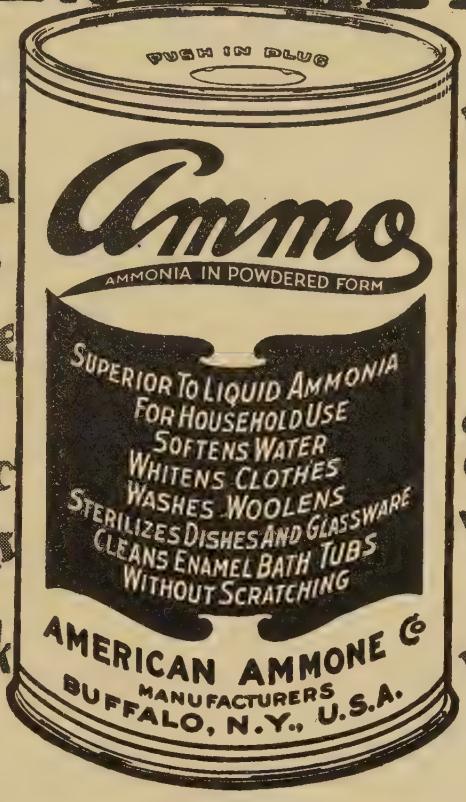
THE MIRROR OF VENUS.
Translated by F. A. Wright. *E. P. Dutton & Compan*
$3 7¾ x 5; 300 pp. *New Yo*

This is a collection of love poems and stories fro Ovid's "Amores," "Medicamina Faciei Femineae, "Ars Amatoria," "Remedia Amoris," "Heroidae, "Fasti," and "Metamorphoses." There is an intr

Continued on page xxvi

CLEANS EVERYTHING

mirrors
glass
linoleum
pans
china
silverware
sinks
whitegood
pots
porcelain
woodwork
china



porcelain
pots
iceboxes
china
pans
mirrors
glass
woodwork
pots
sinks
woolens
etc.

Ammo

Sixteen Household Uses

A New Combination
of
Unusual Interest

THE AMERICAN MERCURY
and
AMERICAN SPEECH

American Speech, a new monthly magazine, appeared for the first time in October, 1925.

Each number will be devoted to the consideration of current usages, studies in style, studies in local dialect, pronunciation, lore of place names, the discussion of slang, etc. Names already familiar to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY have their places on **American Speech's** table of contents: Louise Pound, Morris Fishbein, J. B. Dudeck and Gretchen Lee.

Special Combination Offer:

The American Mercury and American Speech will be sent to one address for $8.

THE AMERICAN MERCURY,
730 Fifth Ave., New York.

Please enter my name as a subscriber to The American Mercury and American Speech.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY AND STATE.....

I enclose check or money order for $8.00. Foreign postage, $1.00, Canadian postage, 50c additional on each magazine. AM—2-26

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxiv

duction by the translator which considers at length the differences between the modern and the Latin conceptions of love.

IL NOVELLINO.
Translated from the Italian by Edward Storer. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$3 7¾ x 5; 211 pp. *New York*

This is an anthology of one hundred folk tales current in the Italy of the Fourteenth Century. The one or more compilers of this collection remain unknown. This is one of the oldest works in the Italian language, and many of the tales contained in it are of a charming simplicity.

THE CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA.
By Marie-Henri Beyle (Stendhal). *Boni & Liveright*
$5 7½ x 5; 2 vols.; 290+343 pp. *New York*

This translation is by C. K. Scott-Moncrieff. To it are prefaced Balzac's well-known study of Stendhal and Stendhal's reply. The two volumes are well printed and appropriately bound. But the translated title is a bit absurd.

TRAVEL

OXFORD RENOWNED.
By L. Rice-Oxley. *The George H. Doran Company*
$6 8¾ x 5½; 291 pp. *New York*

A conventional book on Oxford, with very little in it that is not in other books on the same subject. The various colleges have separate treatment, and there are also chapters on the churches and the libraries. There are 29 illustrations, 12 of them in color.

FLANDERS AND HAINAULT.
By Clive Holland. *The Medici Society of America*
$2.50 8 x 6¼; 146 pp. *Boston*

This is a sketch of the Western section of Belgium. The places dealt with at length are Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, Ypres and Mons. There are about 150 photogravure illustrations.

ESSAYS

HEPHÆSTUS *or The Soul of the Machine.*
By E. F. Fournier D'Albe. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4¼; 76 pp. *New York*

This is a rather mellow treatise on the benefits which machinery has brought to man and the still greater good it has in store for him. It would make an excellent handbook for students in the schools of scientific business.

Continued on page xxviii

THE CURTIS INSTITUTE OF MUSIC

PERMANENTLY ENDOWED BY MARY LOUISE CURTIS BOK

PRESENTS FROM ITS OWN FACULTY

THE CURTIS QUARTET

MR. CARL FLESCH	FIRST VIOLIN
MR. EMANUEL ZETLIN	SECOND VIOLIN
MR. LOUIS BAILLY	VIOLA
MR. FELIX SALMOND	VIOLONCELLO

NO FURTHER ENGAGEMENTS FOR THIS QUARTET CAN BE CONSIDERED FOR THIS SEASON

RITTENHOUSE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA

Foyles Offer the Complete Works of ARTHUR MACHEN at a much reduced price.

The Caerleon Edition (the only complete edition). Limited and numbered; the initial volume of each set, containing a portrait in photogravure, is signed by the Author. The type was distributed immediately after printing. In nine volumes, sq. demy 8vo. Issued in 1923 at £9/9/— net. Now offered (new) at $27.00, carriage paid. Quote Offer 84.

Immense stock of Books on every conceivable subject, including Rare Books and Out-of-Print Books. Outline requirements, and a special quotation, or suitable Catalogues (twenty issued), will be sent free of charge. Commissions executed.

FOYLES' BOOKLOVERS PARADISE

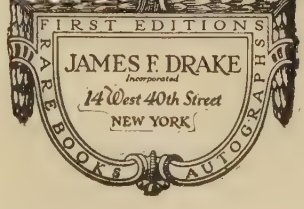
121-5 Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

James F. Drake

INCORPORATED

issue Catalogues of First Editions, Rare Books and Autographs which every collector will find of interest.

The shop at 14 West 40th Street is an ideal place for the booklover to browse.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxvi

PROTEUS *or The Future of Intelligence.*
By Vernon Lee. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$1 6¼ x 4½; 63 pp. *New York*

The author here makes the age-old plea for open-mindedness, intellectual curiosity, spiritual adventurousness, etc.

MANY FURROWS.
By "Alpha of the Plough." *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$2.50 7½ x 4½; 275 pp. *New York*

A collection of fugitive essays on the tremendous trivialities of life. Sense and good writing are in them.

TEXT-BOOKS

SIMILES AND THEIR USE.
By Grenville Kleiser. *The Funk & Wagnalls Company*
$2 7¾ x 5; 381 pp. *New York*

This collection of similes is less extensive than the familiar one of Frank J. Wilstach, and less useful. It is divided into three sections: prose similes, those in verse, and those from the Bible. The preliminary essay by the editor is in the manner of a high-school teacher of English.

DRINKS LONG AND SHORT.
By Nina Toye and A. H. Adair. *William Heinemann*
2 s., 6 d. 7½ x 4¾; 67 pp. *London*

The cocktail, exiled to England by the Volstead Act, here shows some new and startling forms. There are formulæ for cocktails made of raspberries, sloe gin, bitter almonds, grape jelly, and even marmalade. No less than thirteen varieties of whisky cocktail are listed. There are also sections devoted to punches, cups, fizzes, sours, etc.

ADVERTISING: *Elements and Principles.*
By George H. Sheldon. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$5 8½ x 5½; 443 pp. *New York*

In this large volume there is little that is new. It is apparently intended for readers who propose to set up as writers of advertisements, and contains chapters on typographical processes, the correction of proofs, etc. The author is manager of an advertisement service in New York, and lectures at Columbia.

BUSINESS POWER THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY.
By Edgar James Swift. *Charles Scribner's Sons*
$3 8 x 5¼; 397 pp. *New York*

A handbook for go-getters. The chapters bear such titles as Creative Salesmanship, The Psychology of Leadership, and Thinking as an Asset in Business. The

Continued on page xxx

40 Week-ends *of The* Brilliant New Yorker *for* $2.00

What every issue brings you

GOINGS ON
Theatre, Music, Art, Moving Pictures, Sports

ON & OFF the AVENUE
News of our smartest Street

TABLES FOR TWO
Where to dine unusually well

TALK OF THE TOWN
News Items from behind the scenes

OF ALL THINGS
Satirical paragraphs

TELL ME A BOOK TO READ

THINK OF IT: For about half of what you pay for one good theatre ticket you and the entire family can be royally entertained over 40 week-ends. And incidentally you save $4.00.

The roamingest of reporters, THE NEW YORKER gathers news nowhere else to be found. News of interesting people and worthwhile places; the play to see and where to go afterward; what's what in music, art, literature and the movies; sports of the week and flashes from the passing scene.

Wherever smart New York focusses its attention, there THE NEW YORKER trains its searchlight. Sauced and garnished with spicy wit, it is the one periodical published for alert people who love this town and want to know what goes on—when and where.

Two dollars is a small amount for such an introduction.

THE NEW YORKER

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK

Mail Today

THE NEW YORKER, 25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

PLEASE enter my subscription for THE NEW YORKER for 40 weeks. Upon receipt of your bill and after receipt of the first copy, I will remit two dollars.

NAME_____

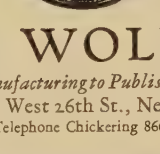
ADDRESS_____

_____

A M

When You Buy Books—
Look Past the Paper Wrapper

EXAMINE the binding. Not every book buyer is an expert on book manufacture, but any person of taste should know the difference—instinctively—between shoddy carelessness and substantial craftsmanship. H. WOLFF have helped American publishers to maintain a high standard of excellence in printing and binding for thirty-three years. We are constantly perfecting methods to improve the binding and at the same time lower the cost. The publishers' confidence in our work is a reflection of the public's pleasure in the books we make.



H. WOLFF

Complete Manufacturing to Publishers Since 1893
518-526 West 26th St., New York
Telephone Chickering 8667

WHILE OUR business is *almost* exclusively with regular publishing houses, we also manufacture books for the occasional publisher or author.

In addition to the most careful workmanship throughout, the author-publisher receives, as a part of our service, the benefit of our extensive experience in planning and designing his book.

The
VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

Main Office and Factory: Binghamton, N. Y.
New York Office: 200 Fifth Avenue

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxviii

plan is the anecdotal one made familiar by Dr. Orison Swett Marden. The author is head of the department of psychology at Washington University, St. Louis

REPRINTS

THE LIFE OF SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.
By James Boswell. *E. P. Dutton & Company*
$10 8¾ x 5⅝; 3 volumes; 458+464+466 pp. *New York*

This is a reprint of the sixth edition of the famous biography, the last published under the editorship of Malone. In each volume there are two maps of the haunts and habitations of the Doctor, and in the first volume there is an introduction by Austin Dobson dealing with Johnson's homes and hangouts in detail. Very useful notes by Arnold Glover are appended to each volume, and there is a general index at the end of the third. There are many drawings in pen and ink and many portraits in photogravure. The books are well printed and handsomely bound.

THE ARTS OF CHEATING, SWINDLING AND MURDER.
Edited by Jesse Lee Bennett *The Arnold Company*
$1.50 7¼ x 4¾; 135 pp. *New York*

Reprints of "Maxims on the Popular Art of Cheating" by Bulwer-Lytton; "The Handbook of Swindling" by Douglas Jerrold, and "On Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts" by De Quincey. The editor says he reprints them because "cheating, swindling and murder are arts which the present generation has seen brought to almost supreme levels of perfection." There are silhouette portraits of Bulwer, Jerrold and De Quincey by Theodore Bolton.

IN OUR TIME.
By Ernest Hemingway. *Boni & Liveright*
$2 7½ x 5; 215 pp. *New York*

Though there is no indication of it on the book this is a reprint, with a few additions, of a volume first published in Paris by the Three Mountains Press a year or so ago. It is made up of sketches and stories in the bold, bad manner of the Café Dôme.

THE SCIENCES

HOW TO LIVE. *Rules for Healthful Living Based on Modern Science.*
By Irving Fisher and Eugene Lyman Fisk.
The Funk & Wagnalls Company
$2 7½ x 5; 513 pp. *New York*

This book contains some valuable advice, but the authors lean heavily in favor of Prohibition and oth

Continued on page xxxii

ANNOUNCEMENT

To our friends and patrons:

Useppa Inn, formerly known as Tarpon Inn, will open Monday, January 4th, 1926.

The Inn and cottages will continue to be run along the lines of a well managed club, featuring golf, tennis, swimming, boating and fishing.

Our new booklet is now available. Write J. F. Vallely, manager, Florida Gulf Coast Hotels Co., Inc., 220 West 42nd Street, or after December 20th, address

Useppa Island, Lee County, Florida

The NEW SCHOOL
For Social Research

announces the following courses
for the
Spring Term (*March 1st to May 22nd*)

Francis Hackett
Varieties of Literary Experience
Harry A. Overstreet
Changing Behavior Through Philosophy
George A. Dorsey
Biological Interpretation of Civilization
Everett Dean Martin
Psychological Problems of Social Reconstruction
Horace M. Kallen
Religion and Its Philosophies
Frankwood Williams
Problems in Psychopathology
Stark Young
The Current Theatrical Season
Alexander A. Goldenweiser
Morals in Evolution

For Hours and Fees, or for Information about other Courses, write for catalog.

465–469 West 23rd Street, New York City
Chelsea 1386
(*Courses Subject to Change*)

Anatole France at Home
By Marcel le Goff

An intimate account of Anatole France's life at home, written by a close literary and personal friend; a true Boswellian record.
Illustrated. **$3.00**

Hellas: Travels in Greece
By Georg Brandes

The old and the new Greece described and contrasted. This is the latest volume from Brandes' pen, and is a significant contribution to the literature of description and travel. **$2.50**

A Virgin Heart
By Remy de Gourmont
Translated by Aldous Huxley

Remy de Gourmont's masterful novel in a brilliant translation by Aldous Huxley.
$2.50

ADELPHI COMPANY
Publishers
10 E. 43rd St. **New York**

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxx

forms of the uplift, and so their scientific impartialit is sometimes open to question.

A WILD-ANIMAL ROUND-UP.
By William T. Hornaday. *Charles Scribner's Son*
$5 9 x 6¼; 372 pp. *New Yor*

The greater part of this book relates the experience of the author or those of his friends in hunting wil animals. The work has little scientific value. But i the last few pages he presents some interesting fac about taxidermy and wild-animal photography.

HISTORY

A HISTORY OF RUSSIA.
By S. F. Platonov. *The Macmillan Compan*
$3.50 8 x 5; 435 pp. *New Yo*

This book is dull, but it is impartially written, an the author does not confine himself to dynastic pol tics. He is one of the ablest of living Russian histo rians. The translation is by E. Aronsberg.

MURDER, PIRACY AND TREASON.
By R. W. Postgate. *The Houghton Mifflin Compa*
$2.50 7¾ x 5; 254 pp. *Bost*

The author describes sixteen typical English crim nal trials, beginning with a trial by combat in 13 and ending with the trial of Charles Peace in 187 His aim is to show the changes in English socie during the five centuries. His sympathies obvious run against capitalism.

LINCOLN. *For Boys and Girls.*
By Albert Britt. *Frank-Maurice, I*
$2 7½ x 5¼; 244 pp. *New Yo*

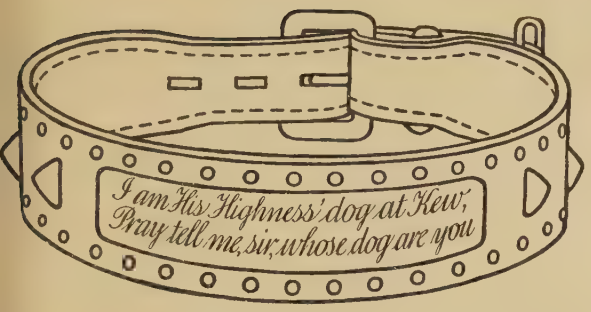
This book is apparently intended for the cultivati of patriotism among the young. All the old legen about Lincoln are rehashed, and they are rammed in the mind of the reader by photographs of the l cabin, Lincoln splitting rails, etc. The author is pre dent of Knox College.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND OTHER FAMO AMERICANS.
By Miguel Covarrubias. *Alfred A. Kn*
$3 9 x 6¾; 136 pp. *New Y*

A collection of 66 caricatures by a young Mexic of devastating humor and great skill. The pers depicted include Jack Dempsey, Al Smith, Theod

Continued on page xxxiv



Whose Dog Are You?

On what leash of mass thinking do you run? If you have a dog collar about your mind, whose name is on it? Who owns your opinions?

Many people are wearing a dog collar and don't know it. Some never will. The FORUM is of interest only to those who do some thinking on their own account. The FORUM has no axe to grind. It is a magazine of open discussion, giving *all* sides of current political, economic, literary, and religious opinions. It is not hospitable to loose thinking, nor does it accept without challenge the opinions of the so-called intellectuals. Its pages are a market-place of fresh ideas.

Who Should Control the Air?
A Debate

Before the whole issue is obscured by a haze of Congressional oratory it is of interest to understand the opposing points of view in the controversy over the control of the air defense forces. In the February FORUM Rear-Admiral Moffett, Chief of the Bureau of Aeronautics of the Navy, defends the present system of divided control. A high officer of the Army (whose name cannot be divulged) makes answer and puts the case for a separate Air Service.

Why I am an Episcopalian
by *Charles Lewis Slattery*

The Bishop Coadjutor of Massachusetts was born to the faith—but he has reasons of his own, too. Second in the "Confessional Series."

Our Imaginary Isolation
by *Edgar Ansel Mowrer*

By the Dawes Plan, the United States is committed to active participation in European affairs. Why continue the fiction of isolation?

The Alphabet of Life
by *Count Herman Keyserling*

A profound, yet thoroughly understandable essay by the most widely-read of German philosophers.

Free Speech in the Pulpit
by *G. A. Studdert-Kennedy*

The beloved "Woodbine Willie" forcefully and humorously defends his right to discuss *anything* from his pulpit.

Sea Farms
by *John T. Nichols*

When population presses too closely there always remains the "farming of the ocean."

Joggings in Jugo-Slavia
by *Viola Paradise*

The entertaining adventures of an American girl in the Balkans.

Various other features and the regular FORUM departments

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

The FORUM, 247 Park Avenue, New York

Enter my subscription to The FORUM—5 months for a dollar.

Name Address

City State

Regular Price 35c a copy; $4.00 yearly

M-2-26

BIRCH WATHEN SCHOOL

A modern day school for boys and girls

150 West 94th St., 147, 149 West 93rd St.

New York City

JEFFERSON SCHOOL

23 WEST 87th STREET, NEW YORK

A progressive day school for boys and girls. Kindergarten and elementary departments. High school in preparation

SYLVIA J. MARKS
Director

Telephone
Schuyler 5060

"The Private Library for the Discriminating Few"

READ WITHOUT BUYING

Rare, Scarce, Out-of-Print Books; Limited, Privately Printed, and Subscription Editions; Reprints and Translations of Famous Classics; and Contemporary, Esoteric Items.

Members in thirty States have access to an interesting collection of unique books, largely selected by themselves, which is growing rapidly. We invite the interest of readers of discriminating tastes, who wish to avoid the heavy investment necessitated by personal ownership of such a library.

When writing for information and lists of books, kindly state occupation or profession

Esoterika Biblion Society, Inc.

45 West 45th Street, New York City

For Safety's Sake—demand

CARBONA

UNBURNABLE

Cleaning Fluid

REMOVES GREASE SPOTS

Without Injury to Fabric or Color

Guaranteed not to contain Benzine, Naphtha or Gasoline, and to be Non-Combustible and Non-Inflammable.

20¢ 30¢ 60¢ & $1. Size Bottles at all Drug Stores

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxii

Dreiser, George Gershwin, Joseph Hergesheimer, Fritz Kreisler, Eugene O'Neill, Paul Whiteman and John D. Rockefeller. The drawings show a magnificent ferocity, and some of them are of truly astounding plausibility. There is a preface by Carl Van Vechten. Four of the drawings are in full color.

THE BEGINNINGS OF HISTORY ACCORDING TO THE JEWS.

By Charles Prospero Fagnani. *Albert & Charles Boni*
$1 7 x 4¾; 111 pp. *New York*

The author attempts a new translation of the first eleven chapters of Genesis, and seeks to show thereby that the errors of the Fundamentalists are due to misreadings of the original Hebrew by the translators of the Authorized Version. He is professor of Hebrew in the Union Theological Seminary.

THE PLATONISM OF JOACHIM DU BELLAY.

By Robert V. Merrill. *The University of Chicago Press*
$1.50 9¾ x 6; 150 pp. *Chicago*

This is a minute examination of the sources and exact character of the Platonism of du Bellay, French poet of the Sixteenth Century. The introductory chapter is a general discussion of Platonism and Neo-Platonism and of the position of both in the Renaissance.

THE FRIGHTENED TREE *and Other Stories.*

By Veryl Broughton Tuttle. *Frank-Maurice, Inc.*
$2 8¼ x 6; 165 pp. *New York*

Eleven stories, all somewhat out of the ordinary, bringing out the elementary facts of tree life. A good book for children in the primary grades.

DAI NIHON.

By Graham Martyr. *Martin Hopkinson & Co. Ltd.*
10s., 6d. 9 x 5¾; 228 pp. *New York*

This is, largely, a collection of trivial tales about Japanese life, some of them indigenous and others made up by the author. Some of the stories of one or the native writers, as translated by the present author appear at the end of the book.

REAL PUZZLES.

By John Q. Boyer and others. *The Norman Remington Co.*
$2.50 8½ x 5½; 271 pp. *Baltimore*

This general guide to puzzledom was prepared by a committee of the National Puzzlers' League. It includes chapters on cryptograms, rebuses, anagrams, verse puzzles, form puzzles and other varieties, together with a glossary and a bibliography.

Continued on page xxxvi

From Three Editors:

The Atlantic Monthly

"I heard from an unprejudiced source the other day that *The Nation* was doing better than ever. In spite of my violent disagreement with the more fantastic phrases of your social and industrial creed, I will say that it is incomparably the best weekly paper in the country."

—ELLERY SEDGWICK.

Harper's Magazine

"Jim thought the ablest of the current American weeklies was Brother Villard's *Nation*. He bought it and read it every week, he said. It encourages me to hear any periodical commended, just as it encourages one to know that somewhere exists a good man or a good woman, making a good performance and averting wrath from the race. It is not a secret that Brother Villard is an able journalist and makes interesting papers."

—EDWARD S. MARTIN, in the "Editor's Easy Chair."

The American Mercury

"*The Nation* is one of the few honest and intelligent periodicals ever published in the United States. If it shut up shop, then the country would plunge almost unchallenged into the lower depths of Coolidgism, Rotarianism, Chautauquaism and other such bilge. It has been, for a decade past, the chief consolation of the small and forlorn minority of civilized Americans."

—H. L. MENCKEN.

☐ *The Nation* for a year $5.00
☐ Special rate with *The American Mercury* 8.00
☐ Acquaintance subscription to *The Nation:* Twenty weeks 2.00

Name.....

Address.....

.....

A. M. 2

THE NATION

20 Vesey Street New York

WHITAKER & CO., Inc.

Sporting and General Tailors

681 Fifth Avenue
Between 53rd and 54th Sts.
NEW YORK

43 Conduit Street
LONDON, W

EVERY PERSON SHOULD HAVE A
BOOK PLATE
SEND FOR SAMPLES AND SUGGESTIONS
COATS-OF-ARMS
PAINTED IN TRUE COLORS FOR FRAMING
PENN DE BARTHE
DESIGNER AND ILLUSTRATOR
929 CHESTNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BOOKS OLD, RARE, AND NEW

In all departments of Art, Science and Literature.
Out-of-Print books supplied. Catalogs issued.
Libraries purchased.

DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, Inc.
64-66 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. Phone Chelsea 5670
Open Evenings

New Catalogue of Rare and Early Printed Books, Books from Private Presses including some First editions. Sent on request.

HARRY STONE
137 4th Ave. New York City

WE DELIVER ANYWHERE ANY BOOK REVIEWED

advertised or mentioned in this issue or any other book in print at bookstore prices. **We pay postage everywhere on all orders.** Promptest service assured. For your convenience, will send orders C.O.D. Our monthly magazine-catalogue "BOOKS OF THE MONTH" sent free on request.

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 5th Avenue Dept. A NEW YORK

HERNDON'S LINCOLN

By Wm. Herndon, for twenty years Lincoln's law partner.
Available after thirty-five years. Unexpurgated reprint original edition, first issued in 1889, but directly suppressed and destroyed.
'Contains Unique, Exact and Accurate Material'.
3 volumes. Price $10.00, delivered. —*N. Y. Times.*
The Herndon's Lincoln Pub. Co. Springfield, Illinois

STUDY AT HOME

Directed by

The University of Chicago

Courses in English, History, Chemistry, Business, Education, Mathematics, Psychology, and 35 other subjects command credit toward a Bachelor degree. Begin any time. Address 32 Ellis Hall, University of Chicago, Chicago, Ill.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS

of every description thoroughly searched for and found expeditiously. We specialize in English editions. Imperfect sets completed. First editions supplied. Genealogies, family and town histories furnished. Sexological literature. Back numbers of all magazines supplied. *No charge for this service.* Inquiries solicited. Free literature on request.

AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE
500 Fifth Ave. Dept. A New York City

N.B.—We can supply all back issues of American Mercury and Golden Book. We also buy all back numbers of this magazine.

Check List of NEW BOOKS

Continued from page xxxiv

WHEN THE MOVIES WERE YOUNG.
By Mrs. D. W. Griffith. *E. P. Dutton Company*
$3 8¼ x 5½; 256 pp. *New York*

A rapid survey of the tremendous strides made by the movies in the last seventeen years.

CALIFORNIA: ALL OF IT.
By Marshall Breeden. *The Kenmore Publishing Company*
$2 9½ x 6¼; 200 pp. *Los Angeles*

A go-getter's picture of California. There are many illustrations—of the kind usual to such mellow treatises.

BIRTH CONTROL: *Facts and Responsibilities.*
Edited by Adolf Meyer. *The Williams & Wilkins Co*
$3 5 x 7; 157 pp. *Baltimore*

A symposium edited by the professor of psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins. As is usual in such collections it is mainly made up of platitudes. But there is a good chapter on the population problem by Dr. Raymond Pearl and another on high-grade feeble-minded carriers of the germ plasm by Dr. Eleanor Rowland Wembridge, of Cleveland.

THE PANCHATANTRA.
Translated by Arthur W. Ryder.
The University of Chicago Press
$4 7¾ x 5¼; 470 pp. *Chicago*

This is one of the most famous collections of Hindu stories; they have spread in translation throughout practically the entire civilized world. They are all didactic in character. This translation is from the original Sanskrit. There is a very helpful introduction

PSYCHE. *The Cult of Souls and Belief in Immortality Among the Greeks.*
By Erwin Rohde. *Harcourt, Brace & Company*
$7.50 8¾ x 5¼; 626 pp. *New York*

Rohde, who died in 1898, was at his death a professor at Heidelberg. "Psyche" first appeared in two parts in 1890–93. It was revised by the author in 1897 and revised again by two of his disciples, Boll and Weinreich, in 1920, after his death. The present translation, by W. B. Hillis, is based upon the Boll-Weinreich version. The work is of standard authority and displays the truly colossal erudition of the author

OLD TESTAMENT HEROES.
By Abram Lipsky. *Frank-Maurice, Inc*
$1.50 7½ x 5; 176 pp. *New York*

The author retells in a simple manner the story of some of the more important characters of the Old Testament. An excellent book for children.

The BORZOI *Broadside*

Published almost every month by ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

FEBRUARY, 1926 — VOL. VII. No. 3.

Appassionata

"THERE is no definite moment and no concrete thing to which I can attribute the change, if there is a change, in the character of my writing," said *Miss Fannie Hurst* in trying to explain her development and her aim in creating this novel. "I can remember perfectly well the thing that came over me when, as a Sophomore in college, I read *Spencer's* 'First Principles,' but not the difference in attitude between the author of STAR DUST and the writer of APPASSIONATA."

FANNIE HURST

Of course *Miss Hurst* does not need to explain that one of the reasons lies in the fact that she is constantly seeking new and more complicated material and more interesting subjects for her work and that in Laura Regan, the lovely mystic, she found a complete contrast to Bertha, the Lummox.

In this search for new characters *Fannie Hurst* has found great adventure and much amusement. She has tried her hand at practically every job that makes its mark on American women; she has been shop girl, waitress, saleswoman and factory hand; she has played on the stage, taught school and done social settlement work. And to catch the American woman in the making she has crossed the Atlantic in steerage and roughed it in Slavic and Latin countries of Europe as well as in our own land.

The result has been that everyone knows *Fannie Hurst*, and everyone finds communion in her work. There is an intimate touch in it that enables her to sell stories at fabulous prices to the great popular magazines, not to speak of winning *Liberty's* great $50,000 prize, and, at the same time, to win the acclaim of literary critics as one of the most important painters of our contemporary scene.

The movie-fan and the playgoer, the magazine buyer and the serious reader all find something of their true selves in *Miss Hurst's* work. To them APPASSIONATA will come as a new and strange treat because the author here turns to an entirely new field for the foundation of her story.

APPASSIONATA, *By* FANNY HURST. *$2.00 net.*

BORZOI BOOKS

TABLE OF CONTENTS

APPASSIONATA 17
DOSTOEVSKY 18
DO REVIEWERS READ? 18
LAWRENCE ON TOP OF THE WORLD . . 19
THE DECLINE OF THE WEST 20
EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO . 20
THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO . . 20
HISTORY AND SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE . . 20
FIDDLER'S FAREWELL 21
ROSA 21
ANOTHER H. OF C. VOLUME 21
FOR STUDENTS OF WRITING 21
RUSSIAN LETTERS 22
FAVORITES OF 1925 22
THE BORZOI ALMANAC FOR 1926 . . . 23

All information contained herein relative to publication dates, prices, format, etc., is as accurate as possible at date of publication. Later changes, however, may be made without notice. For the latest possible information, see your bookseller

Dostoevsky

ABOUT the time when *M. Gide* was doing his preliminary work on DOSTOEVSKY he made the statement: "It has been said I run after my youth. It is true. And not after mine alone." Certainly his latest works seem to justify the opinion that *M. Gide* writes with the vigor and fertility of a young man. His output has been enormous although America only knows him as the author of STRAIT IS THE GATE and THE VATICAN SWINDLE recently published under the *Borzoi* imprint.

ANDRÉ GIDE

René Lalou, writing of *André Gide* in CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE, says: "The writer who has already made himself the foremost prose-writer of his generation also deserves to be called a master. . . . This humanism has made him the most penetrating of critics. . . . His criticism appears fluctuating Nevertheless, every time he has commentated a master—*Nietzsche*, *Dostoevsky*, *Baudelaire* or *Stendhal*—he has lighted up real depths, the abysses of which no one speaks."

It is of course unusual for the author of such prominent critical works to turn successfully to "a thriller which actually thrills," to quote the *New York Times* on THE VATICAN SWINDLE, but *M. Gide* not only does the trick successfully but he does it more easily than most writers of detective fiction.

About his work on DOSTOEVSKY, *Arnold Bennett* has written: "Those who read *Gide's* DOSTOEVSKY will receive light, some of it dazzling, on both *Dostoevsky* and *Gide*. I can recall no other critical work which more cogently justifies and more securely establishes its subject. . . . It is impossible to read this DOSTOEVSKY without enlarging one's idea of *Dostoevsky* and of the functions of the novel."

DOSTOEVSKY. *By* ANDRÉ GIDE, *author of "Strait is the Gate" and "The Vatican Swindle." With an introduction by* ARNOLD BENNETT. *$2.50 net.*

Do Reviewers Read?

REVIEWERS have before this been accused of not reading the books they criticize but hardly ever before has a reviewer had the temerity to comment on a book without even looking at the title-page. But even that seems to have happened recently, for a bright youngster found cause to object to the geography of COLD HARBOUR although a glance at the book and at a map would have set him right.

The same commentator worked out a clever theory as to the reason why the title was spelled with a "u", overlooking the fact that since such was the name of the town in which the scene of the story is laid, it had to be spelled in the English style. The young man explained the English orthography by announcing that *The Borzoi* had imported sheets of the book, whereas the poor pup has had to chase his tail very vigorously to inspire a sufficient output of books from his deliberate but American printers.

But even the hastiest reviewer will make no mistake in THE DARK TOWER. If he opens the book at all he will follow this soul-stirring tale to the very end and will find himself, from the moment when the chief narrator enters the dark tower to the time when Alaric rises to confess the sin he did not commit, engrossed in the adventures of an unusual person. This last heir of a long line of Welsh squires, although he lives in the twentieth century, is as tempestuous and as mystic as the wild Celts who met the Roman invaders.

THE DARK TOWER. *By* FRANCIS BRETT YOUNG, *author of "Sea Horses" and "Cold Harbour." $2.50 net.*

Lawrence on Top of the World

Excerpt from an article by KYLE S. CRICHTON IN THE NEW YORK WORLD

WE HAD always been of the opinion that *Robert Louis Stevenson* had withdrawn as far from the madding throng as man possibly could when he spent his last years in Samoa, but that was before we visited *D. H. Lawrence* in New Mexico.

We made the first twelve miles in second gear through mud and water a foot deep, and finally reached San Cristobal. From San Cristobal you climb straight up the face of the steepest mountain ever created. You climb over boulders and shin under trees and between trees. You finally arrive at Hawk's ranch, which is two miles from the foot of the mountain and one mile from the *Lawrence* place. When you have made that climb and get out and look around you will be facing one of the most glorious sights ever vouchsafed mortal man. *D. H. Lawrence* lives on top of the world.

Lawrence came down to the car to greet us. He had on a blue denim shirt such as is worn by a railroad brakeman, and his reddish hair and beard were not immaculate. He was without tie or hat and he wore an old pair of brown striped trousers that might once have belonged to a fairly respectable suit, and black woollen socks and a pair of sandals. At the house we met his jolly German wife, *Frieda*, and *Miss Brett*, his secretary. *Miss Brett* lives down at Hawk's and rides up twice a day.

The *Lawrences* tend their little ranch without help. He had just finished building a cow shed and it was an excellent job. They have a cow and chickens and *Lawrence* looks after them as well as the four horses. He is the most practical of men, said *Mrs. Lawrence*. He can cook, he can mend, he can turn his hand to anything.

"A man needs other work besides his writing," said *Mrs. Lawrence*.

"Not a position, Frieda," *Lawrence* hastened to say. "I've tried that. It almost killed me."

Lawrence is the most kindly and simple of men. About five feet eight in height, he is thin and not particularly strong in appearance. His dark, reddish beard accentuates the paleness of his cheeks and the redness of his lips. His eyes are small and very blue, and steadfast when he is talking to you. He seems to look through you and around you, but his gaze is friendly, and as one seeking information. He is lively without being nervous, and he likes to act out his impressions of people, to imitate their voices and mimic their peculiaritics.

Lawrence had never seen a literary person until he was twenty-three, and he had never thought seriously of being a writer. He was engaged to a girl in the little mining town of Crodon, where he was teaching school and detesting it. Some poems written to her were sent by her without his knowledge to a magazine edited by *Ford Madox Hueffer*, now *Ford*. They were accepted and published in the following issue. *Hueffer* asked him to call, and *Lawrence* formed his first literary friendship.

His family never had accustomed themselves to his being a writer, said *Lawrence*. His father, who died a year ago, never could understand it.

"What might you be getting for a book like that, David, lad?" he said.

"About £200, father," said *David* dutifully, a fact which the elder *Lawrence* found too bewildering to grasp.

The *Lawrences* know only a few of the American writers, among them being *Willa Cather*, who made the arduous trip to the ranch this spring to visit them. They had been warned that *Miss Cather* was abrupt and brusque, but they had liked her a great deal.

In view of the *Lawrence* reputation for indecency, quite the most astonishing thing about him is his high idealism and his utter contempt for certain writers whose vogue can be traced to pandering to "pretty vice." *D. H. Lawrence* may be many things in his books, but he impresses you on his New Mexican ranch as a sane, sturdy, kindly man, who is entirely satisfied with his home life and quite content to do his chores without thought of the world.

(*Continued on Page 22*)

The BORZOI BROADSIDE *for* FEBRUARY 1926

Important History for the Student and the General Reader

The Decline of the West

NEVER before in the history of American publication has a projected translation of a historic work received so much preliminary attention and discussion as has been given to *Oswald Spengler's* monumental study of the future of our civilization, THE DECLINE OF THE WEST.

The fact, of course, that all Europe was divided into two camps when the original was published and each side proceeded to take violent issue with the other on the merits end conclusions of the work, is partly responsible. Another reason for American interest is that both critics and followers of *Herr Spengler* agree that THE DECLINE OF THE WEST is one of the most important of post-war books—possibly the most important—equally fascinating to the historically- and the philosophically-minded.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST is truly encyclopædic in its scope. It offers to the reader authoritative comment and interesting reflections on practically every subject within the pale of human knowledge and inquiry. It is particularly important as a measure of our own civilization and a consideration of future culture.

THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. *By* OSWALD SPENGLER. *Translated from the German by* MAJOR C. F. ATKINSON. $7.50 *net.*

Europe from Waterloo to Sarajevo

Percy Ashley not only writes history but has a hand in the making of it. In London he is a member of the Board of Trade, which corresponds to our Department of Commerce and is thus, in a sense, responsible for the commercial and industrial policy of Great Britain.

Among his other works are MODERN TARIFF HISTORY, a survey of the commercial policy and tariff history of Germany, the United States and France, now in its third edition; and LOCAL AND CENTRAL GOVERNMENT, a study of the history and organization of local government in England, France and Prussia and of the relations between the central government and the local authorities, which has been translated into Russian and French.

In his latest work *Mr. Ashley* has given to the general reader the story of the political development of Europe from the Congress of Vienna in 1815 to the outbreak of the World War. To this, however, has been added a supplementary chapter on the War and its results by *Professor Harry Elmer Barnes* of Smith College, and additional material by *Professor William L. Langer* of Clark University.

EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO. *By* PERCY ASHLEY. $3.00 *net.*

The United States and Mexico

THIS volume offers the first general survey of the diplomatic relations of the United States and Mexico that has appeared in any language. The author has set forth in simple narrative the difficulties that have arisen between the two countries, the factors that have given rise to them, and the spirit in which they have been met. The account is based almost entirely upon primary materials—contemporary newspapers and periodicals, and documents published by the two governments or drawn from their archives. The text is elaborately documented; there are two maps and a complete bibliography.

THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. *By* J. FRED RIPPY. $5.00 *net.*

History and Social Intelligence

IN THE past five years the writings of *Professor Barnes* have inspired both scholars and the general public to consider history from a new point of view. These writings have also helped to make the study of history more honest and vital and more truly interpretive. This book is a collection of *Dr. Barnes'* essays and it indicates concretely how his view of history may be set to work on the living issues of the day to make more human and more interesting contemporary problems and the facts of the past.

Some of the subjects treated by *Professor Barnes* are: "The Race Myth," "The World War Guilt" and "The Cost of Democracy." Other chapters are: "The Newest History," "History and International Good-Will," and "The Historical Development of Democracy."

HISTORY AND SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE. *By* HARRY ELMER BARNES. $4.00 *net.*

Fiddler's Farewell

Let not my death be long,
But light
As a bird's swinging;
Happy decision in the height
Of song,
Then flight
From off the ultimate bough!
And let my wing be strong,
And my last note the first
Of another's singing.
See to it, Thou!

—*From* FIDDLER'S FAREWELL

"IMAGINE a woman as a *condottiere;* she would be more sudden, more flaunting than any man who raided countries and held up cities. Imagine such a *condottiere*-spirit in poetry and you have what is typical in the poems of *Leonora Speyer.*

"It is a raid on Parnassus—a raid and something more than a raid, for a base is secured and held. There is in the book the *condottiere's* display of spoils—tapestries, vessels, images, flowers of the field and the garden, and green branches from the the wood. But for all that parade a flag is left flying over a citadel. When she writes from a woman's instincts, *Leonora Speyer* has a revelation to make." —*Padraic Colum in The Freeman.*

FIDDLER'S FAREWELL. *By* LEONORA SPEYER. *$2.00 net.*

Rosa

OF ALL *Knut Hamsun's* novels none has been accorded a more cordial reception than BENONI because in this book and in ROSA which, though an independent novel, is a sequel *Hamsun* is shown in an entirely new light, that of an hilarious satirist. BENONI corrected the too general impression that this author could see his people only in a sombre and tragic mood. The story of the adventures of Benoni (in both books) brings forth the richest ore of humor.

* *

"When a great man condescends to play, little fellows always must laugh. It is pleasant to laugh with *Knut Hamsun,* who has lapsed into a gorgeous piece of buffoonery called *BENONI* . . . .Those who know GROWTH OF THE SOIL for the very great novel it is will not be displeased to come upon *Hamsun* in the full fettle of comic spirit."—*Laurence Stallings in the New York World.*

ROSA. *By* KNUT HAMSUN. *$2.50 net.*

Another H. of C. Volume

THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS by *Donald A. Mackenzie* tells one of the most fascinating tales in the whole field of ethnology. It is the story of the origin and spread of symbols. It gives us a graphic picture of the mind of the early peoples, the way in which they felt toward their gods, how they related them—the sun, the moon, the Nile—to certain symbolic patterns. More significant, perhaps, an insight into the development and spread of symbols reveals that symbols, as beliefs and habits, come oftentimes into the life of a people by an unseen but actual process of diffusion from without. *Mr. Mackenzie's* conclusions concerning the way in which symbols evolve and migrate, across time and distance, have been called by the late *W. H. R. Rivers* "absolutely convincing."

THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS. *By* DONALD A. MACKENZIE, *author of "Ancient Man in Britain." In the History of Civilization Series. Illustrated. $4.00 net.*

For Students of Writing

THIS book is designed "to stimulate the student's interest in his style and to develop his critical faculty." The discussion is highly practical without ever losing real interest. It is illuminated throughout by exercises so well directed toward their ends, that they will bring to the student a quick appreciation of the most effective means for the cultivation of clarity as well as emphasis in writing.

Having experimented for several years with students more or less deficient in feeling for sentence form, *Professor Wilson* knows where the amateur's weak spots most commonly appear, she knows how to attack them vigorously, and she knows how to indicate, briefly and convincingly, the way toward improvement. No opportunity is lost to direct the reader's attention to the effect produced by variations of construction and so to compel a constant exercise of critical analysis.

THE FUNCTION AND MECHANISM OF A SENTENCE. *By* ESTHER WILSON, *Assistant Professor of English, University of Kansas. $2.00 net. (There is also a text edition. $1.75.)*

Russian Letters

THIS volume, a detailed account of Russian letters during the past fifty years, is the latest addition to *The Borzoi Literary Histories*, a notable series in which have already appeared such excellent handbooks as *Bell's* CONTEMPORARY SPANISH LITERATURE, *Boyd's* IRELAND'S LITERARY RENAISSANCE and *Lalou's* CONTEMPORARY FRENCH LITERATURE.

Prince Mirsky is thoroughly qualified for his work, having established a reputation abroad as a discerning critic of literature in general and an authority on Russian letters. Since 1922 he has been lecturer in Russian literature in the University of London and has published many works interpreting his native writing to the English speaking peoples.

Although intended for the general reader, this volume in its thorough consideration of the entire subject and special emphasis on present-day writers takes its place as a work of reference for literary and academic use. Its value is enhanced by a comprehensive bibliography dealing with the various movements and the important individuals in Russian literature.

CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE. *By* PRINCE D. S. MIRSKY. $3.50 *net.*

Favorites of 1925

AMONG the best selling *Borzoi* books for the year 1925 were: THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE by *Willa Cather*, FIRECRACKERS by *Carl Van Vechten*, THE PEASANTS by *Ladislas Reymont*, PAUL BUNYAN by *James Stevens*, THE MATRIARCH and THUNDERSTORM by *G. B. Stern*, SEA HORSES and COLD HARBOUR by *Francis Brett Young*, ST. MAWR by *D. H. Lawrence*, BENONI by *Knut Hamsun*, THE HAVEN by *Dale Collins*, THE WOOINGS OF JEZEBEL PETTYFER by *Haldane Macfall*, THE SAILOR'S RETURN by *David Garnett*, THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL by *Ruth Suckow*, CATHERINE THE GREAT by *Katharine Anthony*, RENOIR by *Ambroise Vollard*, AMERICANA—1925 edited by *H. L. Mencken*, BROOMSTICKS AND OTHER TALES by *Walter de la Mare*, and the detective stories of *Messrs. Fletcher* and *Fielding*.

Lawrence on Top of the World

(*Continued from Page 19*)

They take no daily paper at the *Lawrence* ranch, no periodicals or magazines of any kind, and they rarely leave the hill. Taos had not seen them all summer until they came down on their way back to England about the middle of September. They ride a great deal, but go only into such hamlets as Arroyo Seco and Valdez and Arroyo Hondo. For the most part they live a life apart. *Mrs. Lawrence* bakes the bread in the Indian oven just outside the back door, and buys their fruits and vegetables. It is a quiet, restful life and *Lawrence* contents himself only with putting the finishing touches to his novel of Mexico.

It is hard to believe that the lively, lovable man who stood on the hillside, by his tiny ranch house, and pointed out to you the dim peak of the Sandias at Albuquerque, 150 miles away, can be the same person who is used as the modern straw man to bear the brunt of the attacks of the purists. One feels a bit sorry for the thin man who still makes comparatively little from his books and who lived with his wife for several years on the unbelievable sum of £50 a year. You will begin to realize how a genuine artist functions, and how impossible it is for him to be anything but an artist.

The new novel to which *Mr. Crichton* refers is THE PLUMED SERPENT, a story in which contemporary Mexican life is bound up in the mystic religions of the early inhabitants of Mexico. It is the book that *Mr. Lawrence's* great following has long awaited and it is considered by *Mr. Lawrence* as his most important work.

THE PLUMED SERPENT. *By* D. H. LAWRENCE, *author of "St. Mawr."* $3.00 *net.*

In Memoriam

LADISLAS REYMONT

May 6, 1868—December 5, 1925

Nobel Prize Winner in 1924 and author of THE PEASANTS

AUTUMN : WINTER : SPRING : SUMMER

The Borzoi Almanac for 1926

Jan. 1—I went away a western man
But I am coming back in a caravan,
Coming with wisdom in my hands
Slowly, slowly over the sands.
(*From* CARAVAN *by Witter Bynner*)

Jan. 2—EXCAVATIONS by *Carl Van Vechten* goes on sale at all bookstores.

Jan. 3—Sophisticated Gotham Society teas flooded with brilliant conversation on exotic musical and literary figures.

Jan. 4—The world back at its stint after a mad jubilation because it has a stint to go back to.

Jan. 5—*Sleet, Snow and Freezing!*
But when winter comes round,
And the air's crisp and clear,
And there's snow on the ground,
And the wind nips your ear,
Then I long for the clime
Of the tropical Turk.
That's the season when I'm
Quite unfitted for work.
For the winter's the time when I run true to form
And I sigh for a place that is restful and warm.
(*From* GAY BUT WISTFUL *by Newman Levy*)

Jan. 6—News from Scandinavia: *Mary Borden's* JANE OUR STRANGER, which enters sixth edition here, is published by *J. A. Lindblads Forlag* and BILLIE-BELINDA by *Marguerite Curtis* is published by *Gyldendal.*

Jan. 7—*Borzoi* fiction receives the unusual honor of being represented by four titles on a list of nine novels of 1925 which will stand the test of generations to come and survive. The books were chosen by the Newark Public Library. The *Borzoi* books on the list are: THE MATRIARCH by *G. B. Stern*, THE PEASANTS by *Ladislas Reymont*, THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE by *Willa Cather*, COLD HARBOUR by *Francis Brett Young.*

Jan. 8—Third edition of CATHERINE THE GREAT by *Katharine Anthony* arrives at the bookshops and is quickly sold to those anxious to learn the true story of the life and loves of the most fascinating sovereign of modern times.

Jan. 9—*Blizzard and heaviest snowfall since Ezekiah Crampton was a boy: John V. A. Weaver* delivers a reading from MORE IN AMERICAN in Brooklyn and is applauded for the poem, "Forty-Eight Hours from June."

Jan. 10—*Fair and warmer:* New York's colored population cheers up but in a state of nervous expectancy because *Carl Van Vechten's* NIGGER-HEAVEN, a novel of contemporary life in Harlem, is announced for publication on August 15.

Jan. 11—*Bright and fair: Borzoi* printers in great agitation find only five days left to complete the eighth edition of *Willa Cather's* THE PROFESSOR'S HOUSE, and new printings for THE PEASANTS by *Ladislas Reymont*—AUTUMN tenth, WINTER seventh, SPRING and SUMMER fourth.

Jan. 12—Peace conference opens at Paris in 1919. Its results and the course of history since then discussed in *Professor Barnes'* supplementary chapter to EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO by *Percy Ashley.*

Jan. 13—World's slowest reader finishes THE AMARANTH CLUB, a mystery by *J. S. Fletcher*, published on Jan. 2, gasping as Hilda Tressingham draws her revolver.

Jan. 14—Printers' strike in England delays publication of HAKLUYT'S VOYAGES there and causes postponement in America where publication was to be simultaneous. This excellent edition will be illustrated by *H. B. Irving.*

Jan. 15—Printers finish editions begun on Monday, also bring out new *Kahlil Gibran* editions, THE PROPHET, seventh, THE MADMAN, fourth.

Jan. 16—Poetry seems to be the favorite medium for criticism nowadays. Here comes "The New Yorker" with a jingle that is a review of THE ODYSSEY OF A NICE GIRL by *Ruth Suckow.*
Her hobby is the mandolin,
She's never tasted Scotch or gin,
I never drink and won't begin;
They can't, she says, compel one,
And please don't keep me out too late,
I must be home by half past eight,
Just one more mineral water—straight.
I've finished—now you tell one.

Jan. 17—And here's a rhymed review in the Plain Dealer of MOCKERY GAP by *T. F. Powys:*
Simon Cheney alone, without vestige of aid,
Had seduced every single seducible maid
(Though tender her years, and her tresses in braid)
That Mockery folk could recall.

So the sea, that was Mockery's menace and
trap,
Took all the old ladies of Mockery Gap.
And smothered their breath in its treach-
erous lap—
But it never touched Simon at all.

Jan. 18—The German Empire re-established in 1871. Its effects on Europe and America clearly indicated by *Professor A. F. Pollard* in FACTORS IN MODERN HISTORY just published.

Jan. 19—*Borzoi* staff straggles into the office sleepy and bleary-eyed having spent the night reading an advance copy of THE DARK TOWER by *Francis Brett Young* despite protest of the family.

Jan. 20—Booksellers already declare bonus to their clerks for the new year on the strength of advance sales of APPASSIONATA, *Fannie Hurst's* novel.

Jan. 21—Louis XVI of France executed 1793, the pros and cons of such action being discussed in *William Godwin's* famous AN ENQUIRY CONCERNING POLITICAL JUSTICE just published in the *Borzoi Political Science Classics.*

Jan. 22—Faithful reader, having bribed a bookseller to let him have THE PLUMED SERPENT ahead of publication date, reports that *D. H. Lawrence* has learned a trick from newspaper publishers in writing a greater book than SONS AND LOVERS and ST. MAWR, combining the best features of both.

Jan. 23—Publication date of nine *Borzoi* books brings new window displays in most enterprising book stores.

Jan. 24—Sleepless night reported by buyers of *Helen Simpson's* THE BASELESS FABRIC, a volume of creepy tales about spirits and such.

Jan. 25—Got a railroad ticket,
Pack my trunk and ride.
And when I get on the train
I'll cast my blues aside.
Laughing,
Hey! . . . Hey!
Laugh a loud,
Hey! Hey!
(*From* THE WEARY BLUES
by Langston Hughes)

Jan. 26—Critics admit that IN A GERMAN PENSION, which contains the earliest work of *Katherine Mansfield*, shows most of the qualities that made *Miss Mansfield's* other works famous.

Jan. 27—*Coldest day of the coming year:*
The cold
With steely clutch
Grips all the land . . . alack,
The little people in the hills
Will die!
(*From* VERSE *by Adelaide Crapsey*)

Jan. 28—Two novels, THE HOUSEMAID by *Naomi Royde-Smith* and ODALISK by *L. M. Hussey*, and a book of verse, THE GHOST IN THE ATTIC by *George Bryan*, accepted for publication under the *Borzoi* imprint.

Jan. 29—Elizabeth Canning, servant girl, returns to her master, having disappeared on New Year's Day, 1753. Her story, as *Mr. Machen* imagines it, is a strange and amusing tale.

Jan. 30—Popularity of *Borzoi* poetry again proved by fourth reprint of OPERA GUYED by *Newman Levy* and third printing of VERSE by *Adelaide Crapsey*. The printers also do a good job on the second edition of THE SAILOR'S RETURN by *David Garnett.*

Jan. 31—Work on February Almanac begins today.

ORDER

Mail this leaflet to your bookseller.
If there is no bookstore in your town, mail it direct to the Publisher, ALFRED A. KNOPF, 730 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Please send me at once the books checked:

☐ C. O. D. by mail. I will pay the postman the price of the books plus postage, on delivery.

☐ I enclose check or money order for $....., the price of the books plus 8c a volume for postage.

☐ Charge to my account.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

APPASSIONATA. $2.00
DOSTOEVSKY. $2.50
THE DECLINE OF THE WEST. $7.50
EUROPE FROM WATERLOO TO SARAJEVO. $3.00
THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO. $5.00
HISTORY AND SOCIAL INTELLIGENCE. $4.00
ROSA. $2.50
THE FUNCTION AND MECHANISM OF A SENTENCE. $2.00
FIDDLER'S FAREWELL. $2.00
CONTEMPORARY RUSSIAN LITERATURE. $3.50
THE PLUMED SERPENT. $3.00
THE MIGRATION OF SYMBOLS. $4.00

In Canada, Borzoi Books can be obtained from The Macmillan Co. of Canada, Ltd., St. Martin's House, Toronto

A New God for America

The old gods are barbarous and decrepit, and there are too many of them. They make for war, not for peace. In THE AMERICAN MERCURY for March the Rev. Herbert Parrish, rector of Christ Church, New Brunswick, N. J., proposes that a new one be set up—a thoroughly modern and American God, fit for the devotion of civilized men.

Among the other contents of the March issue will be:

DRUGS *by Dr. Logan Clendening*

A counterblast to the prevailing delusion that drugs are useless in combating disease, and are being abandoned by scientific medical men.

NEWSPAPER GIRLS *by Catharine Brody*

One of them recites the hardships of the whole hardworked and unwelcome sisterhood.

STEPHEN CRANE AT COLLEGE *by Harvey Wickham*

For the first time a light is thrown upon the dark subject of Crane's college days. The author was one of his classmates.

RITCHIE OF THE FREE STATE *by Hamilton Owens*

A frank and illuminating character sketch of the governor of Maryland—wet and libertarian candidate for the Democratic Presidential nomination as runner-up to Al Smith.

UTAH *by Bernard De Voto*

A realistic picture of life among the warring Mormons and Gentiles—now at last brought to amity under the starry banner of Kiwanis.

COMEDY AND THE AMERICAN SPIRIT *by Langdon Mitchell*

An amusing and valuable contribution to criticism by a distinguished American dramatist.

DE BY THE HADDON CRAFTSMEN,
CAMDEN, N. J.

"The SWEETMEATS of KINGS"

By Appointment to

H. M. *King George* V

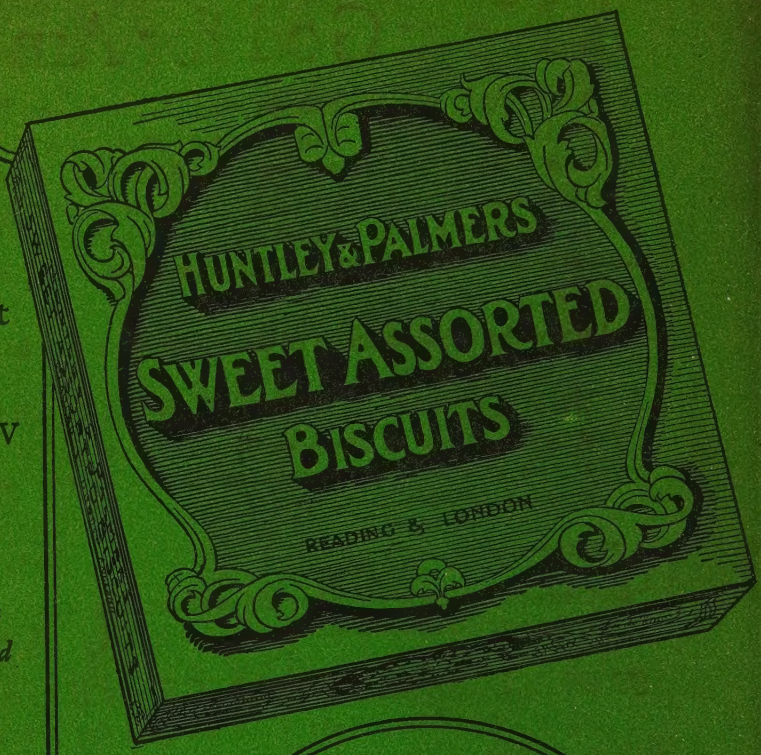
H. M. *The King of the Belgians*

H. M. *The Queen Mother of Holland*

H. M. *The King of Sweden*

The Imperial House of Japan

H. M. *The King of Italy*



Special Introductory Package

THIS is an assortment of twelve kinds of biscuits—every morsel a product of the master baker's art and so worthy of that expression, "The Sweetmeats of Kings."

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will be glad to send you a package of HUNTLEY & PALMERS Regal Assorted Biscuits for $1.35 and include, with our compliments, a liberal sample of Her Majesty's Blend Tea.

Ridgways Tea Company
Dept. A, 60 Warren Street
New York

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER